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**AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND DIARY**  
**OF**  
**ELIZABETH PARSONS CHANNING**







*E. P. Channing.*

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**AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
AND DIARY  
OF  
ELIZABETH PARSONS  
CHANNING**

**GLEANINGS OF A THOUGHTFUL LIFE**



**BOSTON  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION  
1907**





**AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND DIARY**  
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would be the reward most desired as a recompense for the labor of writing. The book was undertaken only because friends in whose judgment Miss Channing had great confidence declared their earnest belief that the story of her life could not fail to promote reverence for things deep and true, love for things high and holy, patience in trial, and above all, faith in God."

## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

I am glad I was born in dear old Boston, Massachusetts, on Shakespeare's and Ramabai's birthday, April 23, 1818. My mother was Elizabeth Parsons Sigourney, a daughter of Charles Sigourney, of Huguenot extraction, and a Boston merchant. My father was George Gibbs Channing, the youngest child but one of Lucy Ellery and William Channing of Newport, R. I. In mercantile life in his youth, at the age of sixty, when other men leave the vineyard, he obtained the desire of his heart, and was ordained a Unitarian minister, preaching till past eighty years. My grandfathers died before my birth. My maternal grandmother, Mary Greenleaf (of the J. G. Whittier clan) was, as my uncle, Dr. Channing, said, faithful to the admonition, "Bear ye one another's burdens." My paternal grandmother had the readiest wit, and inflexible integrity. I was the third child and eldest daughter of a family of eight. Most children come crying into the world, but my crying was so persistent that had I been born on a Sunday I would have seemed to fulfill the Irish superstition, "a Sunday child is born to cry." My parents, young aunts, and nurses bore with me with the courage of martyrs and the patience of saints. The plaintive Spanish ballad sung

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by my mother's melodious voice, was appropriate to my infant experience. It was as follows:

“My cradle was the couch of care,  
And sorrow rocked me in it,  
Fate seemed her saddest robes to wear  
On the first day that saw me there,  
And darkly shadowed with despair  
My earliest minute.”

I had cause to cry as I grew up, but I did my share of laughing, and so the balance was preserved. I inherited my father's good constitution and somewhat of his elastic temperament. He had a Roman senator sort of face, and I resembled him. My parents commended my eyes, but my nose was not small enough to suit me, for, if there is a nasal star I was born under it, as one with a handsome nose is invariably handsome to me. Thin in my youth, my father always esteemed me “gaunt.” My mother was so rarely beautiful that when in middle life I was said to have grown to look like her I was greatly pleased, for I felt that my expression had mellowed, though my features could not change. We moved swiftly from place to place, for my mother welcomed clean paper and paint. I was born in Franklin street. Thence we moved to a dull, cold house in Hartford Place, near Fort Hill; thence to Carver street. We lived eight years in a house on Atkinson (now Congress) street. I should rejoice to see that dear old house again! The new parlor, large to me, and covered with a canvas carpet; the nursery where we

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quarreled over whose was the prettiest little chair with grapes on the back, and where with childish malice we awoke the baby as soon as deaf Miss Johnson had rocked her to sleep, just for the sport of hearing her call us "vipers, bedlamites."

I do not remember much before I was six or seven. My early years were free from the "malady of thought," though good and evil were stamping themselves on my mind. Timid, I hid myself in my beloved nurse Toto's skirt at the approach of threatened danger. A sister near my age, who died two months before our uncle, Dr. Channing, blessed my childhood. We went to school together when her health permitted. We dressed like twins, did everything in the same way. We were amusingly child-like. When the mumps prevailed we were so eager to be in the fashion, that we bound up not only our own ears, but our dolls' lack of ears, and marched to school, to be greeted by the ready laughter of our mates.

I was called a good scholar, especially in composition, but my memory was uncertain. Here is an instance of my lack of observation. We were assembled to witness an eclipse of the sun. Our teacher, our dear Miss Abby, noticing the wrong direction of my bit of smoked glass, asked, "Where is the sun?" I replied, "Everywhere up in the sky," confounding the sun with its light, I gave it no local habitation. My ignorance was the more mortifying that our teacher's brother, Rev. Dr. N. L. Frothingham, was present. Books made my world; story-books, at the



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time when my attention should have been sedulously directed to nature's busy workshop. I did not observe the varying shape of the fruit trees in our pleasant house-yard, their fragrant blossoms, or differing leaves, but ate their luscious fruit with a careless heart, and an eye unmindful of their sun-tinted beauty. I did not say,

"Intimate friend of bobolinks,  
I wonder what the clover thinks,"

for I did not know that there were any bobolinks. I do remember once noting with attention the shadows of the wind-driven grass.

Parents seemed satisfied if children were quiet, with a book in their hands. My father took *Gil Blas* from me, otherwise I read what I pleased, first stories, then novels, looking anxiously to the end to see if they were going to turn out well. Curled in the sofa corner, oblivious to noise, when the twilight ceased I stretched myself before the wood-fire to read by its light. Once a friendly voice said, "Lizzie, you'll burn your brains out." I did it in two senses. Finally Miss Abby woke to the fact, and so did my uncle, Dr. Channing. For, in looking over the Record Book of the old Boston Library to which he had kindly given us access, he saw that my reading was chiefly novels, and commented upon it. I was offended at the time, but knew at a later day that I was entirely in the wrong. My already too vivid imagination was over-stimulated. My sister's finer taste selected a few more valuable books. It is to

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be hoped that parents now are awake to the fact that children learn more from what they read than from what they study.

Of course I was much influenced by the human beings by whom I was surrounded, my parents, brothers, sisters, other relatives, school-mates, teachers, domestics. I loved some of them, but without discrimination. Only when I grew up, did I wake to what I owed to my dear nurse Toto's faithfulness, only then did I appreciate my mother's generous nature, free from vanity, and my father's simplicity, and almost sublime religious faith. My sister and I were tractable and helpful, but we had temper, though seldom roused, and I know I was selfish. We were brought up in a religious atmosphere. I think we were always devout. Sunday-school was not much to me; but my uncle's preaching was an early inspiration. Sunday afternoons, on returning from church, sometimes our father took us to the then easily accessible wharves, oftener, perhaps, taught us the beautiful Old Testament stories. The fine habit of church-going we never lost.

My sister's religious nature opened to the eternal verities with the alacrity and grace with which a flower seeks the sun. Mine was a hard and labored spiritual birth. The question How could I be sure there was a God? broke my peace and darkened my brightest experiences. Those whom I most revered believed; why could not I? I answered the question so satisfactorily in a school composition that I received a high mark, but with no effect on my own

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mind. After years of pain, light came to me by some arguments in one of Dr. Walker's famous Lowell Lectures. But no sooner at peace on the great central truth, than other questions started their hydra heads. Miracles I rejected whilst those older and wiser held them dear. My beloved sister, soon to die, joined James Freeman Clarke's church, but I could not go with her, for my scruples were not removed till about fifty years later. Then my pastor, prompted, as it seemed to me, by Divine love, convinced me that I had a right to accept the help of the church, and, in so doing, he lighted the lamp of peace and enlarged my vision of happiness.

We left the dear old Atkinson Street house to go to board, and my father failing in business, we moved to Roxbury, and never knew luxury again for many years. From personal experience I can bear witness, that in youth and health, small means are not an irremediable trial, but prove a foster-mother to unselfishness.

I remained for a year with a dear aunt, attending Miss Dix's school. She kindly gave me a year of her own instruction and that of her French teacher, and when I declined a second year, feeling myself quite *finished* at seventeen, she offered the privilege to my sister Mary, who could not avail herself of it. Atkinson Street was over for us. No longer could we look over at Mr. Andrew Brimmer's fine old mansion, nor at the pasture where his hollyhocks bloomed and his cows browsed, no longer look at his old-fashioned garden, where Mary and I passed a delightful

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afternoon amongst the gooseberry and currant bushes, no longer at the stiff Poplar trees that lined the street. Life was almost as quiet for us then, as for the cows, and we could spend as much time as we pleased shopping for our mother at Miss Gregory's thread and needle shop, looking with awe at her white or black satin bonnet (out of which she was never seen), and receiving from her respectful hand the big copper cents carefully wrapped in paper. Roxbury was now the order of the day. We entered on a mild course of parties. And I would here bear testimony from my own experience, that social visiting as conducted then, and too often now, was not exhilarating, and was unfavorable to health from the late hours and the thin raiment. Here in Roxbury was the eloquent little man, Dr. Putnam, whom we thought perfectly delightful in the pulpit. and out of it, though he sometimes visited us in stringless shoes. What a ball he made of his pocket handkerchief in the pulpit, mopping his forehead with excitement.

We returned to Boston in a year or two. There I attended Dr. N. L. Frothingham's church, and listened with interest to his quaint texts and sermons. But not for long, for we soon drifted to James Freeman Clarke's "Church of the Disciples." How well I remember the afternoons at his house when he talked, and we talked, on the greatest themes that can interest the human mind. I was too shy then to make a good appearance. Then there were the pleasant evenings when families met around at each other's houses, and sang hymns, and communed together. And how

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we all loved one another in that church and watched with the sick.

About this time began my pleasant and profitable visits to Cambridge. It was indeed a "liberal education" to be in that Quincy Street household, where the host and hostess were wise and witty and most indulgent to their young guest. My uncle, professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard, was so interested in words, that if any question came up, he would leave his dinner (and a wonderfully good dinner it was) to hasten for his dictionary. It was a delight to listen, his enunciation was so clear-cut. I have never heard any one pronounce "Elizabeth" as he did, making it fairly beautiful. He said my criticism on Walter Scott's novels was correct, that these grew in interest and beauty with every fresh perusal. He relished Jane Austen's novels as much as I did. His daily study of the Bible was a lesson to us all. His wife, my aunt by marriage, my cousin by kinship, though fifteen years my elder, seemed on a par with me, our union was so harmonious. I used to call her a little French woman, perhaps because she got more swiftly than I over the hitches of social life. She certainly deserved the title by her sprightly, ready, sparkling wit. Then I was always entertained by "Nancy," who, in her way, was as original as her employers. She once lived with Emerson's mother. I should like to have talked her over with the Concord philosopher, for she was a rare one, and as my aunt said, was so entertaining on the door-step that it seemed doubtful if visitors would have time to cross

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the threshold. I went to the Chapel, and listened with delight to Rev. Frederick Huntington, whose gift in extemporaneous prayer made one regret that he entered the Episcopal church, and, as in the case of Phillips Brooks, could seldom use so fine a native possession. What an inspired prayer was Phillips Brooks's at the Memorial Service in honor of our soldiers of the Civil War.

I recall Dr. James Walker's fine face, which, I think, as seen in his bust, looks on one side gay, on the other grave. I recall his dignified manner and logical treatment of a subject in preaching.

Another remarkable person whom I met in Cambridge was Mr. Henry James, Senior. He was a delightful conversationalist, one of the three I have been privileged to meet; the others were Margaret Fuller and John Neal.

In 1847 we moved to Milton. And then followed years of busy home and social life. It would need a rapid chronicler to describe the bustle of that life. In winter parties of all kinds, simple sewing-circles, psalm-singing instruction, neighborly teas, parlor charades, private theatricals and, best of all, Shakespeare Readings.

In summer mornings we read selections grave and gay, summer afternoon held picnics in the woods. At all seasons the Blue Hills led our vision upward, and the open sea pointed to the illimitable beyond our little days' pleasures, vexations, and disappointments. For often we did not suit others, and much less ourselves.

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I am inclined to think childhood and middle life the most desirable periods. Judging from my own experience, *youth* is uncertain, questioning, critical; severe on others, more severe on itself; as it were, ever listening for tidings of the whence, the whither. In middle life we are more sure that we know little, and *can* know but little. We are more ready to work, less inclined to ponder on man's destiny. I witnessed the blessed last years of an aged saint; let us hope many keep him company. Sometimes I think I am half a minister myself.

In my youth I was sure that felicity consisted in being an author. I did not reflect that the greatest and best person the world has known probably never wrote a word. An ardent admirer of Jane Austen's inimitable humor and truth to nature, my ambition would have been satisfied to have written one such book. It ended in my writing two stories\* for children. I am not ashamed of them. My articles in the *Christian Register* were true to my religious convictions and sensibilities, and readers have told me that they appealed to their hearts. I wrote a series of articles in my father's paper, the *Christian World*, entitled *Letters from Boston*. I, also, reported from memory (which seemed to have grown strong) Emerson's Lectures on Montaigne, Napoleon, Goethe, Swedenborg, etc.

In 1869 I engaged in Sunday-school work; being about sixteen years a teacher, and thirteen of those years superintendent. I tried to do my duty, was

\* *The Adventures of a German Toy*, and *Aunt Zelpeth's Baby*.

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depressed at times, and once cross, partly because I was tired. My maiden speech was made at a Sunday-school meeting. I thought when I began that my heart would stop beating. But, in reading the report was glad to find that I had not talked nonsense. Since then I have talked many a time in public, free from self-consciousness. I think I never spoke with so much unction as at the Unitarian Grove Meeting at Weirs, August first, of this present year. My topic was *Three Kindling Thoughts*. For my part I prefer "man preaching." But Divine Providence has seen fit to bless the world with many women, and endowed some of them with the truest spiritual intuition, and the day may come when women, like Elizabeth Fry and Lucretia Mott, will minister in the pulpit to the highest wants of the soul.

I count many friends amongst men, but "*woman-kind*" is very dear to me. I approve woman's doing aught that is right in itself, if — she have the ability. Society, literature, art, philanthropy, politics, religion will have true fruition when man and woman stand shoulder to shoulder in their support. Who can say that he has made the most of his life? I do not see that I could have ordered mine differently; but I could have been more faithful to opportunity. I should have gained more by giving up my darling schemes (even when innocent) to oblige another in his pet ways. Sins of omission I have to deplore. It is rather a distinction that I never went to Europe. My outward life has been uneventful. If anything happened it was often unpleasant. Who can picture



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his inner life? so solitary, but for the one Heavenly Friend. I should have been glad to shine in social life. To converse brilliantly and to be a good listener are desirable gifts. Humor, the safety-valve of humanity, is precious, and helps one to bear the burden of life. I did not enjoy dancing, having no ear for music. I longed to be able to sing in church. I had no accomplishments except reading aloud, and writing legibly, and, I fancy with grace, as a good pen in my hand has sometimes seemed winged with unconscious joy.

A friend once told me that I composed with too much precision. But I think some of the thoughts surging in my breast have found vent. I prefer a short flight. Home duties have engrossed much of my life. But, from 1870 to 1890 it has been difficult to keep the balance between private and public duties and interests. For more than twenty years on the Ladies' Commission for Sunday-school books, and on the Unitarian Sunday-school Board, for many years a director of the American Unitarian Association, a director of the Norfolk Conference, for ten years devoted, heart and soul, to the Women's Auxiliary Conference, active in my own Church and Sunday-school, I have sometimes known not which way to turn for time, and my heart fails me at the thought that but for the world's work I might have been more and done more for home. I regret that we are not as quiet, as gentle, as hospitable, and reverential as in my youth. But we are more tolerant of opinion, have more intelligent charity, and sincerer conviction of the

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rights of others, and there is a growing courtesy, chivalry, and justice to unmarried women.

My days are lessening. Soon my friends will say she has gone home, she was tired, she was glad to go. In going may they say, and I say with unclouded faith, It is always darkest before the dawn. It is my solemn conviction that it is impossible to live to any good purpose without personal religion; that it is our only refuge in the friction of domestic life, in the groping of doubt, in the agony of temptation, in the solitude of the soul, in the misery of separation, in the anguish of death. And it should be every one's mission, by act and word, to persuade lovers and friends of the truth of this.

ELIZABETH PARSONS CHANNING.

October 27, 1890.



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### Diary of 1871

**January 1.** Nearly thirty years since I kept a journal! What a gap! Yet, if I were to die to-night it would seem a hand's breadth. **4.** I think I have had more difficult questions to settle than most persons. One of the joys of heaven that there will be none to settle there. **13.** If my room would only keep clean! So we say of our ways, we make them clean, then straightway soil them. Life is continual falling and picking one's self up. How weary one grows of it. **28.** Fine living, not fine writing the text of excellence.

**February 8.** I do not agree with Dr. Beecher in his view of a diary. I think it more than a harmless, a wholesome way of preserving facts, without bringing in question sins or setting them down. **11.** After a death a pause from gaiety seems to me proper, wise, grateful. We hurry over the lesson death teaches.

**March 7.** This busy life is well for me, I have *thought* too much in years gone by. **17.** Read *Mrs. Clarinda*. Single-hearted, quaint, old-fashioned, charming. A lovely character, unworldly, other-worldly. **18.** I see I shall live more in the past now. Would I could remember that this present will soon be the past.

**April 4.** I am doing better with *My Disappointed Life*. I find after a sketch is well thought out, that

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the true way is to write on simply, just as if I were writing a note. 5. Bret Harte's *Roaring Camp* is a capable book, and, so far as I have read is pure in tone, notwithstanding the vicious characters it portrays. 6. The first fast-day I have passed without a mother. I sat in her dismantled room and watched the gorgeous sunset. Hers now are never clouded. 11. How strange our living and our passing away. 15. It is indeed a responsibility to teach nine young girls. 23. My first birthday without a mother. Is she looking down on us? Does she know how often and how tenderly we think of her? While I regret not always doing what she wished when with us, it comforts me to do so now.

May 31. Like the suggestion that the foundation of children's stories should be at least possible.

June 3. Instead of sad memories of sickness and pain would I could picture my mother in green pastures, by still waters. 9. Read aloud eighty-two pages of *On the Heights*. A wonderful book, a heart-searching book. 18. Pondered on the strange dissatisfaction of life: every one striving, wearied, lifting heavy loads, not understanding others nor themselves.

July 7. *Plain Living* is fair. With what vim I should like to write. Still I believe I shall suit some minds. 25. To Mr. Warren's funeral. "To die is gain." Death but a step in life. My father conducted the service, which was comforting and triumphant.

September 9. Dr. Bellow's notice of Dr. Gannett is just, feeling, eloquent. 10. I found Miss M. speaking with difficulty and rubbing her paralyzed hand.

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I was reminded of last year at this date when my mother suffered so much. It is pitiable to see one tired old woman the only aid of another in worse plight. 18. Annoyed that Mrs. T. did not ask after me. This intrusive Ego does not allow us much peace. After all what does it matter? Read aloud Mme. D'Arblay's *Memoirs*, bright, vain, discriminating. 14. Last year, the 15th, my mother died. To-day I have been rubbing Miss M.'s hand and arm. She asked if I did not think we should recognize friends in the other world. If not, it seemed as if we lost somewhat by a change of worlds. 17. Prayed fervently for light, for faith, for support.

October 17. Copied into Extract-book. It pleased me getting my papers in order, and having these fine extracts accessible. 24. Carried pears to Miss M. The pain, penury, and patience in that house teach a needed lesson. 27. Read my part of *Constance* three times already. The more we feed on Shakespeare the more satisfying he becomes.

November 6. Heard Dr. Dewey's fine address on sel-culture, self-hood, self-sacrifice. 12. Sunday. Ten scholars. I hold their attention now I talk to them. 13. Mr. Ames's lecture was telling; the soberest part the best. Social visiting is the only visiting worth a penny.

December 5. Thought over night how dull it would be when the last aged form no longer went over the stairs. 18. How strange that we pine for fame and success, when they last but for a moment and pall on reception. 24. A wakeful night. Dreamt

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that my mother was not kindly treated; and I exclaimed "Whatever she is to you, she is everything to me." 31. A good sermon, from the text, "Abide with me for the day is far spent." Stumbling but earnest work advising Sunday scholars. An excellent sermon from the text "A book of remembrance." The year has ended. May the next be more useful.

### Diary of 1872

January 8. A suggestive lecture from Dr. Hedge. He said human ingenuity could not have invented a character like Christ's. The record did not prove Christianity; Christianity proved the record. Mrs. T. and Mrs. S. brought their work socially last evening. Fine, energetic, non-nonsensical women. Wish we could be intimate. 11. There are difficulties too subtle to be meddled with by an outsider. 13. Mrs. O. wondering why she does not get used to pain. She thinks I am growing to look like mother. I. H. said so, soon after my mother's death. Is it because I have thought so much of her? 16. Listened to J. F. Clarke's sermon on Mr. Hepworth. Mr. C. is the ark to which I am ever ready to fly. 19. How true that every one's deepest experience is not told to human ear. The soul is masked for life. 26. Began *John Woolman's Journal*, which Charles Lamb said should be got by heart. 28. Trying to be reconciled to doing small things well. If I could lay to heart John Woolman's humility and charity,—fame, distinction, pleasure would wear their true aspect. Day marked with

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a white stone, eleven Sunday scholars present. Tried to do my best. 29. No can't in John Woolman's *Journal*, pure love of souls. Why is it that at times the church and the world seem so poor? 31. Took extracts from *Real Folks*, which I like very much.

**February 2.** My mother's birthday. Does she think of it in heaven? I hope she knows how we love her. Indeed, how could we forget her? Who will ever love us as she did? In my Extract book, just finished, there are beautiful references to "the mother." 8. *Seaton's Life* gives the best picture I have seen of American Society. 16. My article entitled *Must our Help be Hindrances?* was found, after a fortnight's delay, on the snow in Mr. Mumford's yard. He accepts half of it. 17. Our cousins, the A.'s, called. The last time E. was here our dear mothers were with us. How little did we think they would be gone so soon. With them went out of our family much force of character, much frankness, much love. 18. Excellent sermon on the universality and desirableness of a private career, of a domestic life, of unobtrusive acts of duty and tones of kindness. A Sunday scholar asked how could be reconciled God's fore knowledge and man's free will. 20. I have trials, but the greatest, as with every one, is with myself. Almost finished *Russian Journey*. It is a most life-like and picturesque description of that powerful and cosmopolitan country. 24. How very near my mother seems to me when I think of the gentle dignity of her sickness and as I come across the fruits of her patient and willing industry. Of her it might be said



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that she loved her needle and faithfully used it. 29. Wondered why there was so little fun in my note to a friend. It was not sad, but chastened.

**March 15.** Why is disappointment sharper than pleasure? 27. My father is enjoying the piazza. What an example he sets of pleasure in and gratitude for small comforts.

**April 2.** What should I do without Aunt H.'s sympathy in what I write for the *Register*. She says *Help or Hindrances* is in my best style and thanks me for perpetuating Nancy (whose quaintness Emerson so fully appreciated). 5. As we think a subject out (my paper on *Practical Preaching* for instance) it seems clear and eloquent, but pen and ink bring it to a hard ordeal. Mrs. M. said I ought not to ask for quarter. I hope to need only fair play. I write under difficulties, having little privacy, the canary singing, and all the manifold interest and work of a household going on. 20. Ah, if we could moderate our disappointment at failure our elation at success. A contented spirit is what we need. 22. Ready to say with Shakespeare, "mad world."

**May 1.** Twenty-five years ago we came to Milton. What a period of time! Wonderful that body and mind hold on through so much. 20. To Mr. Emerson's Lecture. He had some of his ancient fire, some of his striking thoughts on culture and education of the will. 25. How the world changes and we with it. We talk of monotony. But it is infinite variety of thought and soul-experience, though not of events and circumstances.

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June 10. *Practical Preaching* is but three pages in print. I do not think it has an unnecessary word. 17. I see that in Sunday-school as elsewhere, one must be content to work with what material he has. 19. Little do they discriminate who condemn all novels. I find subtle and fine reasoning in them, here and there.

August 3. In Cambridge. Never was I more struck with my aunt's happy temperament, pleasant voice, agreeable way of taking events. 15. Perhaps the most fearful thunder storm our household ever witnessed: an unrelenting blaze of lightning and crash of thunder. We were mercifully preserved. 22. A coincidence that I should have sent Mrs. N. *Violets in the Lane*, just after her mother's death. What a noble woman the mother, and how just the daughter's views about her death.

September 7. Why is it we shrink from the minor key in which most of life is set?

November 5. I carelessly threw a coat on father's hat. He bore it beautifully. 7. My note to my aunt was a word in season, cheering her loneliness in the dull weather and with her troublesome cold. Her answer was sad and of a deep tone. 9. My father quoted that beautiful text, "A morning without clouds." At half past 7 p. m. a fearful fire broke out in Boston. It was a magnificent sight, rising in a Vesuvius-like cone, and again in Alpine peaks tinged with flame color. Startling explosions. A solemn moment when C. said at my door he feared the city was *doomed*. Those who never prayed before must

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have prayed then. 11. To the burnt district. Crumbling walls, steaming fire engines, smoking coal heaps, crowds, closed stores, dirty streets. For the smoke could barely see the new Post-office. Franklin Street, where I was born, is so badly consumed that only by an effort can the street be picked out. If to-night's violent wind had occurred on Saturday the city would have been doomed. 24. Begun *The Ministry of Letters*, which I hope to whip into grace.

### Diary of 1873

**January 5.** Sunday. The Communion service was full of interest. The solemnity of the hour, not knowing whether prosperity, gain, or life were to be the portion during the coming year—the topic. 7. I think *The Ministry of Letters* will answer.

**February 2.** Cambridge. Thought over old times in my aunt's house (now to be left). Well, my memory of it will be bright, no failing of health, nor death in that house for one of my fastest friends. Peace to the past.

**March 2.** Dr. Hedge preached well on Lent. He advocated not the consecration of a day, or a season, but of a life. 11. Whipped *The Art of Talking* into shape. The weather as humorous as Mr. Weiss's lecture. 14. Fine suggestions at every new reading of Shakespeare.

**April 12.** *Middlemarch* as capable as George Eliot's other books. Passages meriting quotation on every page. 15. Mr. James B. Thayer surprised and de-

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lighted us by the delicacy, force, and variety with which he read *Hamlet*. The club is becoming a mutual admiration society. 18. *Middlemarch* not interesting as a story. 30. I mean to do my best with *Hotspur*. I can do better than I have.

May 6. A beautiful eighty-fourth birthday for our dear father. He was charmed with his umbrella, pictures, and flowers. 13. I was congratulated on my reading of *Hotspur*. 26. Charmed with Mrs. B., a Unitarian and a superintendent of a Union Sunday-school, composed of Methodists, Orthodox and Baptists. I would rather be Mrs. B. with her evident sincerity, modesty and usefulness than my more showy self. 14. The wonder is how people live in this driving world. 19. Yesterday just before night I sat on the stone steps where my mother waited for letters from her Boston home in 1806. She, a blooming girl of twelve at boarding-school. Patches of sky pierced through the lofty trees, behind which sky I sought for the vanished presence. A sweet moment snatched from the bustling scene of the Fair. 22. Thought over a little what I should say to my scholars of this world's being a picture-book and a work-shop, which we must study assiduously in order to gain the lesson they teach. 30. "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee," comforting words.

July 16. In Beverly for a short visit. In driving perhaps I passed the shabby house where, more than thirty years ago, I spent a fortnight with my cousins and the Clarkes. No such space of time for me again. Whatever trials the future has in store I can survive,

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emembering what has gone before. In some respects I am happier now than then.

**August 13.** Fear I shall not get the fourteenth chapter of my story to *Dayspring* in time. My life is compact of fears. 17. Mr. Ames preached, "Shew us the Way, so that we may walk in it." The sermon was peculiar, original, powerful. Poor Miss —'s death does not make a ripple on life's surface.

**September 4.** I have been reading over lately what I wrote of my mother's last days. The account though not all I could wish, brings back the sweetly solemn time. Often a single word recalls her mode of speech. 7. In Cambridge. Dr. Hedge preached from the text "Gird up the loins of your mind." Not at loose ends, but intent, earnest, doing each day all that we possibly can; the impossibility of doing perfectly being one of the most obvious proofs of immortality. 11. It was difficult speaking at the Conference. But in time it will be as easy as speaking in Sunday-school. 20. It rained and rained. We were almost discouraged. But some of our friends came to our old-fashioned tea-drinking. "Beautiful!" my father said to the Psalm singing which followed. 20. Hurrah! *Brevity* goes into the *Register*. 22. Aunt H. writes "Your letter was more than happiness—if there is such a feeling. You always put me in your midst—your pictures of life are so clear. I enjoy all from the carpet shakings and curious girl to the flower-dressed church and eloquent pastor." 27. Mr. Mumford writes of *Brevity* "Your article is capital. I do not think I have seen

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anything of yours more vigorous and pointed. I was somewhat tempted to make an editorial of it." 31. Sent our girl down early with my note. That furnished an excuse to send her home. We breathe freely when she leaves. Oh, this servant question! how harassing.

November 12. E. says it is not meant that any one should have rest in this life.

December 21. Beautiful image "Love to God, love to man, the wings to lift the soul to heaven." 31. The Sunday-school Festival a sweetly serious occasion, not dull, but chastened. E. said she heard me distinctly, and that nothing could be prettier than the whole affair.

### Diary of 1874

January 1. The New Year does not open brightly to us, for our father, whom we found on the sofa on our return from the Christmas concert, could not rise this morning. His hand trembles and he is weak. What may be in prospect for us? He seems feverish. Some of us went to Boston. Father said, with his old fun, "We had better all go." 5. Life, at times, seems only perplexity. 8. Father looks brighter and better to-day. The blue sky re-appears to raise our spirits. Last night it saddened me to think of all the future has in store for us.

February 3. I read aloud from the *Life of Mrs. Somerville*. I should say she was very learned and a little vain. It is a surface history. Lately read over *Letters from Boston*, printed in my father's paper,

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*The Christian World.* Mortified that at the age of twenty-four I wrote as well as, if not better than, I do now. These letters are thoughtful and well expressed, and J. F. Clarke liked them without knowing they were mine. 7. There is a world of goodness in human nature. 10. As E. once said, "Our child life was not eventful;" but I ought to have the Ithurian spear to kindle it into interest. So far as events go our adult life has been tame. But, for thoughts, feelings, and fears what experience could be fuller? The history of one day would startle. 27. Who grows old gracefully? How can one feel with others?

**March 1.** In the interim between churches I read Dean Stanley's fine sermon. Tried to sing some tunes. Perhaps if I had been taught to sing I should have found a voice. It was a quiet time, and did not seem long. 2. My father worried about us all. Thinks he has a better chance to live to ninety than we to survive him. He says we may laugh, but he sees how we look, and, excepting F., thinks our chance small. He "really wishes not to outlive us; then we may go as quick as we please." 5. Rejoiced that E. K. thinks I look and speak like my mother. I grieve that I cannot recall her voice. Even the echo of mine will be grateful if it remind me of hers. 20. I have made up my mind that it is human love, the growth of early habit, and inspired by heavenly love, that is the sweetest medicine for care and pain. The more I see of life the more clear does it appear that life is equally apportioned. Irritable. Ashamed of myself when I am so alive to the desirableness of a

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sweet temper. 17. Copying interesting passages from Sara Coleridge's *Letters*. She writes more understandingly of death than any one I have met.

**April 21.** My poor father has gone slowly and painfully to Milton Hill. How changed and feeble he must seem to those who used to remark on his rapid walk. 22. Read an interesting article on the Resurrection. Who shall show us truth? I am blind. Let me see the light. This is, indeed, the world of faith, not of sight. 23. My birthday! awakening serious thought. 30. Re-written my last article. Think now it will answer. It is odd how one can prune and improve. I seldom write well on a sudden.

**May 3.** Exercised over my nomination on the A. U. A. Board. I am seeking and praying for light as to my decision. Light broke upon me at the Communion Service. I have decided, I hope conscientiously, to stand. I hope, also, that I may see my way to join the church. I pray for light and assurance. 5. My father was silent at tea, abstracted; the aged must have serious thoughts. 6. A cheery sky ushered in his eighty-fifth birthday. He has the comfort of children in his old age.

**April 7.** I am seeking light in reading Robertson and Dewey. As much help can be found for the doubter in the former as in the latter.

**May 9.** I am reading *The Perfect Life*. Uncle William seems almost inspired in these last sermons. 11. What privilege could be greater than to be a reconciler? 14. Took comfort in the thought that one need not wait to be religious even if he lack implicit



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faith and trust. Start with your little fund of faith and pray for more. It seems to me the world was never so perplexed with questioning, never so anxious to find assurance as now. It is unjust to doubt man's willingness to believe. 16. I copied a fine extract from Pascal. How I hunger for spiritual assurance. But fear I must question while life lasts. 20. *The Ministry of Sorrow* is as good as I can make it.

June 4. C. sent 500 spires of lilies of the valley to the Flower Mission. I continue deeply interested in Stopford A. Brooke's *Sermons*. I pray they may be blessed to my spiritual enlightenment. 7. I wish my mind could be assured in regard to joining the church. A. thinks one need not hesitate from doubt; but accept it as a means of grace. 30. Somehow, there came over me as I sat darning socks, blown by the perfect air, or from God, a feeling of peace in the midst of questioning.

July 1. Worked at *The Spiritual Tangle*, but not satisfied with it, nor with my own. That is my cross, but I hope to bear it with patience and dignity to the end. 16. How much we lose in giving so little of life to religious reading. 24. How strange it seems to me that any one should be hurt or uneasy whose religious faith is assured. 31. I must guard that my self-distrust does not call in question my Father's tender mercy.

August 4. How much happier I am the more I have to do. My former life might well have been more cheery. But, we do not know, I may have needed all that cramped preparation. Certainly, my

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mind slowly grew under it; and, of the heart, who of earth can tell?

**October 1.** It fills me with chagrin that my quotations, sometimes, outshine my ideas, on the subject treated.

**November 19.** Heard Frederick Douglas on *John Brown*. His voice was varied and persuasive. His reasoning close and delicate. His language choice and expressive. It seemed to me that I never heard any one speak in so simple and touching a manner of the Saviour, who, indeed made no distinction amongst men. My father has written a beautiful note to his cousin, R. H. Dana. The death of his cousin Betsey has revived early memory and affection. **23.** Sad to think if we live to old age, the mind may be darkened, as well as the body full of pain and unrest.

**December 31.** We have reached the close of 1874, a year rich in blessings and opportunities. I have worked in it faithfully. I have learned that I must not overdo. We are all spared to greet another year.

### Diary of 1785

New Year's Day, clear and cold. Last night was too cold for a church service; but the last night of a year cannot come without "one sweetly solemn thought." **20.** Read Dr. Furness's half century sermon. Oh, to find the peace he has found! I see it is the greatest good, and, yet miserable that I am, I pine for worldly honor and mental distinction. A graceful, attractive reading of Scotch poetry by Rev. Mr.

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Green. How I would like to have written *The Cotter's Saturday Night*! 22. How few do we remember of the words of our beloved. 26. How on our guard must we be, weak and fallible as we are. I pray daily to be delivered from envy, malice, pride, and vain-glory: we are, indeed, all babes in the faith.

**February 1.** It is plain that those who work in a church in one way, are apt to work in another. I mean to try for the air once a day. It is like a battle to write a note, or finish a book, or sew a stitch. 26. A. to town to see E. B. A.'s sympathy for the sick is one of her brightest traits. I marked how kindly she put the shawl around the poor woman the other day.

**March 17.** Charmed with Miss W. She said she had among her cuttings a piece I wrote called *It is the last time*. For she liked what I said about it being sad to part even with what had not been all along pleasant: and the peculiarities of our friends, in the end, being a charm, as individualizing them. One does not write in vain if another values his thought enough to preserve it. 20. Copied a comforting word from Blackwood. Does not a special Providence give one these helps?

**April 18.** This night, one hundred years ago, Paul Revere, booted and spurred, started for his midnight ride. One hundred years hence there may not be one left to tell the story of to-morrow's festival in honor of Lexington and Concord. And so, man's busy generations pass. 19. My father went to his brother Walter's house, who unwillingly let him go,

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saying "Come again, for you know I cannot live long." My uncle prefers the New Testament to any other reading. By 12 o'clock orders from Lexington not to allow another passenger on the railroads. 40,000 had swooped, and there was nothing to feed the multitude. 28. Friendship driven to the wall in Spring-cleaning time.

May 8. Tried to discipline my heart to trust, to faith, to freedom from self-reference.

July 9. Our picture of "Chevy Chace" fell, and made a bad job for us. But I made a worse for myself, getting excited, and I have prided myself on being calm. 11. My cough troubles me. I lay down to rest till teatime. I should like rest for a month and entire change of air and scene. I need rest after the winter. 16. Provoked that some of my extracts are written in such pale ink. So, in watery shades write we our lives! 20. Dear Father, lift the weight that prevents me from doing what I might. 26. Away from home. It is an odd pause of rest for me! no domestic to see to, no door-bell clanging, no hurrying feet, no pressing "ought to be doing," looming up.

August 10. It was a pretty Norse custom, that of the children approaching the parents after a meal with the words "Thanks for the food." 22. Many hunt for *sensational*, when we need *spiritual* preaching. 28. Mr. Mumford said for the second time how much he liked my article *The Trickery of Surprise*. It seemed to me he wanted to say something more. Aunt J. writes "I wish we could all look upon life as your father does, and were all as well prepared to

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leave it. Such a calm, gentle view of the certainty before him, is a great boon, and we ought to be very, very grateful for it."

September 10. A superb sunset, burnishing the tree tops and birds' bodies, as, on dusky wings they sailed back and forth. 12. Dr. Peabody preached on David, as a shepherd boy, having only emotional religion, and rising to the perception of principle. 19. Miss Alcott has made \$60,000 by her stories. Well, I will trim my own lamp. As a friend says "You have an audience 'fit if few.'"

October 5. Is *Cobwebs* or *Presence of Heart* better? I do not find as many ideas in Southey's lines on the *Spider*, as in my *Cobwebs*, but Southey's fewer thoughts are in rhyme. 10. The boys in Sunday-school were almost too many for me—a veritable cauldron of fun.

November 7. A beautiful thought in the sermon that an added grace would be a sweet surprise when we met our departed friends in heaven.

### Diary of 1876

January 15. It is wonderful how one can improve, by revision. The wonder is that one is willing to stop revising. Yet I do decide finally that I know not how to improve. 16. A full day. Arranged settees in Sunday-school room. Took off names in the vestibule for A. U. A. contributions. Wrote abstract of sermon. Taught adult class, as well as my own. Gave out *Daysprings*, Read *Registers* in the

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evening and wrote a note. The first winter for thirty-five years that there has not been snow in January. 19. A fine piece by J. F. Clarke in the *Review* on *The Essence of Christianity*. How triumphantly he has ridden the gale. 27. How charming the true English style, pure in their young and old books.

March 1. I know not where to begin the day's work. I hear my father say I work too hard, that I look thin and poorly. Mrs. Lyman, like my mother, was strong in her feelings, frank, generous.

April 3. E. asked my father if he would like to live his life over again. He said "no." He had had more than he deserved, and was satisfied with the result. He would like some one younger than himself to come in and talk on serious subjects. 4. Violent wind; but we slept in safety. I do not fear a wind, as I do a thunder storm. To think of us on this green ball, rolling in space, and everyone cared for in his peculiar needs. "It is too wonderful for me, I cannot attain unto it." 6. I work hard for my money editing *The Dayspring*; but the money is useful, and I like the work. 8. Is unfavorable criticism ever grateful to the recipient? 11. Mr. Mumford likes *Presence of Heart*. 15. Uncle Walter, ninety years old, to-day, we found quite bright and looking in better health. He and my father regretted they were not older. My father was delighted with his brother's reading of a chapter from the Epistles. 16. Miss Larned's *Wood-notes Wild* is fine, pure in style, full of meat. 23. My birthday. As I felt old at twenty-two, how old must I feel now? Not much

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older. For, if the body sometimes fails, the mind is more active, more helpful than then. Without vanity I can say that my life is more useful now, therefore happier. But the time is shortening. If this should be my last year, may it be my best.

### Diary of 1876

Gracious Father, increase my faith.

**August 10.** Mr. George Ripley says finely of my Uncle Walter, "In social life he was a man of exuberant vivacity and humor, his gayety was irrepressible; his conversation was a perpetual flow of brilliant surprises; he had an exhaustless fund of pointed, yet kindly satire; and, until the infirmities of age and ill-health compelled him to pass into comparative retirement, he was courted in every company as an example of cheerful earnestness and smiling wisdom." **14.** My father spoke feelingly of his soul experience, how, at times, he was *discouraged*, and, then encouraged. How he doubted about sermons, but believed in Sunday-school work. I wished for strength or power to set forth, as he wished, the morning sermon. At work on *The Angel in the Shadow*. Our Tommy White has sprained his leg. It is pitiful to see an animal suffer. **16.** I must guard against talking of others' inconsiderateness.

**October 20.** At the Centennial Exposition. The steady whirl and roll of the machinery remind of the rhythm of winds and waves in a storm. **24.** Courtesy the rule here. Such a smiling baby in its mother's

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arms. Another waving its little hand above the crowd, as if to say, "Peace, you busy trampers, you eager gazers, the world will go on, and you will prosper, even if you do not see 'That 'ere Butter woman,' or the exquisite Helicon Vase, the Milton Shield, or the watch minute enough to form the end of a pencil-case." 28. Home again. How pleasing the color of New England soil. I never wish to live away from it. How neat the houses. My father hopes I will not go away again in his lifetime.

**December 31.** The last night of the year's Service fitted to touch, awaken, and brace the heart. Pleased by Mr. Spaulding's saying he told Mr. Cook he had a friend who gave him excellent advice on public speaking, and that Mr. Cook wrote in his book "Restrained enthusiasm," which he thought a capital suggestion. The snow, a silver shield in the moonlight, an exquisite picture of winter scenery. Good to be at the solemn service, which must help us to bear our several burdens.

### Diary of 1877

**January 2.** Heavy, drifting snow in the night. My banging blind startled me from four o'clock. And then I thought what was our New Year's Eve Service for but to make us strong to bear these little worries? 5. It is curious what a human charm a German life story always has. 24. A friend writes "I would rather meet a sorrow fully, and little by little, conquer the peace, than to turn away from it,



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or be too much diverted from it by passing events." 26. I think I have the power of impressing young girls. I must not begrudge answering their notes. Do I, also, influence for good the boys in my Sunday-school class? 29. I would gladly hear Sankey sing often. He sings with much tenderness and expression. But nothing was so affecting as the poor man in the aisle, with thin, earnest face, torn, faded coat, look straight ahead, with clear, bell-like, tenor voice singing magnificently "Rock of Ages." A lost opportunity not thanking him for it.

**February 23.** It is melancholy to contrast what we jumped to do twenty years ago and shrink from now.

**March 1.** It is well to speak of the departed at a funeral as "our friend," and not by name. 5. Mr. Joseph Cook slurred again at women's minds. Eloquent, but wild as a March hare. What he said on politics and Civil Reform was good. He was witty about the Republicans having had sixteen years of temptation. 6. E.'s gift is ready. I think she likes me. It humbles me as I reflect on my power for good over these young hearts. In looking back I ask have I done what I could to help them?

**April 20.** Interested in Miss Martineau's Life. Her sincerity is admirable, if her sarcasm be biting. 7. Mr. Mumford said my father was more lovely than ever, taking more hopeful views as he grew older. He, himself, could not imagine Miss Martineau being jealous of her mother, but he could easily imagine a father being jealous of his daughters. 8. Blackwood

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condemns H. Martineau's drawing aside the sacred veil of private life, and, in particular the revelation of her disagreement with her mother.

**June 17.** Sometimes one feels as if he wanted to be nursed and taken care of, and set in a restful place. **18.** Finished J. F. Clarke's grand sermon. To the criticism that he is constantly repeating himself I should say it is because his atmosphere is the simplicity of truth — truth must repeat herself. **26.** My father said last night he was like a child in common affairs, but as vigorous as ever, more so, in religion. What is wonderful is his consciousness of all this.

**September 16.** I must guard against jealousy of social attention. **20.** The *Beacon* says, "It was this trait of humanity which gave the character of the late Thomas J. Mumford its chief attraction and power. From his childhood up all distinctions of caste and condition were overborne by his respect and love for humanity."

**October 18.** I left this day without further record. It makes me think how many days of my life may have been so wasted that they merit no record. They pass; and of them I remember nothing. Strange the thought that one day accurately photographed in thought, word, and deed, would be more remarkable than the brightest book ever written.

**November 17.** Constant, unflagging self-control we need to save ourselves from sinning. **21.** In an old family letter Aunt Barbara (Uncle Walter's wife) said "I took great pleasure in hearing Aunt Susan and Mr. George Channing sing psalms; he has the

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finest voice I ever heard. And, when tired of singing his conversation gave me no less amusement, tho' of rather a different tenor, for while the first exalted the mind to solemn thought and heavenly musing, the last called forth all my powers of laughing, he is very entertaining. His voice and manners resemble Edward's, but he looks like Uncle William, as much as a tall, handsome man with a black crop and high color can resemble one who is in many respects the opposite." 22. Of my sister Mary, Uncle R. writes "She was the most patient and uncomplaining of any person whom I have seen suffering with illness. Her faith was apparently without the least shadow of doubt."

December 16. My father likes the tract on the Everlasting Arms sustaining. Our cousin has passed on. One always has regrets. May my heart warm to the few left. My father wonders at the change of customs since his sparse youthful days. 25. The day fatiguing in spite of our care.

### Diary of 1878.

It seems so natural to write 1878 that I feel as if I had lived in this year before. I am trying to clear up my letters. I here record my earnest wish and intention to set *my* house in order, to make what preparation I can for leaving this world with possessions attended to and disposed of.

January 7. My father is the worse for his cold walk. If he would only follow his grandfather Ellery's rule

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to keep housed during the winter it would save him pain and us anxiety. 8. He said he had reason every day to think it might be his last. But the comfort of it was that he did not fear going into the dark, he was sure of going into the light. 21. My father's mind is delightfully clear on religious topics. He said he had not done all he might, but he trusted in infinite mercy, and looked forward with assured hope. I placed on my bureau the sweet little picture of the child Christ as a carpenter.

March 13. Busy with scrap-book. I would like to put my *Christian World* articles first. But why preserve these with no child to reverently con them? Mr. Mumford said "nothing so fugitive as newspaper pieces." Think of his precious thoughts merged in that way. Yet, what a noble work he did. 14. What glorious sunrises we lose. The rosy light clothed the skirting trees with a most beautiful, though evanescent mantle. 15. Mr. Mumford's comment on being prevented from speaking at the *Christian Register* Bi-Centennial was "It is all right this morning." Modest, patient, grand soul! E. will never regret her kindness to our mother's cousins. She has brightened their lives. Touching, the picture of the sisters sitting in their cheery room, looking in each other's faces, but with no intercourse through speech. Miss T. thinks if *two* of *us* are left ours will be a brighter fate in not being deaf.

May 19. "Some one must help me" as the little boy, who feared *heels* and *wheels*, said to Dr. Bellows. We *are* all helped over more than we dream in sensible and insensible ways.

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**June 24.** My father said last night, "If he were only sure of our going to heaven." E. replied "We will try to go."

**July 12.** Surely, we have enough to sober us. Without religion how could we hold on at all? 18. We are glad the hot day has gone, with no thought of what a day is, out of our, at best, short life. And, yet, sometimes, how we long for the worries and anxieties to be over. 27. My fourth Extract Book nearly full. Shall not use half my extracts. Sometimes it seems as if life were a weary load well laid down. Then the natural human reluctance returns.

**August 4.** Prayed that I might be patient with the general incompleteness. 18. Wm. C. Gannett's prayer and sermon were full of inner life. One said "He is a true Quaker." Subtle, delicate thought in the simplest language. Reverence, bowed head, yet questioning spirit.

**September 28.** My father said the other night he would give me the credit of not getting put out with anyone. It is a real comfort he thinks so; for I am not half what I ought to be to him.

**November 8.** My father called me to see the glorious sunset, saying "If we are only able to reach the other world what glories we shall behold." I wish his chamber fronted west, but it would not be so cosy and warm. He has had less pain to-day. I thought I heard him say "I can bear it." Where would he be without faith? 13. The woe of the world presses on one's heart. 18. Our ailments increase with the damp weather. Are we grateful enough for our

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many blessings — being together, free from debt, with many friends, a pleasant home, and faces set towards the brighter day? 19. In the twilight my father hums old-fashioned psalm-tunes. He has lost ground in health: but for the most parts keeps cheerful. 30. He told E. she was the only one who liked to talk on religion; the rest went out of the room. He is mistaken. I feel so much I cannot trust myself to speak.

**December 16.** Strange that miracles, which disturbed me years ago, are now not thought essential to faith.— J. F. Clarke said "You do not get rid of a trouble by running away from it." I agree with the writer on Forgetfulness, who maintains that we cannot remember what we do not distinctly see in the first instance, and that the mass of little events which are the staple of life could not produce a strong impression. "Quakers' discipline inculcates over their speech—to avoid extravagance of expression, conventional phrases, and everything but clear-cut truth." 31. And thus winds up a busy and a blessed year. My father is more infirm. We cannot blind our eyes to it. May we devote ourselves to his comfort.

### Diary of 1879

**January 8.** A day so fair, so bright, it breathes of heaven.

**February 14.** I read an article on "toleration" in which the writer speaks of a "bewildered woman" in contrast with a keen and collected man. Miss Helen Davis remembers the gilt hops on my mother's wed-

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ding-cake. Miss Lowell says my mother painted beautifully: where are the paintings?

**March 8.** To all of us comes the thought — if only *this* trial were lifted from my heart. **27.** I want to hold on to this thought in Phillips Brooks' *Lectures on Preaching*, "General identity and perpetual variety." **28.** As R. says "How, at times, the universal woe presses upon you." Yet, we would not die, we wish to stay with the known, we prefer the wonted and familiar — weary as we are with the monotony of daily living. **29.** If our temperaments were more felicitous how differently our lives would be ordered. These, more than circumstances, decide our destiny.

**April 5.** A friend writes "I am often impressed with the selfishness of youth — all unconscious as it seems often. Those *who know* the delight of a tender, delicate consideration of others would be loth to lose the joy of exercising it, I think."

**June 3.** My father said "I have had a felicitous hour. How are you to go to heaven if you do not have them, too?" Cousin W. H. C. says in his birthday letter to my father, "In your extreme age He has infused into your soul that '*Child-like Spirit*,' which in simple confidence relies on God, as a babe rests on his mother's bosom, till He fills you with His inflowing love and His peace past understanding. And now you wait as in a placid dream for the *morning*, for the *great* awakening of everlasting youth in paradise." **18.** Affecting to see my poor father wiping his weak eye, sitting quiet in his rocking-chair with little to do. **29.** Mr. Barrows preached a good sermon from the

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text "Where dwellest Thou? "The habitual dwelling-place of the soul shows the plane on which it lives."

**July 4.** Life is a succession of losses and of bracing one's self to bear those losses. 13. Depressing that there are such varying opinions about ministers. My taste is catholic. I see good in all kinds — excepting one or two who set me on edge. Aunt H. writes, "Such an old age as your father's reconciles one to a long life. We must not forget that his younger and working days — by his truth and earnestness in well-doing have earned him the honor and devotion of his declining years — God forever bless him." 19. My article entitled *Patchwork and Piecemeal* is falling, or, rather, rising, into order.

**August 2.** Sat by the window to cool off in the middle of the night. Wonderful cloud picture. Lavish nature squanders these glories unseen by human eyes, whilst we are recruiting for daily tasks. How little we dream of the glorious night-side of nature. 5. Thirty-seven years ago to-day our Mary died. Thirty-seven years for her in heaven. In another thirty-seven we may all be gone. Then whose shall these things be which we now value and accumulate? To bring these thoughts home should be our striving and prayer. The patience of those with whom we are boarding is better than many a sermon. That quotation pursues me of how "a poverty-stricken action excels the most heavenly contemplation." 8. I was greatly struck with my father's gentleness. He does, indeed, seem to have entered into "a great



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House of Silence," waiting for Tidings. May we do all we can to smooth his last days, without too anxiously inquiring who will do it for us.

**August 10.** I was pleased to hear my father say that I could not be offended. For though not true, it proves that my milder side is presented to him. 17. I wonder if others are as dilatory? and have trifles loom into mountains? Losing my glasses suggested *Minor Miseries* as a good topic for the *Register*. Would I had never caused my father one moment of unhappiness as Mrs. P.'s father assured her she had never caused him. Falling ceilings are one of *our* minor miseries. Again and again I resolve to be less selfish, more devoted. We like Rev. Mr. Jackson. "We color the world with the world within." I mused on the difficulty of pleasing and impressing by preaching.

**September 4.** I must break myself of self-absorption. I hardly know what I want to do. No wonder poor father wearies of his monotony. Mr. —'s forte in preaching is a simple, homespun theme, with kindred thoughts of heaven and home. 21. I cannot help thinking that we are not alive to how comparatively easy is the care of our father's declining years.

**December 1.** How short life seems; once it looked a dreary length. 19. My father would not go back an inch in life, the convictions of the present are so much worthier than those of his youth. He repeats now and then psalms and hymns. His eyes are almost useless. What patience age requires.

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### Diary of 1880

**January 28.** The most radiant sunset I ever beheld. Plumes and shells of gold trailing over an azure sky. Like the multitude of angel faces in pictures of the Holy Family, these seemed receding wings. **29.** No success in buying a rose-colored shawl. We miss many rose-colored articles in this world. Mr. — snapped his fingers! How little personal tricks add to the minor miseries of life.

**February 24.** My father said yesterday he had an afternoon in heaven. His mind clear and joyful in its contemplation. **26.** I long to clear up. But it is painful to destroy old letters. I have no pluck for it. Sometimes I fear others will have to clear up for me.

**March 3.** I tried to fathom the secret of Pascal's faultless style. **14.** How much there is unsatisfactory in life! How shall we learn patience? **17.** My father turned as he was going up-stairs after breakfast, and said he hoped we were all aware how much more important it was to be ready for the other world than for this. Just now he said the beauty of nature was enough to prove the other life. **23.** Read to my father from St. John's Gospel, and three hymns. This reading is becoming a great pleasure to him now that he cannot read himself. I hear him saying he hopes we shall become spiritually interested in what we read to him.

**April 3.** And so another busy week closed with fresh duties, cares, and possibilities buried in its folds. **19.** Dear father said he had passed an afternoon in

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heaven, gone over his whole life, not been distracted from the precious thoughts one moment. 24. A friend paid a beautiful tribute to my father's piety, which makes no show in the world's eye, so full just now of his brother William's fame. Well, this world is not all. And in that in which the brothers were alike consists the truest greatness of each. 27. Read to my father two chapters and four hymns. "Whilst Thee I Seek" he said he had read, read, and read, and liked perhaps the best of any.

May 6. My father's ninety-first birthday. He said "It is the most solemn day of my life!" At the close of the day he sang "This life's a dream, an empty show." 15. Read several hymns. Affecting to hear him say "The mind cannot hold what it hears, nor the little books of our youth." We find that he best understands and readily follows familiar passages of Scripture and sacred hymns. He requires the plain, simple, strong utterances which suit children. 25. I went to the A. U. A. anniversary meeting at Hollis Street Church. Dr. Furness made me think of Whittier's "low sweet prelude." Besides its tender memories, his address was lighted by a humorous commentary equally attractive and delicate—just as the sun lights up a pensive landscape. Dr. Hedge was critical and discriminating. Cousin W. H. C. jerkey and enthusiastic. 27. Sunday-school meeting edifying. Messrs. Colyer and Tilden presented the seraphic side of Sunday-school work. Mr. Jones pounded the pulpit with his view, which was by no means namby-pamby. We heard badly and were

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parched with thirst. My friend J. was pleasant and contented, finding even amusement in the May-bugs' revels on our throats and clothes in the horse car. 30. The Sunday-school noisy. Mr. Colyer would not have seen the sprouted wings to-day.

June 10. My father wonders that any can refrain from drinking the draught of Scripture truth. I read to him Christ's words about the Sabbath, and, I think, 6 hymns. As I left he was repeating a beautiful verse about never deserting God's house. 15. My father is walking about, saying, "There is no love of God in the world, no genuine, downright love of God. Nobody has any time to pray. Life is a vapor, soon over."

July 6. My father has had a blissful afternoon. He said "a mortal could not have more joyful intercourse with the immortals. We should go into his room some day and find him dead. . And at that moment he would be having exuberant joy. We should ask 'How is this?' But no more can we tell the progress of a drop of blood in our veins." 8. My father has been talking beautifully of heaven. He said "When we get beyond the dark clouds and heavy vapors, which obscure our sight here, our eyes will open, and we shall get a bright glimpse of heaven: we forget that this is only a rest on our way." It made me think of a bird pausing on a twig, before its upward flight. "He wanted all his children to go to heaven. The only way to go was beginning here. Here was not our home. *Our home* made everything else homely." The glory of the other world is won-

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derfully clear to him. 18. Read hymns to my father. He wondered that his brother William never wrote any. Speaking of his burial, he asked if a place was not marked out for him. "A lot of them will be there, and a band of Christians enjoying the brightness of the glory above." 22. Cousin W. H. C., in a great speech at Concord, declares there is no death. But I think the death of the body will never cease to be terrible. It is simply marvellous that human nature adjusts itself to the dread summons as well as it does. 26. Read hymns to my father. Poor man, rich man, he ponders on heaven, and wonders that others do not do the same.

September 8. With feelings young, how strange to find the body halting and stiffening. Is it not another proof that the spirit is immortal? 19. Heard my father say "Christ's religion is the charm of the world; I am ready to go to-night or to-morrow."

October 6. We read in turn. To-day I read Cowper's beautiful hymn "Give to the wind thy fears" and the Good Samaritan. 7. My father said he had been in perfect bliss for two hours. And, then, the thought that all could come into it. Did I not think so? And could I not bring one, if only one? When E. returned he continued to her "To go to that place to see God and Christ and all those, who, like your Uncle William, reflected their glory!" 14. Mrs. W. said when she was a child there came over her once in repeating the Lord's Prayer a consciousness of God's love as her Father, that she had not lost and was most precious to her.

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**November 5.** I went to the Women's Club on the occasion of Washington Allston's 100th birthday. Cousin W. H. C. was simple and telling in describing Allston's love of the little folk, power of story-telling, fearlessness in regard to the supernatural, delicacy to woman, love for his wife, and universal kindliness, and magnanimity. 16. My father says I have read to him most beautifully this afternoon, and that it has done him good, and must do me good, and when I am older I shall know what it is not to be able to read myself.

**December 25.** About nine o'clock in the evening my father fell. His third fall this winter. Our days are darkening. A friend writes of her aged mother "light, love, and beauty await her farther on." 31. The close of this year is more solemn on account of our father's illness than even at our usual church meetings. We shall not forget 1870 or 1880.

### Diary of 1881

**January 5.** Whatever is before us I trust we may bear like Christians. Life looks as dreary as the wintry scene. Yet, let us not forget our blessings. 12. 'Ah, how the human heart sighs for a painless translation. Our dear father is having a tranquil day. He tried to sing, moved his hands as if keeping time. The nurse thought he imagined himself in church. One line was "How pleased and blessed am I," then spoke of "Thy tents." He does not suffer; but soon our good father will be gone where we can make up for no short-comings. 16. Last night in watching his

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grand face (with the rosy color so unusual at over ninety years) I thought how all had gone who watched his infant breath, parents, brothers, sisters; none but his children near, as he, the survivor of the "Newport" household, took his solitary way to the eternal home. At ten minutes before six p. m. on this blessed, quiet Sunday (the day he loved so well) our dear, good father fell asleep quietly, and left *us*, to join his larger family above. A friend writes "rarely have I heard of so pure, so John-like a man as your father." Another says "His old age has been very beautiful. . . . What a joy to live in the white light of perfect love! . . . He did all he could here and he will have a fine field somewhere else."

**February 6.** A friend quoted my father as saying "Tell all to whom you preach that religion, and religion alone, will give them the happiness they seek." What a mighty revolution religion worked in my father's nature. **14.** My father wrote, May 1, 1876, "Unitarian Festival in Boston. Elizabeth delighted. Here am I a reed shaken in the wind; but not hopeless." **15.** I care more to think of my dear father and copy some of his simple and heartfelt utterances, than to dwell on present experiences. He says in 1878 "My idea of happiness is the perfect union of the soul with God. . . . I commune with Heaven and try to picture our future existence. All I want is that as a family we may be ready to go." **16.** I am preparing a sketch of my father's life and character. **22.** Uncle Farley writes "I was sure when I last talked with him that it was my final meeting with him

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this side 'the River,' and many a time since I have thought with thankfulness of it and of all that passed between us, so full of the sweetest piety, the most child-like submission, the devoutest trust, the entirest readiness to go. 'Surrounded,' as he said, 'by his faithful and devoted children.'"

**March 24.** Answered a letter. No further record. And in to the unremembered passed the day — as have so many of my life; yet not one but for good or evil. Precious are my diaries of the last ten years, if, for nothing else, in bringing to mind traces of my father's last days. As I might have known, the thought of a hymn read to him is more precious than any outside work, however good. **25.** I am struck with the mere ripple the death of even a good man makes on the sea of life. **26.** Walked in the garden and mused on the dear parents who will never see its springing again. Sometimes it seems too much that we shall meet again. Ah, for my dear father's undoubting faith. **29.** I do not recall a year with so many deaths as this of those whom we knew and valued. Why torment ourselves with the quickly-speeding trials and woes? **31.** Mr. Ames writes, "Should I congratulate on having another 'father' in heaven? But what a sober experience it must be to his children *not* to have him here! So long as parents live, one cherishes a certain feeling of belonging in the juvenile ranks! but when they are gone, one is suddenly moved forward among the seniors and the world itself seems to have taken on a certain strangeness, as if may be we do not really belong here. . . . I am glad to have had one good



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look at the venerable face, which you have known from childhood. . . . If we by and by see him again will he be a young man?"

April 20. I am writing an article called *Something for Thee* suggested by a hymn my father copied into his diary of 1864. 23. My first birthday without my father. 25. A friend writes "I have never destroyed one of your letters."

May 6. Exquisite flowers on our father's birthday. One friend says "In memory of your dear father and our friend on his first birthday in heaven." 2. Cutting up Sunday-school Record-books. I wonder at the pluck and hope I have had with so much to disenchant and discourage. It has been possible because, as Madame Bunsen's mother said "It is all in the day's work." It did not come in a heap.

July 8. I had forgotten what I said in *Culling of Simples*. But after ten months detention I find it is not poor and is seasonable. Indeed, to be candid, I think it has considerable delicate merit.

August 1. At Weirs. 19. Reading over Diary of 1879. What a driving life. Not half time enough given to my father. That is the sad lesson we half learn, and then forget. I try to lose my own discomfort in gentle patience. Any way we can keep our troubles to ourselves.

September 5. Here is a passage from young Morrison's sermon at Lancaster, N. H., in memory of my father. "From the market-place to the vineyard, waiting patiently for the Master's call: till, in his 60th year he received the summons and joyfully took up his

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sacred work, for 'the last shall be first.' " I was gratified by a good critic speaking of *Channing as a Boy* as perfectly understandable and not written down to children. 18. "I know nothing can hurt me unless God chooses, and if He chooses it must be right."

**December 25.** A year ago to-day my dear old father went down stairs for the last time at night. His fall at nine o'clock was the beginning of the end. I do not forget it all now at the close of this memorial year.—"What would she not have given to hear him ask a service of her now! Could we realize how dear those little daily ministrations will become after death has put them all aside, should we ever find them a hardship in life?"

### Diary of 1882

**January 13.** Last year on this day my father was singing quietly as if in church. The sweetness of his departure and the patient cheerfulness of his life grow in remembrance.

**February 9.** My father wrote 1862 "Your remarks upon the great need of cherishing increased love for one another in order to fulfill all righteousness, caused more than one tear to start in your old father's eye. May God ever bless you, and your mother, sisters and brother. Yes, dear, love each other more and more, bear with each others' infirmities — and practice proper economy Health, if not wealth depends very much upon the quietness of the nerves." My father quotes in a sermon, "I have read of a good man that when his stated time for closet prayer was come, he

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would say to any company who might be with him, whoever they were, 'Friends, I must beg you excuse me for awhile; there is a friend waits to hear from me and to speak with me.' " My father says in his sermon on prayer, "O, how blessed when from the abodes of eternal peace we look back to the homes of our affections, as the spot where God and Heaven were first revealed to us, and where we and our children were first introduced to a new and divine life." 7. "There came to me one of those strange glimpses into the beneath of things seen, that are sent to us sometimes. . . . Some can't get hold of the heavenly song, till earth's songs are forgotten." Dr. Dewey thought "How it is more to *be* a man than to *be thought* ever so great. How all social distinctions and inequalities are infinitesimal in relation to the manhood underlying all, . . . He felt the wonder and the pathos of it all, and the educative force inherent in the homeliest tasks, the saddest losses, the most lamentable sins." 15. "Our dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of our immortality."—*Emerson*. 23. A friend says "Our birthdays come unflinchingly." 28. Life is a battle, and those come off best who bear it most patiently.

**May 7.** "And thus in the high presence in which he steadfastly lived he kept his sweetness and his peace, he lived his beautiful life, his face came more and more to shine as the face of an angel." 8. The child's prayer—"And make us all good, and never tired any more." 10. "There are three things necessary to make a good speaker: A sense of humor, some power

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of original thought, and a little recklessness." 16. "It is never dark everywhere at once. Night here, day there; and by and bye the eternal day-spring." 21. Second hint to avoid personalities. How then have the audacity successful speech require? 22. "As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence."

June 18. How life is consumed with petty worries. Ah, for an even tenor of our ways and hearts. Life is a battle with trifles. 22. A friend can hardly restrain her impatience to see Heaven. She hopes to meet Fenelon.—"Those changing prospects of the truth that are the best of education. . . . Talk should proceed by instances; by the apposite, not the expository."

July 8. Canon Farrar says "All real goodness is Christian, whether those who act rightly believe themselves Christian or not. Those who never knew Christ may have his gospel in their heart, and so belong to him."

August 10. "I have laid down for myself a new rule of life, *i. e.* never to waste words about things that are past." A few dear good people never change, thank God—only a few, but still there they are. 12. I read Matthew Arnold's view of America. I should take issue with him in not giving due weight to what *enlightened* religion is capable of in imparting social sense, true culture, and a humane respect for the race. 29. "It is often the highest act of love to stand aside and let its work be done by abler hands."

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**December 26.** Christmas is over, with its joys, anxieties, and tender memories.

### Diary of 1883

**January.** New Year's Day I called on some old friends. I trust I shall never neglect the aged, who have lost so much, that they should not be bereft of sympathy. A notable word in the sermon to-day, that the proof that something of extraordinary interest happened after the Crucifixion was the change in the disciples from despair to assured hope. An uplifting talk this evening with our good friend Rev. F. Frothingham,. He said all we had should be consecrated to God, all life should be divine. The story of the walk from Emmaus would make a beautiful sermon. Its simplicity proved its truth. It could not have been invented.

**April 23.** My birthday and Shakespeare's! But his wit and wisdom do not daunt me. Number me as posterity would (if it knew anything about me) with the general run of mortals, still enough, more than enough would it be if a few can say she poured balsam on the wounds of my heart, made life more endurable, and encouraged me to look upward. Love and friendship have made the day pleasant to me.

**May 6.** A sacred day. Day of my father's birth. six years ago, 1877, he was with us his last earthly birthday of a Sunday. He enjoyed Mr. Mumford's visit, was brighter and less tired than the year before. Mr. M. said of him the next day, "He is more lovely

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than ever, taking more hopeful views as he grows older." Little did Mr. Mumford think he would precede the aged Saint in going home. He died that year. My father's birthday into Heaven was Sunday, January 16, 1881. 7. Middlesex Conference. Some one thought me very like my father. Said he was the kind of Christian she liked. Often what seems an unmitigated disappointment turns out a good gift of fortune. There is such a thing as the curse of a granted prayer. Well, life is short, and we carry nothing out of it but our characters and tempers, so we must try not to brood over ill-treatment. "The Soul," Mr. Crothers said, "is continually crying out for a way of escape from confronting difficulty. Every real gospel must give an answer to this cry."

August 31. I feel within me a rush of thought and feeling that if let loose would make my speech and writing eloquent. Why can't the flood-gates be opened? Why must repressions always be the order of the day? A dear friend once suggested that I wrote with "too much propriety." He thought I lacked a dash of audacity, just as in good speaking it is said there must be a spice of recklessness. Enthusiasm and serenity, I desire you both.

September 9. I say of a sermon of Dr. Hedge: His own thought is that death is not a locomotive to take us from one world to another; but, that it is the veil lifted. Legitimately rest, then vision, highest of all action. To rest not so high as to see, to see not so high as to act, beneficently act. 24. Mr. Wild said How much happiness he had had in our pleasant house.

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As he left he said, and a beautiful blessing it was, "Peace be on this house!" A friend wrote to me "I see before me an uninviting future." Knowing her many and peculiar trials, I replied, "Yes; but count it all joy that God in giving you great trials has taught you so to bear them that you may be a comforter to others. It is his richest gift. He is your nearest, your changeless friend, he knows all you suffer, and in his own good time will lift the burden. Meanwhile you can be his ministering servant to the unfortunate. It is not well to tell *your* woe to the world. The world is weighed down already with woe. Be courageous, and with every fresh and every continued trial, say to yourself 'I can bear it'; and, now, what can I do for someone else? Never forget that whatever other worlds are to be yours, this is your only visit here, and let it add its mite of joy to the sum so small."

To my friend it may have seemed as if she were travelling in a desert, water in sight, at which others quenched their thirst, but which ever eluded her. "Let her spirit be heir to the land which knows no sorrow."

"To reach that purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony."

"God's delays are not always denials."

### Diary of 1884

January 9. A tramp asks for clothing. As my brother says how *we* should feel to be begging and

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wandering about the world. 27. A friend said she wished herself a child again in reading *Aunt Zelpeth*.

February 9. Some one called me unsympathetic. In the other world we shall understand one another better, and see that trouble was pretty equally distributed. 19. But for a huskiness in my throat my Essay at the Sunday-school Union went off well. Many thanked me for it. I was highly gratified by Dr. A. P. Peabody being of the number. Mr. Park said he was glad there was little applause; he quoted John Kean's growing to like the quiet of a Boston audience as the most graceful and appreciative notice possible.

March 5. Think I must make a call or two. How one shrinks from what he is not in the habit of doing. 26. Aunt J. thinks I must have written my address on *Worship in the Sunday-school* from my heart.

April 19. How all lives enter the shadow. 23. It must be a singularly cold heart that is not stirred by the thought of the day that gave it birth. On the day so long ago when my parents welcomed their first daughter how they must have kissed and blessed me, and prayed that I might see the heavenly light and walk in it. I have no little daughter to kiss and bless in my turn; but on one of the lovely cards sent me, which represents a shepherdess and her flock, is this motto: "My good wishes are the sheep that can do no less than to follow where you lead, pretty shepherdess." This makes me think that, perhaps, I have led some little feet, some little hearts into the path of peace. Easter, which was 13th, our minister said



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"Christ came to teach us how to *live*, not how to die." If we learned this lesson how small would seem the daily worries that harass, small even the fears of the future.

**May 10.** To-night I sit rejoicing in my clean room. Aunt Harriet's Nancy was not out of the way in wanting to tidy up her room and at 12 o'clock lie down to die. Poor creature! She lost her mind before she died. Jubilate! I cried at least six times in joy at my carpet turned.

**June 2.** Dr. Briggs "hesitated about adopting Mrs. Livermore's view of the non-importance of *church* attendance to the child. Out of his own early experience he said this; and in it he felt himself confirmed by a remark of Dr. N. L. Frothingham to the effect that he would not have the reverent truth beat out into a shallow path for the infant's foot. He himself believed it was no harm to anyone to feel that he was looking up to something he could not comprehend. 17. It is hard sometimes to keep up one's spirits. 27. I am unanimously invited to give an address on the love of the young for the church. One of the lessons we have often to learn is the lesson of the weakness of poor human nature, and what we are bound to bear and forbear on the road of life. As a friend says "There is one resolution that it is well never to take, and that is a resolution never to forgive the one who has injured you."

**July 5.** I want to begin my Saratoga paper; I am eager that it should be remarkably good. I want it to be clear, vigorous, animated, inspiring. Is this too

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ambitious a wish? 6. I have written three pages of the Saratoga paper, and, I believe I may succeed. 8. It is very damp in the house and raining. I have sufficient material for the Saratoga address.

**August 5.** Forty-two years ago to-day my sister Mary died. I was young. Now I am old, whether I like to believe it or not. Ah! the experiences that have filled those years. Some pleasant, many dreary. Only a short span before me. But how soon these serious thoughts vanish in the carking cares of the moment. 10. Mr. Chadwick's sermon at Meeting-House-Mill was like a fine poem, full of sentiment. Jesus had meat to eat his disciples knew not of. We, too, have this meat, and our nearest know not of our joy, or of our sorrow. 17. Mr. Tilden excellent on healing the woes of life by a spirit of trustfulness. How can so many struggle through the bitterness of life with so little inward help? Looking over Commentary. Oppressed with all there is to settle; and groping to do it. 21. E. says the little worries of home-life ought not, but do affect the spirits, and then the health. 30. Our aunt writes not one of the dear ones must worry over her. She closes with "unutterable love."

**September 1.** A friend said no paper of mine would equal my address at the prayer meeting, Saratoga, 1882. 16. Fourteen years ago our mother died. Do we keep her memory green? Being forgotten is what we dread. It is death. 25. Saratoga. Some said they heard me distinctly. 26. Brooke Herford shook my hands and thanked me for my paper. President Liver-

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more greeted me cordially, and called my father a "noble" man. The *Advertiser* said this closed one of the most interesting and suggestive meetings yet held. Best of all was the quiet dignity and simple earnestness with which the woman's meeting was imbued.

October 20. Mr. Herford mentioned my Saratoga paper in his sermon yesterday.

### Diary of 1885

January 1. A fine notice of our cousin William H. Channing by Higginson in the *Register*. He was a grand head of our clan, the glory of this generation of Channings. Mrs. Barrows will interview Lee and Shephard and see if they do not mean to print another edition of my second story, *Aunt Zelpeth's Baby*. 11. We think it best to give away some of our treasures, having no children to come after us. I thought of my mother as I lifted her desk for the last time. Seventy years ago, perhaps, it was brought home as one of her bridal gifts, and she, in her radiant beauty, put in it her love letters and tokens of friendship. 16. Read over yesterday the affecting account of my father's last days. What, I wonder, has he been doing in heaven these four years past. Copied to show Mr. and Mrs. Barrows the appreciative notices of *Aunt Zelpeth's Baby*, which appeared in the *Nation* and the *Register* in 1867. How long ago! 20. Mrs. Barrows says *Aunt Zelpeth* is her delight. I read aloud Dr. Sadler's fine tribute to cousin

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William. 26. I am taking extracts from Aunt H.'s letters, which are full of sprightliness and affection. I trust I shall persevere in clearing up my papers; it is none too soon. 28. Hawthorne suffers spiritually in comparison with cousin William. The latter so much more indulgent to human weaknesses — himself a model of excellence.

**February 8.** Mr. Lawrance is a pleasing speaker, with a good voice. He is as devout as Mr. Guild, very conservative; many liked him. 15. Mr. Fish is a graceful, easy speaker, and an able writer. Preached on the drifting from church. Made a strong point on "religion or nothing," religion being the primal motive to effect character, that Dr. Channing said *our* faith best led to piety. More true now than fifty years ago. The love of God his theme. 22. Mr. Lawrance made the same impression of devoutness. His text was "What lack I yet?" 27. Mr. Cronyn writes "You have the enthusiasm as well as the courage of your convictions."

**March 2.** I took one of the classes, and the scholars behaved like so many witches. 5. If one forgets so much of a day a week old, is it strange that we forget so much that occurs in the years? Will this all come back when the earth life is ended? 12. It's the power of expressing the best ordered thought in the best ordered language which constitutes excellence of style. 13. Johnson embalmed Garrick's memory in death in a sentence which can only die with the English language, "I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gayety of

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nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." "The setting sun's pathetic light." "Wings not fetters." "A book," Dr. Johnson wrote, "should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it." Compression instead of expansion.

**May 10.** "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," was the telling text of Mr. Alger's grand sermon, which I hope to lay to heart.

**June 10.** Why do we worry over trifles when in a week we may be gone? "It is not difficult for one mind to meet another in a letter, so long as one is careful to write from the heart truly." 23. Mr. Tiffany says "It is the emotional nature alone that puts height, depth, beauty, glory into anything." Ellen Watson says "I see some tangled paths ahead, yet I never fear for long that they will really perplex me, or that I shall take the wrong one." 25. Beautiful tributes to my father's fervor and earnestness at Sherborn. 27. I seem to have made a grave mistake in my doleful Sunday-school report. Not being able to be commendatory, it would have been wise to deal with generalities. I knew, what my hearers did not, that it was my *last*, that fact, and fatigue, helped to cloud it.

**July 1.** My school prose of 1831 gives food for thought. A happy little girl then. Some weary years since! 6. Many thoughts stirred by reading over some of my pieces in my father's paper, the *Christian World*, of 1843, and later. My mother preserved them, tying in an orderly way with lavender ribbon. A. once said I wrote best then. But I think

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not better than my Saratoga address, *Element of Sadness*, and others.

**August 20.** After Newton's and Carlyle's grand philosophy over their destroyed manuscript, ought I not be patient with my new bed-spring coming bent? **24.** How true that the perplexity of perplexities, the trial of trials, is the mysterious affliction of temperament that hampers usefulness.

**October 11.** I told the Sunday scholars I hoped they would do their best to help Mr. Lawrance, their new superintendent, by coming regularly, with well-prepared lessons, and by quiet attention. **24.** Found in my handwriting of years ago "Joy was too modest to show itself without a badge of bitterness." **27.** It did me good to hear Mrs. B. say she did not want to love me any more than she did now. This love is a great trust; and how not to disappoint it a soul-searching question.

**November .** A friend writes "When you open the doors of the house, your home, may the guests and the angels come trooping in." **28.** C. said as he left our old home the shadows on the windows seemed ghosts bidding us good-bye.

**December 31.** The end of another year — what its record?

### Diary of 1886

**January 3.** Mr. L.'s prayer uplifting. Think of the brevity of life, never seeming so short as in the New Year, return from wandering, seek the true satisfaction, the burden of the prayer, or rather, "its

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wings." 6. I do not like Balzac's *Père Goriot*. It is not healthy to read about bad people.

**February 28.** How I wish people would not want you all the time to do something you don't want to do!

**March 3.** I like these words of Jane Taylor, "She wished now to call home her thoughts, and to converse with her own heart without interruption." 7. T. Parker said in one hundred acts one had but three chances for will. 13. Meriam says "He who masters his own life gets the key to the universe. The key not to comprehend, but to possess it." 20. "What is to be compared with the voice of one who is speaking out of his deepest soul what he believes to be true?" — *Grimm*. 30. Michael Angelo's favorite simile of himself is of one born in the dark and wandering in the night. True of many. Mr. Salter says, "I believe that nothing so contributes to the evenness and serenity and cheerfulness of our own minds as the habit of saying pleasant words, remembering little attentions and doing little insignificant services which we should be ashamed to speak of after they are done."

**April 6.** I greatly admire the sweet, natural books for children which the English excel in writing.

**July 16.** Boethius says, "Every lot is happy to a person who bears it with tranquillity." I doubt it! happy is too strong a word, endurable is better.

**August 7.** I copy many pages from Amiel's *Journal*. What a gifted, but unhappy soul! But we can only be ourself. One of the most suggestive books

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I have read. 10. "How difficult to live, O my fatigued heart," a rendering from Amiel. In my letter to my aunt and uncle, July 25, 1885, I say, "This beautiful afternoon, in the Sabbath stillness, I send you our benediction and message of peace. In which as it seems to me a great cloud of witnesses join of those who have gone before, and who, as we humbly trust, await our coming." 16. Finish Amiel's *Journal*: take more than fifty extracts. Next to the Saviour the most extraordinary being of whom I have had knowledge. He died the same year as my father—1881. The old man, who, free from the "malady of thought," lived simply and sincerely useful; and the young man, who lost himself in reverie and self criticism, but who singularly reveals the soul to itself.

**September 22.** Saratoga. Two asked me to speak at the prayer meeting. I spoke of the need of prayer, of how it is neglected individually and in the home. Of how its strengthening would prevent us from being "heretics or strangers" to our Heavenly Father and to man. Of the need of the support of prayer in the fearful solitude of the soul, in its possible agony, in our regret at the world's indifference to the highest, of what prayer was to the dear soul I knew in age and almost blindness. Mrs. B. said I spoke with conviction.

### Diary of 1887

**January 1.** My New Year wish is to be more patient with those whom A. H. calls "nuisances."



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26. "Art thou a child of light, and what thou speakest, is it inwardly from God?"

**February 2.** My mother's birthday. If living she would be ninety-three. How old are they in heaven?

**April 10.** I said a few words in Sunday-school on watching the blades of grass, each having its story, on noting the swelling of the buds, soon to blossom into beauty, and how we, in our way, were to grow into sweetness and truth. I spoke of what the older children should be to the babies in their homes; and closed with the blithe story of the blind and lame canary who taught so noble a lesson of courage to us all.

**May 7.** As I once said, only an approximation to what we wish seems possible in this world. 10. "There is more good in a disappointment than can be seen."

**June 21.** "I feel and grieve," said John Wesley, "but by the grace of God I fret at nothing."

**July 10.** "Hope is the best nurse of patience."—*Prince Albert.* 14. Miss Hannah Stevenson writes, as she talked, with vigor. 17. Carroll Everett compared character to a bell, which, however struck, harshly or gently, by the hand or by the motion of a train, always emitted a sweet sound. Grace was kindness. It came when Jesus taught us to say "Our Father."

**August 7.** Dr. Stebbins preached on the alluring mystery of immortality. He thought it no more wonderful that we should exist in the future than that we exist now. What light must be to cause the heavy

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shadow that engulfs us all. The life that now is and that is to be. 13. To Cambridge. My aunt speaking of flies and other annoyances used the fine expression "I decline to suffer," writing of Emerson. She laughs more than ever, though she looked grave enough when I spoke of M. F.'s blind husband, saying "How much we suffered."

### Diary of 1888

**January 1.** Wished my sisters a *healthy* New Year. Not much prospect of it. 1898 I shall probably have passed on. 23. I must try to have quicker "presence of heart;" I give offence unwittingly. I am so absorbed in what I am doing, especially in the stress of washing day. We do not make allowance for difference of temperament. 26. Learn "to mend a broken heart with other people's interests so that the marks should show little." "There *may* be some souls whose brave and bitter lot it is to conquer comfortless." 27. It comes over one at times with what force and spirit one might write if momentary moods were more persistent.

**February** Last week was a dull one to me. I lost patience; perhaps was easily provoked. 15. "The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your

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neighbour."—*R. L. Stevenson*. "There is no duty we undertake so much as the duty of being happy."—*R. S. S.*

**March 2.** "The spirit of delight comes often on small wings." 3. "A wise passiveness." 10. Last night's sunset was superb. A lower line of gold, upper banks and scarfs and hieroglyphics of flame. Rarely so fine a sunset—set off by dark clouds.

**July 14.** "Fewer drawbacks (as Dr. Johnson said) to-day than yesterday." Mr. Tiffany returns a note written by my father to Miss Dix March 28, 1834, thanking her for her generous offer to continue my schooling gratuitously for another year. We have few letters of his of an earlier date. "It is a hard thing to 'pass time' without hurting eternity." "The religious interpretation of life and of the universe is forever the supreme need, as it is also the supreme truth." "Winged and grace-tipped word."

**August 3.** The weather grew cooler; but I felt like a nine-pin, easy to lose my balance. Perplexity over rival express-men. Not a week without some perplexity. Sydney Smith disliked to write or to read long articles. So do I.

**November 7.** Beautiful sunset, calm and golden. What a pity to be so busy as hardly to look at these sky pictures which the hand of man cannot copy. 21. Schleirmacher's central teaching was that "the religious life is its own evidence and is independent of doctrinal belief." 23. Professor Lester F. Ward in the *Forum*, shows us the immense prominence which nature gives to the female element. Indeed, he

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regards the female sex as "primary in point both of origin and of importance in the history and economy of organic life. And as life is the highest product of nature, and human life the highest type of life, it follows that the grandest fact in nature is woman. . . . Woman is the race, and the race can be raised up only as she is raised up."

### Diary of 1889

**January 16.** Mr. L. came yesterday. A. insisted on seeing him. He prayed most feelingly for her. Spoke of "the faith that had been in this house and in this heart." A. said he had comforted her. **19.** M. F. said "You stand all day." "Yes," said I, "but there is a text in the Bible, which says 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.'" Life seems so uncertain to me that I think we had best not think about the future.

**March 30.** When shall we "see it clear," as the Quakers say.

**April 8.** How the personality of one's minister tells for good. **13.** E. says "she always trusts circumstances will improve, and is sure all will be right in the end." Ah, how much we have to wonder at! If we can but trust to the end how blessed it will be. But one trying, painful scene must follow another. Will our physical weakness, will our mental courage stand all this? **24.** T.'s friendship and that of a few others, brightens a sometimes hard world. Shall we not have the joy of its continuance in the future

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state? 26. Was I as joyful at the sun as I should have been despondent at the rain? 30. I was touched by a pathetic sight yesterday, a young, stately mother leading a deformed boy, perhaps three years old. His earnest, quiet look ahead, pictured his future—if he lives. Yet, would one prefer to be the tall, straight youth of meagre face who followed on the sidewalk?

May 13. If my inner economy went “splendidly” how happy I should be. Had life, my life been according to my ideal, I should have been a “radiant” woman. Well, sometime I shall know why it did not.

June 9. I want to give up all fears; and just live straight on, doing the best I can. I have *Great Truths* ready for the *Register*. I have a haunting desire to set my house in order, life seems to me now very short, and one, sometimes, becomes helpless. 17. A weary day. We *looked* all eyes, and *were* all fatigue. 20. To Canton Conference through a veritable “Pageant of Nature.” Korner, a German poet, says “I stand upon the border of my days.” So do I. 30. Mr. L. said in his Sunday-school prayer if one could not rejoice he could trust. Miss T. and her sister said it was refreshing to visit such a live Sunday-school.

June 25. Some harmless books I have been reading contain a quotable thought here and there, like pearls in an oyster shell.

### Diary of 1890

January 20. I finished Jane Carlyle’s early letters. No wonder she was called “endearing,” for she was a

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captivating woman, yet not happy. 29. I did not stop to speak to a friend. I am not malleable, I do not turn quickly from my purposed plan. I might have delayed to a later train, given E. a lunch, and talked with her. Cautious most of the time, then again heedless. I must guard against this. Sometimes I fear that fear has led me into a mistaken course.

**February 1.** I finished the strange history of Caroline Shlegel. What a fine woman home discipline and a right atmosphere might have made her. 10. If only the heart be pure and truth-loving, if only the soul be waiting patiently on God, there will come a sweet serene light out of darkness; the clouds will roll away, and in God's own light they will see light. 18. Emerson's affection for his friends seemed to blind him to their faults of character or defects of mind. 20. At the Norfolk Conference I wished to change one speaker's adjectives and say *useful* men and *noble* women. 24. I talked a little with the modest young woman who had so much to do with the books for the city children. She thanked me prettily for my earnest advice to keep the standard of our Ladies' Commission as high as ever. 27. Emily Marshall when talking with her young friends concerning their aspirations and enthusiasms exclaimed, "If I have an enthusiasm for anything it is for religion." This would have been remarkable in any young woman, but was astonishing in the celebrated beauty, who enraptured every beholder.

**March 25.** A letter from my minister which touched me to the heart, so thoughtful, so convinc-

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ing. It has enlarged my vision of happiness. I had time to read but a word; but that word lighted the lamp of peace. 26. Miss Edwards is a charming lecturer. She uses the purest English, shows her wide culture in the simplest way, has many telling, playful remarks, beautiful enunciation, and, a clear, powerful, yet delicate voice.

April 3. Ingersoll does not give weight enough to the intuitive persuasion of the divine truth of Christ's mission. 6. Easter. One of the happiest and most sacred days of my life. So far as I can remember, our minister said to me, "My dear friend and sister, you do not now begin your Christian life. You have 'walked with Christ all day.' Some of us feel that you have done more for us than we could do for you, and that you will do still more. You were baptized by one who has done perhaps more than anyone for our uplifting." It was said that our minister's face lighted up so beautifully. He seemed exalted all day. 8. Perhaps a little quiet earnest talk would be well at the annual meeting of our church, besides the satisfactory statistics of church work. My heart seems awakened to an earnest desire to do more for our church, in the few days possibly left to me. A poor, and worthy man, who lives near us, thinks, and his friends think with him that, at Easter, after seven years blindness, he sees a little with one eye. Perhaps, after fifty years blindness I saw, too. 23. Sunshine. Sunshine, too, in my heart. Easter gave me that. 27. How many more times shall I write last wishes? I hope not to survive my faculties.

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**May 10.** Lafayette is one of the most upright and pleasing of historical characters. **23.** The long detention of *Set Thine House In Order*, fully made up by its being in the anniversary *Register*. **28.** I was so fortunate as to collect at the annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary Conference \$146.46 for Rev. Mr. Douthit.

**June 2.** Life is so short with me now what better can I do than give away my possessions? Landor finely said "I never hate; It is too troublesome." E. says what we can't alter we must look away from.

**September 7.** The sermon ideal. Our minister went to the hills discouraged, feeling inadequate to solve problems, meet difficulties, bear anxiety;—he returned hopeful, that with our aid and sympathy, he could bear all burdens. **20.** I try to fortify my heart against the piercing fears of the future, so that having preached to others "That nothing is too hard to bear," my own fortitude may not give way. **25.** Truly sorry that I got more than impatient—angry. How one needs to guard thought, speech, action.

**October 3.** The Meadville meeting exhilarating. **5.** Most appropriate the white drapery in which our friend, Mr. Tilden, was arrayed. The services were, as one said, more like a coronation than a funeral. **9.** I resign my place on the Ladies' Commission, which I have held over twenty years. **20.** At Needham a stranger said to me that her husband was going home with the thought that, as I said, "We took nothing out of the world but what we had given away." In returning from N. Mr. L. said "They wanted me to



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live as long as I could. But had I thought how wise it would be to collect memoranda in anticipation of a sketch of my life?"

**December 13.** My nature is half Channing, half Ellery and Sigourney. **22.** I was struck with the sweetness of J.'s remark that she did not like a friend to die alone, and not even an animal, she always stayed with hers. We seem to be entirely different natures at times. We do not know ourselves; how can others know us? Have I lived up in any degree to my New Year's motto? "To enjoy this life, it is necessary to possess a temper candid to the faults and mistakes of others, disposed to mutual accommodation, not easily provoked, and willing to see everything that occurs, in the most favorable light. The utmost meekness under injuries and the most unbounded forgiveness are represented in the Sermon on the Mount as the only dispositions that lead to happiness."—*Anon.* May we have more assured health the coming year.

### Diary of 1891

**January 1.** I wished A. a *healthy* New Year. An artless note from an invalid friend in regard to the *knot-hole* in her chamber door. **2.** My article, entitled *Kindling Thoughts*, is in the *Register*. The delay repaid by its being in the New Year number. For the first time I appear in the bright *Brevities*. The editor styles Mrs. Stetson and me "lay preachers in frocks." **5.** In reading over my diary for 1876 I am struck with what a busy, driven year it was to me!

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Care of the Sunday-school to its smallest details, a class to teach, abstracts of sermons for publication, editorship of *Dayspring* and contributor in chief, inadequate domestic arrangements, social requirements, our father's failing health, none of us strong, death of near relatives, the Centennial sapping the residue of my strength. 9. A dear friend writes *Three Kindling Thoughts*, reach my very heart's depths, and I wish I could have them ever before me, in large, clear letters to strengthen and support me. Collect these *Christian Register* contributions and so add to the happiness and lasting good, not only of *personal friends*, but to the world at large." A stranger writes, "The *Thoughts* are inspiring to an everyday worker, as practical and encouraging in the common-places of existence. I so much wish that you could circulate the article I mention as one of our Unitarian Tracts that I take the liberty of making the suggestion. I feel sure it would reach and help many who do not see the *Register*. 17. Mr. Barrows is encouraging, but not too encouraging about publishing my *Register* articles. He says "that not what is amusing or instructive, but what is inspiring is the best writing." 18. Glorious, almost weird outlook. Trees incrustated with ice. The elms seem crystal weeping willows. 19. The sun sparkles on the topmost twigs with rare beauty. No palace of the imagination could equal the glory! We see how the children lose whose parents do not set them a high standard of duty. 20. Never before have I seen such a scene and so long-continued, of crystal foliage, from tallest tree to tiniest

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blade. By moonlight the trees look besprinkled with diamonds, or as if the stars had lighted on them. 21. How would *Love of Souls* do as a title for my book? My sketch of *Dickens' Reading* is good; but, now and then, I have misgivings. Read Uncle William's fine, unpublished letter on *Force of Purpose*. It did its work in 1833; why may it not be a power for good at this late day? 30. The week has been full of work in the day-time and of reading aloud at night. We find much to interest, more to surprise, in Mme. De Remusat's Memoirs. She and her husband were right-judging, upright, and free from French vanity and exaggeration.

February 1. No wonder Mr. Lawrance gave thanks for the sun. At the Guild several thanked me for *The Boyhood of Channing*. 2. I read aloud a fine article on Miss Mitford. But it is difficult to write such spicy letters without infringing on the golden rule. 4. Fifty-five articles collected for my book, which I style *Kindling Thoughts*. Miss Brown wished to see me once more to say that she followed my advice to work for Plainfield, and has now the joy of a church. 17. The New England Alliance meeting was marked by the most beautiful serenity. Mrs. J. W. Howe's essay on *Is Polite Society Polite?* was witty and discriminating. A stranger left a dollar in my hand for Meadville. 22. Emilie de Guerin found so much of interest in her meagre surroundings; why can't we? Interested in our kinsman, R. H. Dana's memoir, spite of his slants at Unitarians. When will men see that doctrinal

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belief cannot make nor mar a man? 23. Begun *Knot Holes*. R. H. Dana was grand in the *Anthony Burn's* Rendition; he was my eldest brother's classmate at Harvard, and he sought and found with tender solicitude his early grave on the coast of Sumatra. I wish he had listened to that broad churchman, Phillips Brooks; that he had heeded Coleridge as he says, "Men may perchance determine what is heresy, but God only knows who is a heretic." 26. E.'s photograph is satisfactory. It makes me as nervous as Walter Scott to clear up papers. Moral.—Don't let them collect. Burn as you go.

March 15. Mr. Brown preached on reconciliation with God. I liked his suggestion that we can *feel* where we cannot *think* ourselves out in the great mysteries of the soul and its salvation. 18. It was disheartening to hear where I went to talk to teachers and parents, that the young people do not go from the Sunday-school to the church, but wander off to walk or to their homes. I tried to set forth the indispensableness of religious faith, of the duty of every one to try his hand at Sunday-school teaching, always bearing in mind the primary importance of home and church training. 29. A remarkably fine baptismal service. I liked the suggestion that it is vain to consecrate children if parents are not baptized with the Holy Spirit. An uplifting sermon on rising with Christ to the opportunities of life.

April 5. Sunday. Our minister in his feeling prayer exhorted us to cry, "Lord, help me, help me, help *me*." 6. I have written a little tribute to Mr.

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L. for the *Register*. The simple truth will seem too much to those who do not know him, not enough to those who are aware of his value. At the interesting evening gathering he said "He did not know of a better parish; the work had been ours. He had given us *all* his strength." In reading over his letter of resignation he felt "he had laid the emphasis on Japan rather than Dorchester. We know not the weight of souls on the soul." In my closing words I hoped we should rally, be true to the inspiration of the last five years. All that remained for him and for us was to do our duty. 8. How one forgets what one says. Mrs. F. says I replied after my father's death, "Having had him so long did not make it the easier to lose him." 17. A car conductor answered an inquiry of mine with "Yes, yes, yes, yes!" Another to my fear of a mistake, "What motive could I have for telling you wrong?" I suppose they lose patience. But, politeness is admirable, oils the wheels of life, which revolve with fearful rapidity now-a-days. 23. Spent my birthday at second meeting of the New England Alliance branches, at Quincy. Many thanked me for my exhortation to mothers to be religious so as to impress the value of faith on the young. A young girl said she should never forget what I had said. A stranger had not failed to greet *herself* with a "good morning" since my admonition to that effect, February 17. I do not believe that there are many human hearts insensible to their failure in love when one of the home circles passes beyond their sympathy.

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May 6. My father's birthday. He would have been 102. It frets me that one cannot buy suitable garments and bonnets for the old. It was never so before in my experience. I could always find something suitable, as well as handsome, being able to pay for it. It is not so in France, the land of taste. There one can find fashions suited for all ages. Only "bread and butter," crude America caters solely for the young. 7. The last sentence may seem as bitter as to-day's weather. But it is true; and the absurdity of fashion merits being withered by righteous indignation. Look at the Eifel Tower sleeves and collars! 25. Last night I read my paper entitled, *Channing as a Boy*, to the Harrison Square Guild. The audience, perhaps eighty in number, was of all ages, and attentive. The annual meeting of the Women's Alliance disturbed by the noise in the street. My appeal for Meadville was responded to by \$136. 31. Talked in the Bible Class of the lack of appreciation of the pleasures free to all, fresh air, and the beauty and harmony of nature.

June 12. At the Channing Memorial Church. I said how Newport brought to mind my father and my uncle. How I was the only Channing left to speak in public for the great truths so dear to them. Then I made as earnest a plea as I could for woman's consecrated work in the church. 20. Finished the *Life of James Freeman Clarke*, minister of my youth, helper of my soul, infinitely happy man, useful, glad to live here, assured of life beyond. 22. Preparing an article on *Channing as a Man*, incorporating part

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of his unpublished letter on *Force of Purpose*, and part of a vivid and graphic sketch of him in the pulpit, in the London *Athenæum* of 1833.

July 3. *Knot Holes* in yesterday's *Register*. Sooner, I think, than any of my contributions except *What the Man in the Moon Saw on the Earth*. 17. A friend writes, "I heartily approve *Knot Holes*. I wish I had the spirit of finding a *butterfly* for my only too numerous knot holes." 23. A beautiful drive through woods and by the sea to Daniel Webster's grave, grand in the simple slab (chosen by himself) bearing only his name. A fine spirit is evinced by the summer residents at Marshfield; members of all denominations attending and aiding the one (the Unitarian) chapel. 24. Domesticity furnish a school for self-control.

August 6. C. much interested in W. P.'s wisdom in giving his employées a personal interest in his business. There would be no strikes if this were the rule. 11. The fad of Christmas cards is passing away. A pretty fashion, but overdone. I wasted time and money on them that could have been better spent, selfishly neglecting more important kindnesses. 20. I am struck with the compression of print. I hope *Kindling Thoughts* will not be called "Scrappy," or "A Collection of Paragraphs." 23. There are kind persons with whom one does not feel at ease. Whose fault is it? 28. It is with an aching void in the heart that we recall sins of omission to our beloved, lack of thought, of patience, of appreciation. And we are slow to see that all we can now do

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in reparation is to be to those who are left what we might have been to those who forgave, but have passed on.

September 9. A friend warms my heart by writing, "My love for you will never grow cold . . . I don't think I have written since reading your last article in the *Register*. I liked it very much, and look every week for more. See how greedy I grow in my old age!" 10. Another friend writing of *Knot Holes* says, "There was so much in harmony with my own feelings of the monotony of our surroundings that I could but be interested in it. It seems as if all my life-time I never could avoid having to count the figures on the wall paper." 12. We heard of a fellow-creature fatherless, motherless, homeless, and almost penniless, and probably fading away. We sent an offering of sympathy. 13. A beautiful illustration in the sermon of how Emerson likened each individual to a Labrador spar, which only at a certain angle emits lustre and light, only at that angle showing its hidden worth. 14. I copied my last requests. Shall I ever stop doing this? Yes; when the pen drops from the nerveless hand. 19. The easiest railroad journey I ever made. We seemed to glide on a smooth sea, to have the wings of a bird. Some of my friends amused that I called the ride *superbondongical*. And, sure enough, where did the word come from? Was it partly discovered or partly invented by me? 21. M. W. is charmingly natural. It is delightful to see the heart of one so young set on religion. 22. Dr. Hale's Communion



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Service was as unique as it was solemn; a spiritual object-lesson. 24. Three times I said at this National Conference that I could not feel jubilant over the sixty-one churches added since 1889: For the reason, that so few *men* go to church, who certainly need its training as much as women, perhaps more; and because we need church *attendance* more than church *extension*, better a few churches full than many sparsely filled. A man from Chicago said it was the fault of the *mothers*. Some of my hearers thanked me. Two said they should take the word home. How strange, as Sydney Smith said, that we are willing to use means for everything but religion. *That* we seem to think comes of itself. 27. H. W. said the finest thing she ever heard of was my father's giving up the use of tobacco at the age of sixty. It was, perhaps, the greatest moral triumph of his life. It was not the only triumph.

October 1. I agree with Browning that "the history of the soul" is the supreme interest. 3. How we miss Mr. L.! It tires a parish to take care of itself. Sometimes it seems as if it were as much as one can do to take care of *himself* physically, mentally, spiritually. Cowardly, but in some moods, to be free from this care would be almost heaven. 4. Sunday. May this day bring me peace. May I put away my burden. We had our usual kitchen discipline when we entertain a friend. 6. Dr. Stebbins is a wonderful man. He is full of vitality. He said "I never seek responsibility, but I never refuse it." He has not lost his way in this world, but is at home. 10.

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We were informed that we know nothing of trial; the reply was "We know nothing but trial." The surface deceives. Trial is more equally diffused than most persons imagine.

**November 7.** I believe I have changed but one word in correcting the proof of *Kindling Thoughts*. 9. Some one asked me on the street if Dr. Hale or I told at All Souls' Church the beautiful story of the boy "Looking Up." If my voice on that occasion was mistaken for Dr. Hale's I did not lay myself open to Dr. Herford's rebuke at Saratoga "That women best study elocution." Of course they should, and men too.

**December 1.** How the mother love beautifies a woman's face. 9. I said to a friend "What a pity not to *speak* pleasantly for that was in one's power." "Ah," . . . said she, "what a different world it would be." 12. Dr. Perrin writes of the impetus given to the Liberal Japanese Mission by the arrival of Mr. Lawrance. 15. Dr. Perrin writes of Mr. Lawrance's believing in Christ as the vital force in the saving of the world. 16. I think I should like to know in heaven what is thought on earth of my autobiography and diary. Is this wrong? It seems to me a natural feeling. A friend said she should like to see how the trees had grown which shaded the street on which she had lived. Father Taylor replied, when told he would soon be with the angels, "I want to be with *folks*." It is the human cry for the known and dear. 21. One of the worst feeling days I ever knew. Returned from the city with a sore throat to

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find a sister suffering with the same. 22. We have the grippe. 25. Such a forlorn Christmas. No meeting together. We forget the comfortable ones we have had. 27. Flowers sent by kind friends. Hard to distinguish one day from another. 31. Our hardest close to a year. We are so ill, so wretched. May we be patient. Help us, dear Lord, help us.

### Diary of 1892

January 12. My brother was one of the most thoroughly disinterested persons I have known. How shall we fill his place to one another? Every way I turn I see what he did for us. Mr. Stebbins' prayer at the funeral was truly comforting. He spoke of how *we* would have died for him, our best beloved, how he would draw us to where he was, of his simple heart, purity, devotion to others. 13. Our uncle, Dr. Farley, writes in a wonderful letter for a man in his ninety-second year, "Your uncle Wm. (Channing) once startled me by the question 'Did you ever think how rare a character is a *good brother?*' I have never forgotten it — especially as he at once enlarged upon it; showing that it had become by observation a *conviction* with *him*; and I feel sure that his nephew Charles in his entire life illustrated *the* character to the full, and if ever so rare, most beautifully. . . . He did not seem to me to be moved by any but the largest, kindest, most generous motives. To make others happy was his aim."

February 21. The laundry-door would not open.

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How quickly on trouble follows another. My mother used to say she bore great troubles well, but small ones ill. The laundry-door opened sooner than we feared. 22. We are having so much trouble with domestics just now, when we are so ill able to bear added anxiety that we are tempted to call ourselves the foot-ball of fate. 27. Dull weather, and we are dull enough.

**March** 1. For the first time in my long life we were left over night without earthly aid, and in a snow-storm. 2. It is rare magnanimity to confess a mistake in judgment. 4. The springs of joy seem dry. E. thinks we shall never be called to pass through so hard an experience again; but we almost faint by the way. 10. How true that though we plan carefully, nothing in life is more than an approximation of our ideal.

**April** 2. We are reading old letters. These bring back past experiences more vividly than memory. My father writes after my sister Mary's death (the third child he lost) in 1842, "I am persuaded that death has no terrors to the soul confiding in God." 3. Mary says very sweetly to our brother George in 1836, "Don't think when you read it (her letter) of how small and insignificant it is, think of her who wrote, and value it on that account." My letter which was on the other side of the sheet was priggish. 5. Uncle William writes to my father in 1831, "I have believed that your trials have done you much good, that you were making progress under a discipline much more severe than I have known." 6. We

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are weighed down by the bills, account-books and letters of the past forty years. How good to clear up all one can as one goes. 11. In my eldest brother's Log-book I read the date of the Sunday he sailed on his last voyage. We watched the *Alciope* from our Roxbury window. We went back to Boston before his probable return to save his aching sea-feet from getting to and from the city. But we saw him no more; he walked untrodden ways. Ours has not been a prosperous life. Sometimes I wonder if the beautiful child who died in my infancy was not my happiest brother. Heaven will tell. 15. Snow-drops above ground. I do not glance from a window without thinking of C. He well knew, I well knew, that he was the main spoke in our life-wheel. Nothing was too minute, too humble, too arduous for his solicitude, sympathy, service. 21. My mother's embroidered India mantle that may have been one of her bridal purchases seventy-eight years ago, well-laundered, looks almost new. How strange that so delicate a tissue should outlast so many lives, but the flimsy muslin never suffered the same friction. 22. I shrink from meetings. Severe illness and profound sorrow leave their mark, and what pleased repels. 29. C.'s fruit trees are blossoming. Is he walking in the heavenly gardens?

**May 1.** Forty-five years ago to-day we came to Milton. How startling would be the record of these years spread before us! Unmerited blessings, heroic self-denial, precious opportunities of kindness, selfishly lost, wearing sickness and profound sorrow. I

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was deeply moved to-day in reading a minute account of my elder brother's sufferings, when, at the age of twenty-two he met death on the coast of Sumatra. His sad face in parting seemed an omen of his future; but he bravely said, "Having put his hand to the plough he would not look back." 3. As E. says one generation preserves papers for the next to destroy. 7. We are reading old letters. Uncle William Channing says, July 7, 1842, "Tell Elizabeth I remember our pleasant evenings in the winter." How proud I was to read to him! My excitement pitching my voice too high, at first. August 23, he writes to my father, "The summer has been a different season to you and me. I have been surrounded by friends, in health and prosperity, and have had strength to see and enjoy much that is beautiful and good. Your heart has been tried and softened by the sufferings and death of a dear child. The same Infinite love has assigned our different lots. You, I cannot doubt, have found it good to be afflicted. I trust it has been good for me to enjoy. God reveals himself to us, and draws us to himself by an infinite variety of manifestations. If the great end of life be accomplished, if the soul be redeemed from evil, and be awakened to see love and aspire after the Perfect, it matters little how the infinite good is attained." He died the second of October. 11. Rain. To-day's rest is grateful. Yesterday was perplexed and wearying. 12. A seeming paradox, but I was too tired to lie down. 17. A beautiful day, the lawn mowed, the tree roots dug about, the robins hopping hither and thither. 24. How often one wakes

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to a misgiving blessedly forgotten in sleep, or to a fresh puzzling question. 25. Came near falling backwards out of an electric car. The conductor did not allow for my years and lack of swiftness. One has to run the gauntlet of three perils, the high step, the high sill, and the too quick signal. A young man of plain dress, but good face, befriended me. I told him I hoped he would not get out before I did. He told me the right stopping-place and was my true conductor. As we bowed in parting I felt him to have been my good Samaritan. And, though my quick ear feared that he or his companion swore once, I liked him. 28. I walked on the piazza, and thought of the feeble one, who last year toiled up that green hill amongst his fruit trees. Ah, the pity of it all. As Mr. W. and I agreed the other day death makes but a ripple on the sea of life. Yet, the possibilities, opportunities, experiences of every one appal the imagination. What does existence mean? What does death mean? A friend about to die, frequently exclaimed, "How strange! How strange!" It is the natural cry of life, too.

June 5. An old, and worthy man, whom we met coming from church, cried about his good wife, just gone before, saying "Take a *woman* out of a house and you take all." I wish more husbands thought so. 8. "The Greek orator, Phocion, on being asked, before speaking in public, what he was thinking of, answered 'I am thinking how I can shorten what I have to say.'" He was a golden orator. 9. One day when I walked early to the house we built in 1885

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I was charmed with the fresh beauty of the morning. It is a pity that home duties so often deprive one of the matchless hours of the day. The sunset hour we do find time to admire. In reading over a letter of 1877 I find aunt H. was mightily amused by my using the old-time word *vapors*. It is out of vogue now, but for what it stood (low spirits) the last man will be the last to see the last of them. 13. A fine critic wrote "In my own view the highest class of composition is not that which amuses, or instructs, but that which inspires. If one has the gift of kindling other lives by fire from his own soul, then he or she is called and ordained by God to the highest human ministry." This seems to me as just as it is fine. 19. The dear old roses C. transplanted, fragrant with the old-time scent and memory, are blooming, and how much they say to me. 24. I was selfish in not bearing my part in answering the garrulous driver, leaving A. to do the whole. How insidious selfishness eats away generous sympathy. 26. Flower Sunday. Mr. Mott happy in his address to the children. Few have the art. 27. How pathetic are some unobserved lives. I am thinking of one, well-educated, but who, from lack of means, was forced to seek shelter in an infirmary, and who, while palsied, was exposed to the noise, if not the companionship of the unruly, idiotic, and insane; yet through it all kept the patience of faith, and was deeply grateful for the little outside friends could do for her. Surely, she is one, who, through much tribulation, is coming to her desired haven.

July 1. Such a happy voice downstairs. But I



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must not be envious, though happiness and I seem to have parted company. 2. A friend writes "What a nest of loving thoughts I have made in your home, and how richly I am enjoying the love and confidence I find there for me." 6. A friend wrote, "I think we both heard 'the divine music' that beautiful Easter two years ago" (when she and I joined the church). 7. We bought a bond to-day to last, perhaps, eleven years. Surely *I* shall be gone by that time. 9. How comforting these words "In his will is our tranquillity." 10. "An uncomplaining spirit thankfully taking the good life offers in the place of the good withheld, ever leads upward." We sisters went to church together for the first time since that fateful Sunday, December 20, 1891. Now we are brotherless, and with many regretful memories. Yet I ought to put fresh courage on with to-day's sermon. 14. How helpful these words of James Freeman Clark "If you have any trial which seems intolerable, pray, pray that it be relieved or changed. We may pray for anything not wrong in itself with perfect freedom, if we do not pray selfishly." . . . The fine engraving of the Holy Family, my uncle, Dr. Farley, left me, is in place. The attitude of the infant Jesus is beautiful and Joseph's face grand. Rev. J. W. Chadwick's notice of *Kindling Thoughts* is delightfully favorable. He is correct in thinking *The Duty of being Strong-minded* one of the very best of the papers. He seems to me just and discriminating.

August 10. At Andover, Mass. I am reading *Stephen Elicot's Daughter*, an interesting and

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finely written story, which puts to blush those who condemn a book because it is a novel, and those who indiscriminately praise that class of books. I am glad to see that the antipathy between sects is so much lessened that we more than tolerate, we are beginning to be agreeable to one another. 11. I flew in the electric car to Lawrence and was bounced in a surprising manner. How little we know of this fearful power to which we intrust ourselves. 14. The serenity of this beautiful Sabbath should penetrate our inward life. The Chapel sermon was on the sacredness of work. I hope I quote correctly "The true Christian is the world's Bible, always open to be read." I like our Mr. L.'s expression, "The Infinitely-Near Divine." 17. A sympathetic letter from a friend, which, warm from her true heart, touched mine deeply. 18. A. enumerates eighteen noises of one forenoon from insects, birds, animals, men, women, and children around our home, and winds up "Oh, that I had Carlyle back again, what friends and chums we would be." 19. Emerson and Margaret Fuller viewing the famous danseuse, Fanny Elsler, were so carried away with enthusiasm, that Emerson exclaimed "That is Poetry!" and Margaret cried "That is Religion." A witty woman's comment was "Natural and Revealed." Thackeray said "It was worth crossing the Atlantic to hear that bon-mot." Haskins' *Emerson's Maternal Ancestors* throws light on Emerson's mode of composition. His "Thought Book" was the treasury from which he drew things new and old, and fitting them

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in here and there made his style mosaic. To compare the little with the vastly great, I think I composed *Kindling Thoughts* in somewhat that way. Illustrated and adorned a subject with others' thoughts, as well as my own. 23. Fear I was not polite enough to an aged woman, who, little exacting of attention, was most grateful for it. 25. Our house seemed empty on my return. I miss C. He was always here. And we felt secure in his watchful care. I suppose, too, I miss the bustle of numbers. Must recall Andover good resolutions. 26. A battalion of crickets which annoyed me. 29. Graceful remarks about the pleasure one's presence has given are grateful, and, perhaps, we crave them too much.

September 1. George William Curtis, charming orator, finished writer, sound politician, good man, consistent Christian, died yesterday. 5. This day, 1870, our dear mother was stricken with paralysis. Her daughters still live to struggle with the contraries of life. 6. E., with a sad eye, said "Whittier was tired and was ready to go." How many, as troubles thicken, and health lessens, are of Whittier's mind. 10. I read for a second time the fine episode of Abraham Lincoln's pardon of William Scott. I greatly admire many of Mr. Lincoln's pithy remarks, among them, "Sympathy is the privilege of the poor." 11. Mrs. F. sent her love, and how much she liked *Kindling Thoughts*. She does not care for novels now, cannot read much, but is able to enjoy pieces as short as mine. I went to my last Sunday-school Board meeting. I go out as director this year. It is

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time to go for good. I am the Nestor of the board, having been called to serve in 1870 or 1871. 17. We are reading with interest Mrs. Stowe's reminiscences of simple-hearted, great hearted Abraham Lincoln. 20. A. says, "No going back for us, no standing still." It is true that we have a solemn look ahead. We shall feel in ourselves, we shall see in one another the gradual lessening of ability to walk, to work, to plan, the loosening of our hold on the activities of life. We must be of those "Who trust that strength will with the burden grow." 23. In great and little things how we work and plan and — fail of our ideal. 25. In a simple, informal, but most excellent way Mr. Mott paid a tribute to Whittier. He, of all our poets, is most like the Hebrew Psalmists. His love for man and God was the ruling spring of his life. He lived with God. We love Whittier not for literary genius, but for spiritual quality. A bare-foot boy — he rose to wrap his "singing robes" about him. He did not discuss the deep problems that fret the soul, as did Browning, he had not the magical melody of Shelley and Burns, nor the comprehensive wisdom of Lowell; but he comes near to man by his own nearness to God.

October 10. I wish I could lay to heart the truth that there are too serious inevitable worries in store, to fret over trifles. 15. The leaves are falling fast, and there is no C. to gather them up. He was the most observant of any one I have met of everything out of doors. Aught askew was straightened by his careful hand, which cleared up and beautified all it touched.

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The pears are numerous. How C. loved to give them to poor and rich — and most often to the poor. We give them so far as we can where they are welcome.

19. How painful to burn the letters of friends. I have torn up Mr. Mumford's kind, attractive notes, reserving only the one after my mother's death. He says, 1868, "Your criticisms of my articles in the *Monthly Journal* seem to me very fair and just. Probably I do quote rather too much, but I have such a relish for Mr. Emerson's *Essays* and *Lectures* and other productions that abound in apt, pointed and un-hackneyed quotations that I naturally try to do likewise when I write myself." It is odd that I criticised a quoter when I was to develop into an egregious quoter.

20. Fine decorations in that crowded, noisy Boston, so different from the days of my youth when cows browsed on the Common, which desecrating hands propose to utilize and curtail. *Then* we sauntered, undisturbed by the few in the streets; *now*, at the risk of our lives, we cross from one street to another. I was proud to meet two *men* oblivious of the coming eclipse of the sun, which, at half-past two, looked like a large, darkened half moon.

27. "Every man is a bundle of his ancestors."—*R. W. Emerson*. F. W. Robertson says "It is not by regretting what is inevitable that true work is to be done. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes."

November 10. The great lesson of life is to learn to bear with events, with companions, and, above all,

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with one's self. 11. In crossing from Beacon to School Street, I was caught in a tangle of carts and electric cars. As I hesitated a man cried out, "Come over, old lady!" I think he glanced at my face as he passed to see how the old lady looked. I am old: but does a woman ever like to be called old? Indeed, I never met a *man* who did, except my father. He esteemed it a privilege, and would have rejoiced to live to his grandfather Ellery's age of ninety-five. A young man asked our minister with a despairing voice, "What can I believe?" The answer was we can take three little steps towards belief. Now I am not sure what our minister defined them to be. But I can suggest three that seem satisfactory to me. First, the divineness of our humanity; second, that a personal God sustains us; third, that Christianity is the religion to carry us through. Would our minister be satisfied with this bold statement of his full, clear sermon? Poor ministers, I pity you, as I do the muddled brains of your hearers. 15. A tender reading over of old letters. In one announcing the death of my grandmother Sigourney my father said, "It does strike me at times that no one loved like her." What a blessed epitaph! 17. How much trouble there is in the world. 20. The first chapter of Genesis furnished the text, that chapter beautiful in its simplicity. But awe increases as knowledge grows, even our little possible knowledge; and the more we learn the more deeply do we feel our ignorance and our incapacity to know. 20. The electric cars on Dorchester Avenue increase the painful buzzing in using the tele-

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phone. We decide to have the metallic circuit. Electricity may be useful in some ways; but so far its fearfulness is most clear to me. 24. At the Union Service this Thanksgiving Day Mr. Mott preached on the tie of human brotherhood. We must not dwell quiescent in what the ages have done for us, nor in the growth of this country since the landing of the Pilgrims, but go on lifting the miserable and the degraded.

December 1. Copied Diary of 1872 and 1873. That of '72 was more pungent than '71. How it brings the old days back. 11. Mr. Mott's present course of sermons is exceptionally good. His dramatic yet restrained enthusiasm commands and holds attention. I liked greatly this thought (whether his or quoted) "the excellence of excellence is unconsciousness." 22. It is cheering to study my father's ripening and rejoicing Christian character as I have done in copying my diary of 1881,

### Diary of 1893

January 2. A friend writes "The sweetness and hopefulness with which you have taken up your lives and lived, without the visible presence of the dear brother, proves how truly you have dwelt in the merciful order of God's creation, and in so doing have found peace and consolation." True of my sisters, is this true of me? 5. My brother's earthly birthday; how sad last year. I have nearly finished studying the Memoir of Mary L. Ware. What a

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ripe Christian character! But possible to every one even in differing circumstances. 6. Last year at this time fills our thoughts. 7. Last year our brother's birthday into Heaven. A friend writes . . . "I know your thoughts will be with the past, on this, the first anniversary of your great loss, which must bring all so vividly back to you. . . . We realize what your dear brother was to you and how large a place he held in your hearts. That 'he rests from his labors' is the great comforting thought." 8. No church for me; obliged to rest my painful eyes at home. We value eyesight only when it is impaired. 10. I could not read. 12. I gave up meeting with our Boards and the monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Alliance. A friend writes "If we had no assurance or hope of a future life . . . our life here would be a failure." 14. Must decline cordial invitations to be at the 5th anniversary of our prosperous Guild and the the pleasant gathering of the neighboring Alliance Branches at Meeting-House Hill. My eye and night air are obstacles to getting about this arctic winter. 15. How true this thought "Personal revelation is the sublime art." 16. Finished my number of *Noble Lives and Noble Deeds*. Thankful am I. It weighs upon me not to finish. I have taken pains to do justice to that good and happy Mary L. Ware. May my paper inspire the young to follow in her footsteps. 22. A third Sunday lost from church, and such a good sermon it is said. How we do like to go to church. 23. Our grand and beloved Phillips Brooks died to-day. A



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king among men, a priest unto the Lord, the universal friend. How simple and touching his words to his brother "I am going home." 26. I copied my diary for 1883 and with it the comforting letter I once wrote to a friend. 27. A friend said he was glad he called on our brother. What his wife said about always doing what you felt impelled to do decided him. I copied from Rev. George Gordon's fine tribute to Phillips Brooks. 28. Many have some treasured personal remembrance of Phillips Brooks. Mine is of his wonderful prayer at the Memorial Service in honor of our soldiers, held at Cambridge, and of a Lenten meeting at St. Paul's church, where with difficulty Mr. Lawrance and I got seats. Phillips Brooks's argument in regard to entering the church was original and convincing. His view as to what constituted a Christian strikingly liberal. His appeal to his hearers,—If Christ were to meet you to-day in the street could you refuse his entreaty to become his disciple, thrilling. It seems to me that the great loss of Phillips Brooks consists in losing his personal appeal to *men* to choose the Christian life. Many a preacher appeals to the quicker and tenderer sympathies of women. Phillips Brooks had pre-eminent power over men.

February 8. In copying my diaries for '85, '86, '87, I seem to be caught in a web of quotations; but how fine they are, not one to be spared. And it must be borne in mind that I cull from my diaries what is suitable to be published, avoiding the sacred trifles and the still more sacred secrets of private life, and

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that these quotations serve to show thoughts interesting to me at the time. 10. Phillips Brooks said, "You who are letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day,—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, 'that the time is short,' how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do." 14. Phillips Brooks said, "I am perfectly happy." Was he, was Mary L. Ware, so happy because they were so good? 16. A lady, whom, I believe, I once knew, said to me in Meeting-House-Hill church porch, "I must tell you what a comfort *Kindling Thoughts* is to my mother and myself. It lies on the table beside the Bible and my mother and I read it constantly, and lend it to others." How this heartens one. The Norfolk Conference was full of interest after my long absence. 17. The supreme merit of *Leaflets for Lent* is its simplicity.

**March 1.** Abraham Lincoln wrote the 23d of January, 1841, "I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth." As he did not seem to exaggerate—what a weight of woe these words reveal. 9. Dr. Storrs says, "Men of the world sometimes say, carelessly and foolishly, that the influence of a great preacher, even of one as eminent as he (Phillips Brooks), is fugitive in its nature. 'Fugitive!' when it goes into the souls of men and of women, and lasts through their hereafter! If that influence is 'fugitive,' then

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eternity itself is a passing cloud. It is an influence which will last while God lives." 10. Dr. A. P. Peabody died this morning. 18. Abraham Lincoln said, in signing the release of two men who had refused to be drafted—"I have in that order made two people happy and alleviated the distress of many a poor soul whom I never expect to see. . . . Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow." Sympathy, we are told, is one of the strongest and noblest incentives to human action. 19. Mr. Mott preached excellently well on Dr. Peabody. I recall my visit to his house in 1880 for the Sunday-school gathering. I went around his old-fashioned house, built by my father's cousins, the Danas. Dr. Peabody and his daughters were all hospitality. I remember the simple and earnest morning service after breakfast, at which the petted cat, which had frightened me the night before by wandering at his own sweet will near the lighted lamp on the centre table, behaved with such exemplary propriety. When I expressed my surprise, the cry was "Oh, Dodge wouldn't do anything wrong." How attractive are domestic glimpses. I remember Dr. Peabody said, in speaking of a book lately published, that the author *imagined* what she narrated as truth, which proved that his benevolence was not without discernment. 26. A sermon on sympathy as the renovator of the world. Indeed Christ's insight of this truth was the hiding of his power. A friend agreed heartily with my ap-

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preciation of the sermon; yet how seldom he comes to church. And how pitiable the young couples, who have interest and time for amusement, but who are blind to their spiritual loss in not attending public worship, who are laying up no stock of strength for the changes and sorrows that must come, and who apparently think paying a pew-tax entitles them to a minister's services in the time of affliction. May our Unitarian denomination in the near future lay emphasis on forming the habit of church-going.

April 4. The Church Reunion was pleasing and interesting; not swamped by statistics. I lacked "presence of *heart*" in not shaking hands with one friend at once. Mr. James sent me as an Easter card the likeness of his cherished grandson, Channing Williams, who will be twelve years old the 20th of May. I believe he has been the youngest Life member of the A. U. A. for a year or two. Would that more grandparents consecrated their beloved to the Unitarian faith in this way. I think I see the dawning of denominational zeal. 6. Mazzini tried to hearten Jane Carlyle by these words, "It is not a piece of irony that God has placed you here; can't you trust him a little longer? . . . You believe in God; don't you think, after all, that this is but an ephemeral trial, and that He will shelter you to your journey's end under the wide wing of His paternal love? . . . Be strong then, and true to those you loved." I am glad that I took Mary L. Ware as the example of "Faithfulness" for my Sunday-school lesson paper on *Noble Lives and Noble Deeds*. It has already

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borne fruit. A young woman to whom I gave a copy, was impelled by it to procure the *Memoir*. She says it has done her a world of good. That in a late trial, which it seemed to her she could not bear, there came to her the strengthening thought "this is not the way in which Mrs. Ware would meet it." 10. Mr. Badger's summing up of Phillips Brooks's oratorical gifts is discriminating: First, his rapid speech compelling attention; second, his subordinating the intellectual to the spiritual; third, his tones always pitched in the minor key. 13. Dr. S. Eliot says of Phillips Brooks, "It was not the enthusiasm, so called, but the religion of humanity which inspired him. . . . It might have been said of him with greater truth than it could have been of Coleridge by Charles Lamb that 'he had a hunger for eternity.' For he would anticipate eternity, so to speak; he would bring it into time. . . . This was his message of messages, his service of services, that he knit the life of earth with the life of heaven. He wrote 'There is no life but the eternal.' . . . The secret of his eloquence was the value of the human soul felt by the preacher, and yet more, the character which this brought to his preaching." 15. One writes touchingly in the *Cheerful Letter*, "I wish I could help more. I do what I can, and I would like to tell all those dear ones that have such a hard time of it a verse that a dear friend sent me. It is this,

'Thou comest not to thy place by accident.  
It is the very place God meant for thee;  
And, should'st thou there small scope for action see?'"

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16. A sermon full of life on "picking up the arrows" — as instanced by the little lad sent by Jonathan to warn David when Saul was displeased with him. So may we do just the simple deed to which we are directed, though unaware of its issues for good. It is said of the hands of Noble's statue of Uncle William, "There appears to be the same spirituality about them that is manifest in the face. . . . The chief charm of the work is the spirituality which pervades every inch of the features. . . . Profound thought, simplicity and loving kindness are readily recognized." 23. Uncle Washington Allston's marriage with my father's oldest and beloved sister Ann was styled "ideal." My father used to tell us of how at the age of three she took him into the big fire-place of the day, and kindled in his infant heart the germs of that piety which became his life's joy. She must have had the most delicate, refined beauty to judge from her miniature by Malbone. 25. We are greatly interested in his *Life*. I recall the exhibition of his paintings in Boston and their exquisite softness of finish. One could not forget his personality, his rolling white hair and projecting eyes, nor the dignity of air and courtesy of manner, which gave him a unique charm. My sister Mary and I, pretty young girls, were disconcerted at his criticism on our mode of curling our hair, which he said ought to begin on the forehead and not on the cheek. 26. I received a likeness of Ramabai's fine good face and of her school of fifty in India. What nobler work than saving the poor little child-widows for time and eternity? 27.

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Allston says "What a world is that of thought! and what a world does he possess whose thoughts are only of the beautiful, the pure, and holy. . . . I thank you for not noticing my long silence. This is as it should be; for it shows that you are willing to take me as I am, which all friends should do in this imperfect world." 30. A noteworthy sermon on Paul's last word to the church at Philippi, no stress on forms and creed, just gentleness, spirituality, coming to Christ. The blindness of centuries to the best teaching of the best witness to Christ.

May 1. "The Abbé de Novailles entertained the conviction that most people 'explained too much.'"  
2. The newspapers give sensational accounts of the opening of the World's Fair. They state that President Cleveland is more worn out by that first day than by four years' occupancy of the White House. They state that buildings rock, servants' strike, prices are enormous, and the preparations incomplete. 5. Mrs. Utter told us at the Alliance Board meeting of the Unitarian movement in Salt Lake City. Their Alliance Branch is using with interest and success the simplest list in the *Cheerful Letter Exchange*. The women have not time for study, but find profit in dealing with practical religious themes in an informal way. 7. "It is a pretty old fancy of those classic people that trees in the forest hold in the songs of birds which have nested on their branches. . . . I like the little fancy; and often when my fire is crackling and the flame is making my room like a broken ruby, I think I hear the song of some little

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bird that lived hundreds of summers ago, and comes again to lighten and cheer." 12. Disgusted at not receiving a proper response from a beneficiary at the West. Perhaps I am unreasonable, for the poor lack paper, pen, ink, and stamps, as well as facility in writing. 14. The folly and tyranny of fashion do not lessen. A woman should always look as well as she can. Unless she is a hundred she should conform to any innocent, simple change of dress. But one is tempted to draw a line at "sleeves" when they exaggerate their *flop* or *balloon* condition. 16. A friend writes, "If one could only be a *new minister* all the time." 18. The living green is exquisite. Nature seems almost audibly rejoicing in her fresh attire at this her most beautiful season. 24. It is unfortunate, but apparently inevitable, that in the effort to make one's house habitable little leisure and less strength are left to enjoy the beautiful, invigorating *out-of-doors*. Life is perplexing and disheartening in many ways; one way is when fraud makes one doubt the possibility of helping the poor. 25. Though we cannot ease a friend's physical pain, it is in our power not to increase his nervous anxiety by any untoward act of our own. 31. I think to-day's annual meeting of our Women's Alliance was its best. We had many short, some animated, all earnest speeches. Ramabai, Japan, and the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* were suitably considered, and Alliance work all over the country discussed. Our women, bless them! are learning to speak more distinctly and to express their convictions more clearly. A very poor old woman



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was seated on a door step in Boylston street, mutely holding a bunch of pencils. If beggars only knew the power of mute appeal they would gather more pennies than they do. There is no appeal like that of a tired, sorrowful face. What were meetings to this poor woman, what the hurrying, disregarding crowds, or the electric cars—that demoniacal possession of dear old Boston streets? I was accidentally thrown down on my way to the cars, but received no serious hurt. I apparently received a blow between my shoulders, as if a billet of wood felled me to the sidewalk on my knees, with my forehead on the bricks. I never thought I should be guilty of a salam to a sidewalk. It was such a lightning stroke that even my friend did not see whether a man knocked me violently out of his way. Some one suggested a fit; but I presume a fit does not leave one collected, able to go on to the cars, and to read aloud on his return home.

**June 2.** A newspaper alludes to “The thrilling eloquence of Mrs. Chant which leads Boston by the heart strings.” As women come to the front I hope they will hold fast to the refinement which is one of their most attractive traits. Occasionally I am shocked by the levity (amounting, at times, to irreverence) with which *men* seek to win attention by rousing a laugh. **4.** When Whitfield preached on one occasion in Independence Square, speaking from the balcony of the State House, New York, he said, “Brethren, I have been asking ‘Father Peter, whom have you with you up there? Any Baptists, Presby-

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terians?' and he ran through the catalogue of the sects. . . . And the uniform reply was 'No; no; no.' 'Well, then, Father Peter! whom have you there?' And Father Peter said 'All that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' There, brethren! Go home and think of that." 11. A strong text. "I will trust in the Lord though he slay me." And how true what A. says that we must be tried till we have no will but God's. One of my former Sunday scholars (one of the few boys amenable to discipline) says he remembers what I was and did, and that a little pocket-book I gave him in parting has been to him a talisman. One does not always labor in vain. 13. I think we have had more than a hundred roses on the bush C. transplanted the last year of his life. The old-fashioned roses, beautiful, as many old-fashioned things are, with the old-time perfume and the old-time hue, are a reminder of his unfailing care for us. With what difficulty we supply his place to one another is not to be told in words. 17. In 1847, on this date, we came to Milton. To-day a pouring rain; disappointing to the Bunker Hill processions. To us the quiet day is blissful, quieter than Sunday. We cried aloud peace! peace! no steam roller, no house building, no noisy children. 18. Sermon on the growth of religion; and our reluctance to permit its growth, which we allow to all inferior possessions in knowledge. 20. There was a pleasing feature in the Episcopal funeral service to-day when the two officiating clergymen read alternately verses from Scripture. And how much easier it is to part with a

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friend, who is not only willing, but glad "to go home." 23. I wonder how many do as I do, copy into their diary items of interest from letters, new and old. It saves keeping the letters. In 1881 an aunt wrote, after receiving my sketch of my father, "Your *father's* was a true conversion, no sudden, violent excitement, no burst of passion, but calm, gentle, growing with his growth. As far back as my own mother's death I saw it, and treasured every word of comfort he gave me." 25. Flower Sunday. There came back to me the old times when I was Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and had such a weight of responsibility.

July 1. A friend appeared with such a worried face; no wonder, for her lot is almost unendurable. We did what we could to comfort her. I suppose she wonders that we find aught to trouble us—so long as we own a comfortable house and are at no loss to pay our debts. Indeed, though some lots seem preferable to mine, I could not elect to take the lot of debt. 2. I wrote a letter of sympathy to one who artlessly tells her sad plight in the *Cheerful Letter* of July. 8. A friend writes characteristically, "Now it comes to the point I don't much care to leave home, It is always so, exactly the right time never comes, so you must not wait for that but be sure and go to Newport whether you *can* or *not*." 9. An excellent sermon on rest. Public worship a well of refreshment not to be neglected. Awake to our vanishing opportunity. 14. A most interesting meeting of our Alliance Board. Directors from the West. An out and

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out, up and down, religious talk with Mrs. Chant, when business was over. She said we were free to contradict, as one could not in public meeting. And we harmoniously disagreed. Mrs. Chant thought you could not draw persons to church if they were not fed. Unitarians unwisely neglect means of grace adopted by other denominations, prayer meetings, mothers' meetings, revival meetings. She said we discarded hymns to Jesus that moved the soul. This made me think of an exquisite hymn I found amongst my father's papers entitled "Alone with Jesus." 15. I think it was an oversight having but *four* examples of *women's* faithfulness in *Noble Lives and Noble Deeds*. 31. I have been thinking a good deal about possessions, of how our secondary interest twines around these. I remember a friend stroking the arm of an old easy chair, as, to make room, it was carried away past her dying bed. She said nothing, but probably thought "for the last time." I think I may cry, as she did, when I turn over my clothes in the neatly-arranged bureau-drawers, feeling, as she did, that for me earth is nearly over.

**August 2.** Dr. Bartol says, "Channing read into a hymn more sense than Emerson could afterwards find." "Authority for me," said Channing, "is what I see to be true." 5. I seldom forget that this was the date of our Mary's death in 1842. With her sensitive nature how much in dying in youth was she spared. 6. I read with interest Professor Park's seemingly inspired prayer at the Dedication of the Memorial Hall in Andover, May 30, 1873. As my

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kinsman, Richard H. Dana Jr. said, "What a loss the disuse of Scripture language (the best in the world) in prayer." How much wiser the erection of a Memorial Hall than of a statue. 9. Sometimes I pity everyone. Especially when I hear of suffering, physical or mental. Occasionally *physical* seems the hardest to bear, its use most mysterious. In others' dealings we must suspend judgment; and seek to put ourselves in their place. 11. At nightfall earnest seeking for strength to bear the future. 12. J. F. Clarke calls us "Thought-prisoned mortals." Perhaps, in heaven we shall think less and feel more, feel aright. I am reading with great interest Martineau's *Endeavours After a Christian Life*. 14. Sat in the grateful sun and read a beautiful story about children, called *The Gentle Heritage*, full of their droll talk and ways, and with an undercurrent of wise and tender pathos. 19. "The whole of human wisdom consists in never putting to one's self or to others questions which nobody can answer." The sun has come out, raising one's spirits, and making the house habitable. 22. Two perfect days for Nantasket. The waves fine. Too much drum in the band concerts.

**September 17. Sunday.** The prayer was beautiful and in accord with the opening hymn. The sermon was the first of three on the tragedies of Paul, showing him in a novel and striking light. How piercing was Paul's insight, how tenacious his grip, not only in practical work but in the literary virtue which furnished living texts to Luther and Augus-

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time. 18. My steps are no longer elastic, and Boston streets are as crowded every day, as they were when I was a child on the Fourth of July. 20. A police officer said to the motorman in my car that in Pennsylvania an electric car has run one hundred miles an hour, and it was meant to run two hundred miles an hour; then steam would be past, and one could reach San Francisco in a day. If it ever comes to that where will nerves and brains be? 21. Mme. De Stael said "that the longer she lived the more she was convinced that Christianity alone explained the incompleteness of this world and was the true key of life." 23. How grievous that a Boston man should make the one rude and illiberal remark at Chicago's Congress of religions. What a tacit rebuke that other believers, Protestant, Catholic, Hindoo, etc., listened politely silent. 24. Our minister prayed that we might listen to the impelling and pleading appeal of our Father to aim to reach the highest ideal. 26. I hear of a most brave and self-sacrificing missionary, who, for conscience sake, gave up home, and has spent ten years laboring in behalf of the spiritual good of the Japanese in the northern part of that country, not seeing more than two or three white persons in the course of a year. 27. A. has been reading over old diaries. Some days she put down the worries and then the offsets. A good plan; it proves that one year is apt to resemble another, and that there is less reason than we think to say such a year was happy, while this is full of grief. I have written to the lonely missionary in Japan, claiming

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her as a friend. I told her of the young woman with whom I made acquaintance by means of Miss L. Freeman Clarke's *Cheerful Letter*, or how she has to lie in pain day and night—waiting for release. I told her that I have trial enough to sharply tax Christian fortitude; and that all we can do is to “take short views,” do the day's work, and trust to heaven's explanations. Now I have four Post-Office Mission correspondents, whom I shall, probably, never see in the flesh; but written sympathy is destined, as never before, to do much good. 30. Our Swedish friend asked what was meant by “having the blues.” The old-fashioned term “the vapors” is still more amusing.

**October 2.** I was urged to allow myself to be re-nominated as a director of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. But it needs some one younger and stronger to attend the meetings. 4. A sad postal from my *Cheerful Letter* correspondent. Sent her something to read. 5. Such a day, when, as my dear mother's mother used to say, “the devil danced,” I suppose with pleasure at my discomfiture. Three chimneys swept. Little time for preparation. The promised wrappers, *one* black square, fit for Vulcan's use. We breathed soot. I was “out of sorts;” and, till one gets *into sorts* there is no peace for him. 7. Here is one of Charles Lamb's racy sayings, “How I hate that man!” “Why, do you know him?” asked his friend. “No, indeed; if I knew him I should not hate him.” 8. A vivid picture of the opening of the Parliament of Religions. I did not care to go to the

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World's Fair; for I dislike crowds, and detest night journeyings, but I should have rejoiced to be present at that significant meeting, heralding peace on earth and good will to man, unequaled in its recognition that God hath never left himself without witness to the heart of man. 10. We are spent with the hurry of life. 13. I do not anticipate financial success for my book *Kindling Thoughts*, but I believe it has virtue in it from what I hear, now and then, of the comfort and strength it gives its readers, and that is better than money or fame. 14. One of those days in which little seems accomplished, and yet, as a horse in a tread-mill, we go around all the time. We have been living in autumnal glory, partly centered in the maple on our lawn — with its clustering burnt orange leaves, partly wandering in the red woodbine — not content with draping fence and pole, but garlanding a lofty pine tree. To-day's high wind, with fell swoop, has shorn the trees of their glowing locks. 15. To-day's sermon on strength of heart was full of simplicity and delicate suggestion. But the good fortune of a sermon depends more on the listener's mood than on the preacher's skill. 17. "When you have found your talent do not despise it, or be disappointed in it or yourself because you have not some other; but honor it, respect it, even if it is not much of a gift. It is yours, your all, you are in its debt."—J. F. W. Ware. 20. Perfect weather. Estimated to be six hundred persons at our Conference. Mrs. Chant at her best on the Parliament of Religions. Her intellect and heart seem



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equally developed; her thought is quick and vivid, her language eloquent and overflowing. She is finer than most women and many men speakers. If I could speak so inimitably I fear I should not escape the snare of vanity. In architectural faculty she considers America unrivalled, while we have no great poet and only mediocre painters. She emphasized the American lack of reverence in elders and children. I fairly tremble for my country as I see the prevailing disregard for this old-fashioned virtue. 22. Remember not to read or write at twilight. Strong sight has been one of my chief blessings. 23. Our life is so busy that we can only here and there snatch an outing; we would like to have gone to Lucy Stone's funeral. 25. Visiting Mt. Auburn to-day I saw one white carnation on Uncle William Channing's monument, fresh enough to be that morning's gift. Only the unexpected happens. I had not been there for four years. It was odd that two of his kinswomen should go that day and note the delicate intention. It will be better for physical health when grave-yards are abolished; but will not some salutary reflection be lost? Not only on the shortness of the present life, but on the love, faith, integrity, that make the lonely graves radiant and sacred? 27. "Time's wallet, wherein he puts scraps for oblivion." 29. Our minister makes one hopeful for the new religious thought. We shall not lose by our expanding vision.

**November 12.** A touching sermon on the "Kindly Light" leading through the darkness, one step at a time, each in mystery shrouded. 15. How most hu-

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man beings cling to possessions. I have grown old enough in this muddled world to cry "Clear up! clear up!" 18. Goethe's mother said, "I despatch at once whatever I have to do,—the most disagreeable always first." 20. A charming way to entertain is by a brief parlor lecture, followed by a simple tea. This was delightfully accomplished by Mr. W. R. Emerson this afternoon. His lecture on the Renaissance led us through Rome, Florence, Genoa and Venice, was replete with good sense, enlivened by humor, and sparkled with delicate fancies, as elusive to memory as a strain of music or a bird's swift flight. One thought I would fain hold, though couched in my own words: If the *mind* try to soar it stumbles, but when the soul climbs—it takes its ladder with it. 21. A friend maintained that extravagance employs people. But is it not wiser to employ in useful ways? in building tenement houses, for instance? in paying well for thorough work, quietly done? What corrugated foreheads one meets in Boston streets. What do they mean? Anxiety in shopping, and terror over the electric cars.

**December 9.** A frozen pump last year (exceptionally cold) caused us to move quickly this year. Our pump is wrapped up, our last job done, and, like Robinson Crusoe, we go into winter quarters. 11. Here is another wise sentence from the Ware Calendar: "Growing old gracefully taxes the inner forces and resources of all; and, somehow, it seems to be that it is the few only who so take the changes and experiences of life as to be not merely chastened,

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but sweetened by them,—not merely disciplined, but mellowed.” 12. How exquisite the inscription over the grave of Daniel Webster’s wife—“Let me go, the day is breaking.” 24. The sermon was very touching. No room in the inn, no room in our hearts, for the coming of Christ. We had many things; but lacked room for him. An earnest appeal that we lose no more the little dusty opportunities offered us for service. 25. A friend has worked for us with untiring love. Some Christmas gifts are beautiful from the time and strength put into them. A letter from San Francisco mentions the Christmas “Manger service,” each Sunday-school pupil putting something in the prettily arranged “manger” for some poor child—as they march by. It seems to me a most touching service, and one that must open the children’s hearts. 29. From the Ware calendar I copy these fine words: “Let us not lose, forget, slight, the teachings of Gethsemane, the place of quiet, the place of struggle, the place of victory.” 31. “The secret of Jesus’ life was its oneness with God, its fidelity to its privilege of intercourse, its serene submission to a divine disposal.” A snow-storm, and no church for us; but cannot our hearts be a church full of melody? To-day we come to the close of another of the few years remaining to us. Its anxieties are past; its opportunities, too. What remains? the solemn question—Have we been faithful to the resolution that, perhaps, we never fail to make, that the New Year shall be better than the old?

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### Diary of 1894

January 10. Nine days of the New Year passed, and nothing noteworthy has happened. Yet, it is said that if the thoughts and experiences of a soul for one day could be truthfully set down nothing ever written would compare with its significance. Sunday evenings I am reading aloud one of the ten printed sermons of our dear friend, Rev. Frederick Frothingham. These are exceptionally strong, pointed, urgent. We must learn of this servant of the Lord the secret of his patient, uncomplaining spirit, and what kept him ever so upright in heart. We must not forget how comforting and valuable was his friendship, nor how gratified we were when he said he liked to come and see us because we did not care to talk on what was trivial. 11. A most satisfactory letter from my friend A. P., whom I have known, at least, eighteen years. She says, "I cannot glance in any direction without seeing something pretty that you have sent, and the one I love the very best is the little *Day unto Day*, sent in 1876, soon after my father died." Rev. Frederick Frothingham's grand utterance at the dedication of the New Unitarian church in Buffalo will recall his noble apostrophe to righteousness: "O Righteousness! which how few have faith in, and yet in which every one does and must believe; which demandest such sacrifice, and bringest such divine reward; which involvest such sorrow, and leadest unto such wide and heavenly joy; which glidest into life with such sweet

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saving; and comest sometimes through such awful storm; which man so shrinks from, and hungers for only as he can hunger for God; cloudy pillar in the daytime, but shining with such blissful light by night, — to thee, ‘stern daughter of the voice of God,’ by the sacred service of this hour, we dedicate this house!” 19. What a blank to find I had omitted to set down the items of this day. But how comfortably we lose day after day if we do not keep a diary. 20. Enjoyed my day in town. Met two friends who recalled themselves to my remembrance. Through the Alliance I know many. Not having the gift of some royal personages of never forgetting one who has had the honor of an introduction to them, I always say “Speak to me.” One of these friends subscribed to *The Cheerful Letter*, that excellent, unsectarian paper, which is doing so much good. As she left the car, a stranger took her place next me. “Are you another,” said I, “that I ought to remember?” “No,” said she, “but I like your face (I could have returned the compliment), and I see you are full of good works. I am just going to see one like you.” She asked for my address. I ought to have asked hers. Shall we meet again? All this was pleasant. 27. I like the following:

“All I aspired to be,  
And was not comforts me.”

A friend writes, “I agree with you that ‘eventfulness is not by any means an essential feature of an interesting and uplifting life.’ There is a thrilling

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dramatic movement of the soul that may sweep the deeps of the Infinite Universe without leaving Boston." 31. This is fine from an ancient Persian writer, "Thou hast had given to thee an exalted angel named Intelligence. That light is the shadow of something more resplendent than itself. Thy knowledge is a ray of the knowledge of God." Good, too, these—"And, lo! the saint's darkness was the break of day." "They live the harmony whose music is the gladness of the world."

**February 6.** No wonder James Freeman Clarke said one grew tired of living. Even Phillips Brooks, who seemed to have a wonderfully prosperous life, was "glad to go home." 7. Mrs. E. L. Cheney read an excellent paper on Buddhism. A religion that numbers so many more millions of adherents than any other must have latent truth in it. I, for one, since the light thrown by the Parliament of Religions, while holding to the superiority, the supremacy of Christianity, am ready, am glad to confess that God has never left himself without witness to the human heart: and, the mystery of the patience of the heathen with the enigma of death is somewhat cleared to my mind. 8. I welcomed home from Japan Mr. and Mrs. Lawrance and their joyous baby—all smiles. 10. How striking the contrast between an infant's unconscious glee and the weariness of one burdened with years, with the cares these inevitably bring. Childhood, sheltered in the arms of good parents, is the enviable portion of life. 11. How good for a minister a lively imagination. But hear-

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ers are not gifted always with an exact and retentive memory, and their wits often wander. And when it comes to repeating what the minister said, how surprising the variation in what is told. 15. Rain. Our driveway more blocked than any time since 1885. 16. Two heavy teams obligingly driven through, and we have the relief of thinking that we are not cut off from the world. I prefer to live in the country in spite of Charles Lamb's saying, "One is devoid of brains there." But in the winter the city has advantages. 21. Glad to see the fine new church in Brookline. Examined the beautifully-carved communion table and christening font. In the latter was encased the silver bowl probably long used. I was urged to speak and told that some one had come a little distance on purpose to hear me. Half sorry I did not, for when women almost make up the audience, it is self-respect for one, at least, to talk on a congenial theme, and to set the example of brevity, in which so many *men* fail. But, not being in the mood, I lost one of the probably few opportunities left me for an earnest word. A rich reward for writing to that devoted missionary in Japan, Miss S. C. Smith, when she speaks of reading my letter "on many a lonely day since it came." Who of us is strong enough to have borne her solitary life in Sapporo for ten years? How small *our* trials compared with hers! 23. Lent is a forward movement of our denomination. How wise to adopt the good customs of other sects. 25. Feared to face the possible cold of the church. Solaced ourselves for that loss,

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and for the fearful cold in the house, with two pumps frozen at first, by reading aloud two noble sermons of Phillips Brooks's, the first *The Consolations of God*.

**March 1.** A thought for Lincoln's birthday. "Lincoln's heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."—Emerson. **8.** At the meeting of the New England Associate Branch of the Women's National Alliance I spoke strongly on Amiel's view that Unitarians failed in comprehension of the sinfulness of sin, and so failed to impress their faith; of the inspiration of Phillips Brooks's preaching, mainly from his glowing presentation of the personality of Christ; that nothing was so effectual as personality, that our women should awake to this, and with their children, and in every way, enlarge its scope. I said how horrified I was with the frequent lack of reverence in regard to Jesus, because some benighted ones did not see the divinity breathing in him. And that the holiest men whom I had known could not have created *Christendom*. **16.** Rev. R. Spears writes, "Since my brief notice of *Kindling Thoughts* (in the *Christian Life*) orders have been received for the book. I trust it will increase the sale, and, if so, I am sure it will add to the happiness as it will to the better life of all who read the book." I can only hope and pray it may be so. Mr. Spears adds, "I thank God and feel that one of the best of all the duties I have performed in my life has been that of circulating special editions of the works of Dr. Channing. Nearly 100,000 copies of these works. . . . My labor in



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this way was a work of love." 19. "There is a genius for being sympathetic as well as a genius for being good." 20. Handkerchiefs scorched; can't bear to be upset in nerves when I am going to do something unusual. The paper, entitled *Lost Opportunities*, which I read in behalf of our "Experience" Party, was thought too short (a good fault), but was received with favor, and is to be published in *The Unitarian*. 25. Easter. A reviving sermon on *The Great Awakening*. I met with an ignominious fall from a cricket, which slipped, as I tried to ascend the high Sunday-school platform. Jarred, but assisted up, I tried to say an earnest word to the scholars as to their duty to do their part for the Sunday-school's prosperity. Tried to put them on their honor—to learn their lesson at home and attend to their teacher in school. 26. According to advice lay down till I was weary. I was charmed yesterday with the sweet obliging manners of one of the Sunday scholars. Went to our church supper. It was almost worth having a fall to receive so much sympathetic interest. 29. Our "Experience Party" was amusing and successful. It was delightful to see all ages heartily engaged in working for their church. The gift to the sexton on his silver wedding, which happened that night, was graceful and merited. 30. Advised a friend to take Mary L. Ware as one example of *moral* courage, and Mrs. Hemans's *Nameless Martyrs* as an illustrative bit of poetry. The evening was illuminated by gorgeous Northern Lights, as it were, magnificent curtains and shafts, draping the universal heavens.

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April 1. A noble sermon on an Inspired Life. The description of a sunrise on a Kansas prairie was wondrously fine. The closing appeal "to come back," from narrow, sordid views of the meaning of existence, from blind views of the great purpose of life, was direct and earnest. These direct appeals from the pulpit are of great value. 11. At the meeting of the Norfolk Alliance branches at Milton this afternoon, I said that I would rather lay stress on spiritual than on intellectual growth; hazarding the bold assertion that we are intellectual enough, which, perhaps, we are—as a denomination. 12. I am reading aloud *Barbara's History*; much admired in its day: but novels grow old-fashioned like our garments and customs. In this book, as in Miss Sedgwick's *Home*, the talk is, at times, long-winded and prosy. A modern child would run out of the room, if he could, if his father preached, as the father preaches in *Home*. No wonder Miss Austen's novels, with their natural, lively talk, gain steadily in reputation, and will remain classics. 17. Some women like to shop. But, what with the crowd, the noise, the heat, the hurry, shopping is a doubtful pleasure. 18. Sorry for a gay speech I made. A sense of humor brightens social intercourse, but is a dangerous gift. I was called satirical when I was young. Better to have had it said of me, as was said of one of my aunts, "She was never known to say anything unkind of anyone." Miss Austen's "Emma" shook her head at herself sometimes, and I have occasion to. 21. How glad we should be to accept the cordial invitation to be present

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at the Commemoration Services in the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y. Few will be more interested in these services than we, so truly did we love and honor our uncle, Rev. Dr. Farley; and we should rejoice to show by our presence our respect for his blessed memory. 22. An original and refreshing view of Christ's maturing thought in regard to the healing of sin, not by exhortation or denunciation, but by pitying — love, breaking the crust of selfishness. How true is it that a cross lifteth us all to the heaven we long for. And how many crosses from childhood to old age, mental pain ever in ambush, or physical pain, which, for some patient ones, embitters even the night watches. 23. An exquisite day. A dear friend, who takes a partial view of *Kindling Thoughts*, rose early to copy and bring me a notice composed chiefly of quotations from my miniature essays, to brighten my birthday; as she read, I kept saying, "Did I write all that?" 24. Felix Adler seems to be more of a Christian than some of us. He says, "The teachings of Jesus can be gathered together in a few pages. They make a little tract, but this little tract has had more power over man's heart and mind than all the voluminous writings of celebrated authors. . . . There is in Jesus' word a sense of hidden resources not brought into play, of power hinted at, not revealed. . . . Lastly, I must not forbear to mention the charm and grace that hovered about his figure as it dwells in memory. He led an open-air life. It is from nature that he chooses his choicest similes; and virtue, as it bloomed from

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his lips, appeared with all the grace and beauty of a natural thing. . . . The effect is before us, Christianity. The causes were various; but, among these, the primal cause was the personality of the Master."

27. Sometimes I am reminded by a friend that I said something I have entirely forgotten. For instance, "Rarely in life do we have more than an approximation to our wishes." I suppose it is heavenly-mindedness to be content with an approximation. It is delightful that the sweet old-fashioned tunes of Dundee and Federal Street were sung at the Brooklyn celebration. New-fangled tunes are not always to be preferred. 28. Mr. Clapp's lecture was a masterly analysis of *Julius Caesar*, *Brutus*, and *Mark Antony*. How much we are indebted to our old-time Shakspeare's Readings. This is the way I like to spell *Shakspeare*. How Shakspeare's prodigality of insight into the subtle springs of human nature seems to increase with every fresh study of his plays, which do not seem to be planned, but to grow spontaneously like this spring's living green and tender leafage. 29. No wonder religious tyranny seems specially hateful as one thinks of the forlorn souls and tender children not allowed to think or believe for themselves, but doomed to soul-breaking creeds.

May 5. Shakspeare's *Rosalind* is one true type of womanhood—a rare, choice, but not impossible *she*. I have known of at least three specimens in my father's family of women brimming over with humor, so I will not yield to the fallacy that women are mainly devoid of that most human of human traits.

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8. Our big apple tree has been a glorious mammoth blossom ball. 16. "Lowell said rightly 'that one of God's great charities is music.'" 17. A dear friend, one of my true lovers, as I fondly believe, died Sunday, the 13th. There was something so delicate and refined about her that one hesitates to speak her praise. She was my ideal of a Christian gentlewoman. So assured was her faith that it seemed as if she could not wait, she once told me, to have her curiosity satisfied in regard to the other world. I never heard anyone else say so. 19. The amount of pain staggers faith. A chronic invalid described herself as a "treasure-house of misery." 25. The flag-raising at the Milton Academy, in memory of Mrs. Hemenway, was inspiring — as preluded by Mr. Hale's reading of *A Man Without a Country*. I think no boy who heard him "will ever be false to his mother, his home, his country." 26. We have been much interested in reading a notice of our old friend and neighbor, Captain Faucon, who was by profession a seaman. "He adopted it in his youth, and until age began to creep upon him he followed the seas. . . . As his life ebbed away his thoughts returned to his ocean home of many years, and he longed to be rocked in its bosom and to find a grave in its depths. . . . He it was who commanded the good ship 'Alert,' in which R. H. Dana Jr. made his homeward voyage from California in 1836, and in which he lived that life so graphically set forth in that English classic *Two Years Before the Mast*. To the later editions of that work Mr. Dana added some brief sketches of

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the officers and crew of the ship. Too brief, indeed, is the paragraph in which he alludes to Captain Faucon, but he sums up his virtues in the one expression of his thorough qualities as a seaman." We, who knew him on land, respect his fondness for reading, his shrinking from display, his sterling integrity. 28. Miss S. C. Smith, Presbyterian missionary in Japan, writes to me to this effect—"Two of the native teachers, graduates from our school, come to sit with me evenings, and together we are reading *Noble Lives and Noble Deeds*. We enjoy it very much. One reads aloud, while others knit or sew. . . . We find the lessons not only very interesting, but very profitable, also." 29. A delightful letter from a friend in Iowa. Of not losing opportunities for speaking the kind word or doing the kind act, she says, "I'm always quoting to the children what Carlyle said, 'What thou hast to give, give quickly, in the grave thy loved one can receive no kindness.' There are so many lost opportunities, most of them because people don't think the pleasant word is of enough importance. . . . It's a great thing to know how the other fellow *feels*." 30. A second interesting notice of Captain Faucon, describing his "varied, enterprising and useful life." Our Alliance meeting was full. Rev. Caroline Bartlett said the *club* was too apt to encroach on the duty owed to the church (I have long feared this), Mrs. Julia Ward Howe emphasized the importance of the *home* altar; and I did what I could to inspire my hearers with a longing for personal religion, individual spirituality. I rejoiced to meet

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again two interesting sisters who brightened my last visit to Saratoga by the joy of a mutual friendship. 31. The Unitarian Festival was of excellent and even merit. I did not feel, as I sometimes do, that I must say "It is time for you to sit down."

June 4. Our flying run in the electric cars to Mt. Auburn was exhilarating in spite of the risk of being thrown backward as one boards a car with too little time allowed for doing it safely. It was our first acquaintance with what is called the *starter*, who gave us a check to and from Mt. Auburn. A good name for an electric car would be startling starter. It is so much of an effort to go so far in the midst of our busy life that I know not when we shall go again. Indeed, life seems so short to me now, that I thought as I left perhaps I may not enter again till I am carried to my last resting-place. I wish the damask roses C. loved so well could bloom beside his grave, if one could guard against neglect there. Beautiful to behold last summer and this; they remind us of him of whom we need no reminder. 10. The Flower and Christening service at our church would have been pleasing and impressive if half its length. My life-long crusade in favor of brevity is of no avail, though I practice as well as preach. Every one admits that everything but life itself is too long, but no one seems to know how to shorten anything. What a libel to talk of women's talking, when men go on, and on, losing the chance of being acceptable, and forgetful of the relief to the hearer of a change of voice and manner. I long to say, "My dear brethren, lay em-

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phasis on the most important point, do not repeat, trust your grateful hearers, and sit down." 11. Mrs. Merrill's last lecture took us into the heart of Africa (where she most wishes to go). Switzerland would be wild enough for me! 14. Animated conference at Randolph. I said I believed in organization and in the Sunday-school, but should lay the emphasis on what was more necessary, more valuable, on the spirit that we are of, on religious faith. I talked with an interesting man, blind, but thoroughly alive to the joy of the conference. I believe he was the author of an appreciative notice of my uncle, Professor Edward Tyrrell Channing.

July 10. Reminded of Emerson's cheerfulness with mosquitoes by what R. H. Dana says of how every annoyance on board ship is made light of. Yet I noted that on one occasion his shipmates resented a diminution in the quantity or the quality of the *grub*. Poorly-cooked food does test philosophy. 21. Said to be hottest summer since 1870. How we tried in vain that year to cool the sick chamber. But I think the nights were less suffering than these. The frequent heavy thunderstorms, I suppose, help to lessen the heat, but they keep us busy. How reverential dear father was about the weather. He could not bear to have us complain of it. He said it was God's weather, and we had nothing to do with it. We *are* apt to forget to rejoice when it is pleasant. 22. Hurrah! Rain! "There are three things necessary to make a good speaker—a sense of humor, some power of original thought, and a little recklessness." 30. Much



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interested in Rev. Stopford W. Brooke's sermon on *Christianity and Universal Religion*. It is simple, clear, earnest, satisfactory. 31. I must close this month, full of quotations, with others. "The smallest bird cannot light upon the greatest tree without sending a shock to its most distant fibre; every mind is at times no less sensitive to the most trifling words."

**August 1.** A friend writes, "The boundary of the circle of our friends narrows rapidly." Indeed, it does, but how slow are we to learn the lesson. The most agreeable, most wholesome books to me are cheerful and comfortable. 4. My heart echoes, "The truth which was so beautifully accepted in the Parliament of Religion,—'that man may in any religion find the way of eternal salvation and obtain eternal salvation.'" 5. To Andover Chapel. What Sabbath stillness, what freedom from home care, what preparation to resume the latter. Amiel says, "Oh, do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative toward those we love until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death! Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love, make haste to be kind!" Hannah Stevenson's rule of life was

"To postpone my own pleasure to others' convenience,  
My own convenience to others' comfort,  
My own comfort to others' want,  
And my own want to others' extreme need."

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It was worth going to Andover to be reminded of this golden rule, which, with Amiel's advice, planted in our hearts, would revolutionize our mode of living. 14. A serious talk last night. How impossible to fathom the mystery of existence without a body. The effort plunges us in a sea of doubt. Better let it alone, be kind, gentle, just, and cling to prayer—the soul's final plank of safety. 26. Dr. Hale preached at the Milton church on "Christianity a Life, not a Creed." He preached ably, and held the attention of his audience. He had ascribed an epigram to James Martineau; this was disputed, Wm. Ellery Channing being said to be the author. Dr. Hale had reduced his creed to six words; but James Freeman Clarke was content with four, "With God, for Man." 31. Our hydrangeas were never so beautiful as this year, especially the blush-rose variety. We might call our place "The Hydrangeas." But, if they failed, the name would not be apposite. Mrs. H. wrote a capital account of her journeying in the West, but in spite of the wonders she has seen, she sums up in these words, "Will only say I am not attracted to the West, it is too vast and too desolate."

**September 1.** Our drive would have been pleasant but for the dusty and parched roads and fields. How I long to have the roadsides cleared of the rubbish which accumulates from year to year, and which prefigures the confusion of our minds. 2. A *yellow* day; but not equal to that of 1881, when we lighted lamps early in the afternoon, and from fear of what might happen almost lost a delightful tea at a neighbor's

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house. 6. It is well that the prejudice against cards has abated. Merely playing whist or some simpler game is a sensible relief to the monotony of an invalid's life. Even the counters, delicate and quaint, in tiny ivory or carved wood box, preach a sermon of how we lay up treasures, knowing not who shall gather them. 14. My *Speak a Word* is in the *Register*. I hope our denomination will prove by their vote the latent faith that is in them for Christ and Christianity. 19. One of the friends who prompted me to publish *Kindling Thoughts* writes, "If I could have but two of these thoughts I should select *Kindling Thoughts* and *The Angel in the Shadow*—But I should want *The Trickery of Surprise, Patchwork and Piecemeal* (two of my favorites), *The Spiritual Tangle, Presence of Heart, In Change Unchanged*, and the two Essays on Channing. I find many passages helpful and suggestive in the others, but these specially meet my needs." She also says, "My birthday has just passed—and I am now over fifty. It seems strange to think of half a hundred years having been lived and to know that the hill is ascended and the steps now lead down it. It takes nearly fifty years with some of us to learn how best to use the remainder." September 15th was Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's seventieth birthday. A dear friend of hers and mine, Rev. T. J. Mumford, said she was a brave woman to keep her fiftieth. Had he lived he would have been one of the first to say how usefully her last twenty years have been passed. Long may young girls read her wholesome, innocent stories.

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The power and interest of a book must never blind us to its atmosphere. In giving Mrs. Whitney *Kindling Thoughts*—in memory of Auld Lang Syne, I asked her to tell me which she preferred. Such a heart-whole note as I received was delightful. She asks, "Do you know how your whole mind-training at once hides and reveals itself in them? . . . So far as I have gone I mark *Dew upon the Heart, The Angel in the Shadow, Violets in the Lane, Not for Nothing, Words* and perhaps chief of all, *The Spiritual Tangle*, which you treat so gently, wisely, understandingly. . . . I thank you for the inner intimacy into which you have taken me." To quote these kind tributes is egotistical; but, then, this is a diary.

October 1. Startled to hear of the death of my good friend, Rev. Dr. Reynolds. His eye was so single, his aim so straight-forward, his purpose so earnest, his judgment so correct, that his loss to our denomination will be supremely felt. 8. Beautiful tributes in the daily papers to Oliver Wendell Holmes, who died yesterday. "The Last Leaf has fallen." "What a happy passing away, to leave this world in the midst of universal love and esteem, and while old age was still ripe and true. There have been but few people to whom such 'paths of pleasantness' have been vouchsafed, but there have been none more deserving than he whose departure hence has saddened all hearts." 11. At the Unitarian Club Dr. Hale said, "Oh, that Pentecostal day at Saratoga, the Antioch when all Unitarians became Christians." Mr. Batch- ✓

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elor said, "We had won a victory over ourselves." Rev. Mr. Savage said, "We have Lincoln's religion at last." The *Christian Register* says, "The death of Rev. Dr. Reynolds is the more pathetic that he did not know of the grand unanimity which marked the action of the National Conference, that he could not receive the love message it sent him." 19. Fatal to neglect one's Diary, all the little characteristic items elude one's memory. I would have liked to go to our church harvest festival; but this is my season of relinquishment. I lost Saratoga, and next week lose the Sunday-school annual meeting at Newport. For years I have hoped it would meet in the Memorial church. I wanted, too, to see Uncle William's statue. But, as one grows old, she must remember that she has seen and heard a great deal. 21. Blind-man's holiday. To-morrow our busy week begins. The barrel to San Francisco, the house cleaning, the course of lectures, Alliance meetings, the fearful cold predicted, for which the little creatures (whose instinct sometimes seems preferable to our reason) are providing, loom before our lively imaginations. 27. Mrs. Whitney says, "Perhaps you will write sometime of 'opportunities that never come.'" A suggestive title.

November 2. I like Mr. W. N. Stead's definition of a church, "a union of those who love, in the service of those who suffer." Dr. Bartol quaintly says of O. W. Holmes, "His mind was an inn of entertainment for ideas, as his pen was a horn of plenty pouring out to whoever begged contributions for all occasions." 12. Every time I plod around Boston streets

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I wonder how much longer I shall go. I shall not miss them with their dangers and their strangers. 18. Mr. Bagley's prayer took up the theme of the coming sermon, one strain of music running through it, praying for help to become thoughtful and tender in daily life. The sermon was bright, varied, direct. In the afternoon came the "Walters," with the children, who call us "cousins," and no one else cousin. We furnished up our childhood stories for their entertainment. Though old, we have not lost our child hearts. 21. We had an interesting afternoon with Emerson — coming fresh from Mr. Malloy's heart. He is an enthusiast about Browning, also. 26. My friend in Japan writes, "Thank you for the two thoughts you gave me, 'God's mercy is broader than we are apt to think;' and we find the lesson of simple acceptance too hard to learn, and thereby lose much peace and rest." Whether these were my exact words I do not know. I know not how it is with others, but I do not recall my own expressions in writing or speaking. Memory is a deep well, and we cannot often sound it. A reason for taking care what goes into it.

December 13. Our sixth Parlor lecture led us into the Greek exhibit of the Boston Art Museum. Curious the steady growth of Greek sculpture, as shown in the easier poise of the arm; at first close to the body, and the developing expression of the face. I asked if our lecturer had noticed how shyness and constraint are betrayed in the shoulders and elbows of the living human form. And she was reminded of the action of a dancing-master, who, on observing

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a pupil's awkward *arms*, laid aside his fiddle bow, exclaiming, "I cannot teach you to dance." 28. There are interesting reminiscences of Father Taylor in the newspaper. To an editor who had asked why, being orthodox, he associated so much with Unitarians, Father Taylor replied: ". . . I associate with Unitarians because they are the only people I go among where I am in no danger either of hearing my religion insulted or of having my morals corrupted." "His sayings, repartees and bon-mots are as quaint and fresh as those of old Fuller or his namesake, Jeremy Taylor. And yet it must be remembered that his wit was only the auxiliary of his piety, only the prelude to the tears that so often followed." Bishop Gilbert Haven said, "To judge Father Taylor's oratory by single, detached, ludicrous expressions is like judging the awful tragedies of Shakspeare by a sentence from the mouth of one of his clowns." 29. We are fond of reading, as well as hearing sermons, especially sermons like Brooke Herford's on *Courage and Cheer*. They are true to their title. They will help us and all who read them to bear the strain of daily living. They are simple, practical, earnest, devout. Not for one reading, but for frequent refreshment and upbuilding. In one he says, "We dwell too much on the faintness of our own personal discerning of these things." He thinks we should trust more than we do to the insight of lofty spiritual souls. 31. Brooke Herford asks, "Have you never heard that cry out of some sore affliction, 'What have I done to deserve this? Oh, what can I have done, that all

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this should happen to me?'" I wonder if I have lived up at all to the motto on the opening page of this Diary of 1894?

"Build a little fence of trust  
Around to-day;  
Fill its space with loving work  
And therein stay,  
Peer not through the shattering bars  
At to-morrow;  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy or sorrow."

Mrs. M. F. BUTTS.

### Diary of 1895

January 1. I have placed the following motto on the opening page of my Diary for 1895,

"When all goes well, as Mrs. Browning puts it, shall 'Sing a low contented song, and knock at Paradise.'"

"Going well" means trust and submission, and the question is, how gather those into our doubting hearts?

3. The lecture interesting. The most convincing argument I have heard in favor of the Golden-rod being our national flower. A full account of how trees and flowers form the original basis of architecture. The Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington is esteemed our finest example of church architecture. 6. This opens as a month of relinquishment of church privileges. Lilian Whiting in *The World Beautiful* says, "Why, it is the initial business of life to be happy. Emerson truly says that 'life is an ecstasy, and nothing less is really living.'" I think the aver-



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age of mankind would differ from them, and agree with me that life is far from being an ecstasy, and that few would like to live their mortal life over again just as it has been. 7. "There is a vast amount of truth in Dr. Holmes's felicitous assertion, 'I do not talk to tell people what I think, but to find out what I think.'" "Men talk of morals," says Emerson, "but it is manners that associate us." Lilian Whiting says, "More deeply still it is tastes that associate us. An expression that jars on one's sense of taste will undo in an instant all the influence or impression made by sterling virtues through a term of years." 13. Cleared too late for church. Our fourth Sunday without church. We do not stay away from choice. Frances Power Cobbe's *Life* is full of spirit. She was mentally, spiritually, physically healthy. She would have been glad to live her life right over again. It did not seem to her a school of discipline. 16. Strikes rampant, embezzlement rife, starvation in Nebraska—the times out of joint. 17. The frost-work on bush, hedge, tree and the Milton Spires a wonder of beauty. Enjoyed a unique entertainment given by Miss Dorsey of Baltimore, descriptive of negro traits, and illustrated by amusing anecdotes and characteristic songs. She thinks the negro to possess simplicity, but to be devoid of humor and pathos. She believes his pathetic songs are made to Northern order and adopted by him. He may be unconsciously provocative of humor as are some white people. A sound saying, "Life is not a holiday, but an education." 20. Reached church at last. The sermon full

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of interest. Christ's *character* the spring of the wonderful spread of Christianity. A true thought of what the world would be were every home free from a harsh word and every heart free from an unkind thought. 23. Our Alliance meeting crowded. The paper on Lucy Larcom's character and works was arranged with taste and sympathy. Some of her songs were dovetailed in most happily. I was delighted with the "Cradle Song" and "Hannah Binding Shoes." A reader sometimes mistakes an author's meaning. An author forgets his own thoughts. I was caught in a trap by a friend asking me who wrote something she had selected from my papers. I replied, "I cannot tell; but the last selection is very religious, and may be by a minister." 29. Miss Cobbe speaks of that tiresome habit of *giving information* instead of conveying impressions, which makes some worthy persons so unspeakably fatiguing as companions. She thinks wealth is comfortable, but that we over-estimate it if we do not see how little it adds to the happiness of life compared with good walking powers, soundness of sight and hearing, elastic spirits and quick sympathies. Miss Cobbe quotes John Mitchell Kemble as writing to Fanny Kemble of Hallam, "Never was a more powerful intellect joined to a purer and holier heart; and the whole illuminated with the richest imagination, the most sparkling, yet the kindest wit. . . . The Roman epitaph on two young children (From themselves they took away pain, to their friends they left it!) is always present to my mind, and somehow the miserable feeling of loneliness comes

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over me even though one knows that the dead are happier than the living." 30. Mr. James Fergusson (the architect) taught Miss Cobbe "to see that the whole civilization of a country has depended historically on the stones with which it happens naturally to be furnished. If these stones be large and hard and durable like those of Egypt, we find grand, everlasting monuments and statues made of them. If they be delicate and beautiful like Pentelic marble, we have the Parthenon. If they be plain limestone or freestone as in our northern climes, richness of form and detail take the place of greater simplicity, and we have the great cathedrals of England, France and Germany. Where there is no good stone, only brick, we may have fine mansions, but no great temples, and where there is neither clay for bricks, nor good stone for building, the nations can erect no durable edifices, and consequently have no places to be adorned with statues and paintings, and all the arts which go with them." 31. "Pity and fairness are two little words, which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life." I commend the following lines to the thoughtful consideration of those who maintain that "Life is not living if it be not an 'ecstasy,'"

"God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn,  
Wouldst thou ask why?  
It is because all noblest things are born  
In agony.  
Only upon some cross of pain or woe  
God's Son may lie  
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know  
Its Calvary."

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**February 1.** A troublous day, perplexing questions, forgetful servitors. On such days it is well to call to mind faithful, unobtrusive lives, which seem to have little to cheer and nothing to electrify. I count myself a judge of obituaries, having written half a dozen and read more. I have lately read one unusually satisfactory, plain, simple, and convincingly true. It said, ". . . She lived in the life of others, and her friends never went to her for advice and sympathy without coming away cheered and helped. Though her means were small, her private charities were constant. She had an intense love of nature, and the ability of getting great pleasure from everyday things. Her religious faith was strong and unfailing, but she felt no weariness of life. She often said: 'I am in no hurry to get through. I have enjoyed my life.'" What a wholesome lesson is such a life!

**4.** Stirred up by the Pastoral letter of the Episcopal Bishops, so un-American, so opposed to the spirit of Phillips Brooks.

**4.** I have written the dates of my favorite author, Jane Austen's birth and death in my Birthday Book, 16th of December, 1775 — 18th of July, 1817. In the Biographical Notice of her, written in 1817, are these words: "Without the slightest affectation, she recoiled from everything gross. Neither nature, wit, nor humor could make her amends for so very low a scale of morals."

**6.** Unusually cold; both pumps frozen.

**7.** Still bitterly cold.

**8.** Weather harder to bear than ever. Life not an "ecstasy" at present.

**22.** We are told silence is golden. But I see, too late, that I have made mis-

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takes, on some occasions, by not talking more and by not asking questions: mistakes in business affairs, and, what is worse, in not more quickly expressing sympathy. There is not much danger of being too demonstrative; most of us are too egotistic to err in that direction. 24. I have no Bohemian tastes; was satisfied, in merely looking over "Trilby," that it was not *my* sort of book. But when I found that friends, whose judgment I respected, joined in the chorus of praise, I began to think I was prejudiced, and more nice than wise. Since then I have read criticisms that convince me that it is not a wise book for even the mature, and a dangerous one for our susceptible American youth. Its artistic skill must not blind us to the fact that it is untrue to human nature and human life: and that we must condemn the "strange ethical complication, that makes the loss of chastity one of the minor vices." 25. In to-day's paper an Episcopal clergyman protests against "The Pastoral Letter," and rebukes the "vain and pedantic pretension" of his own household of faith. Will not this outspoken, free-thinking Episcopal clergyman be read out of *meetin'*? 26. Our indignation roused to covert pitch by the robbing of "Two Sisters" of their all by their agent (the husband of their dearest friend), leaving them to penury and the impossible task, as they are feeble and old, to support themselves by sewing. We have done what we could for them. 28. "Jesus put the emphasis of life entirely upon the affections." "The heart has secrets deeper than words can express, and our faith is frequently nobler than our statement of it."

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March 4. "It is not the reporter who makes the novelist, but he who with clear and simple glance perceives the salient, the revealing, the inspiring fact." 7. This evening I enjoyed the treat and instruction of hearing Dr. Horace Howard Furness, editor of the Variorum edition of Shakespeare, read *As You Like It*. I heard Mr. William H. and Rev. George F. Simmons read Shakspeare with their melodious voices, Fanny Kemble with her magnificent dramatic power, and later the spirited rendering of *Julius Cæsar* and *King Lear* by Mr. Henry A. Clapp. Dr. Furness' reading is unique. To me he was more interpreter than reader. Had I now the retentive memory by which I reported for my father's paper, *The Christian World*, Emerson's lectures on Goethe, Montaigne, Swedenborg, and others, I could do more justice to Dr. Furness' interpretation. He takes one into the study of his imagination, into the inner sanctuary of his reverence for this literary marvel. He takes possession of you, talks individually to you, throws side lights on obscurities, quotes Thackeray's and Coleridge's enthusiastic admiration, repeats the *Seven Ages of Man* in Elizabethan English, and gives what he believes to be the innermost intentions and motives of Shakspeare's people. I wish that those who stay away from church had heard him say that he would like to repeat one hundred times Orlando's words to the Duke:

"But whate'er you are," etc.

10. Liked this thought which I brought from church, "He who sins robs the world of righteousness and

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peace." 11. Very weary last evening trying to see the eclipsed moon obscured by the wandering clouds. Monday is such a busy day that it is a mystery that for nearly twenty years I managed to leave home on that day. Did I neglect home duties in so doing? 13. Much interested in Mr. E. L. Pierce's paper on John Rowe, a member of society in Boston between 1764 and 1779. Boston, with its then 16,000 inhabitants, eating, drinking, fishing, and getting gain, seemed as busy as we are now, and had more to disturb its peace, when it came to throwing tea overboard, and resisting the encroachments of the Mother Country. Perhaps we do not make quite allowance enough for the loyal sentiments which lingered in the old Boston heart. 20. Heard a fine paper on "The influence of the Greek Athletic Contests on Art." It showed careful study and discrimination, was given with a pleasing voice and in a restful manner. 21. "Better keep saying nothing," as my peaceful, blessed great aunt used to say, and who found her account in it in maintaining the tranquillity of her household. I saw the wisdom of that saying today. 30. *The Lilac Sun-bonnet* at first sight seems a ridiculous name for a novel. But it is a capable book, and contains exquisite portraits of a young woman's loveliness and an old woman's comeliness—both enlivened by rich humor. 31. The fine subject of the sermon was "What Love is to the world"—its redemption, sanctification, salvation. How we lose the thought in this driven life, as, without balance, we stumble on, laying as much emphasis

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on the right ordering of trifles as on the demands of the great law of love. Sometimes a simple thought arrests attention and seems full of meaning, such was this to me, "Send me what I need, I pray": my heart added "for Thou knowest how I need it."

April 1. To the first Greek lecture. Miss Robins presented the Greek athletic games finely. Only pure-minded men, physically sound, thoroughly trained, with upright ancestors, could take part. There was a religious halo to the games. Being more literary than artistic, I specially enjoyed her tribute to Pindar. The indiscriminate way in which we Americans use the word "splendid," as, for instance, a splendid ice-cream, a splendid sermon, is rebuked by Pindar's use of it. His language soared with an eagle flight, never so happy as in such words as glorious, splendid, radiant. "The three chief commonplaces of Pindar are 'wealth and prosperity—manliness of spirit—and blessings, independent of both, God-given, not acquired.' 'Things of a day! What are we? What are we not? Man is a shadow, a dream. But when the glory of victory has come, the gift of heaven, then a clear light rests on men, and their life is serene.'"

4. At the luncheon party to-day I was opposite Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. I admire her simple manners and her delicate but distinct enunciation. She described how years ago one of my sisters took compassion on her as she was sitting in a despondent mood, dissatisfied with her home attire, believing herself bidden to a family-tea, which turned out a full-dress party. And how my sister said to her, "Oh, I would go



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down, no one will care for your clothes," little dreaming that she was encouraging the author of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. When I pointed with pride to the beautiful pink and white sherbert fish on my plate, Mrs. Howe said, "Evidently you are the Jonah of the party." To which I replied, "And you the sour grapes," glancing at her bunch. 5. Interested in the street car by a woman's comely face, the right sort of face for a woman perhaps sixty, broad, healthy, tranquil, thick brown hair, simply parted; one you would address if you had lost your way. She glanced at me so sharply at first I fancied she thought she knew me, or, perhaps, had heard me speak. I almost grieved that I should not see her again, and left with her my silent blessing. 20. Fine words about Martineau on his ninetieth birthday, which comes to-morrow, "He has lived in the highest altitudes of thought and life, in contemplation of the grandest themes which may engage the human mind. He has interpreted the supreme sanction of ethics and kindled and fed the devotional life with the flame and fuel of his own piety." 21. The sermon was on Martineau, who said an advance in knowledge is a gain for religion. It reminded me of Uncle William's words, "what we learn here we take to heaven." 23. My seventy-seventh birthday. Our Branch Alliance of the Third Religious Society, Dorchester, gave me a Birthday Greeting, a veritable "Love Feast." Our Parish Hall platform was tastefully arrayed with roses, violets and carnations. A life-size photograph of Gambadelle's life-like portrait of my Uncle William Chan-

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ning held the central position on an easel. I was to occupy a superb chair once owned by Governor Hutchinson. But I preferred a plainer, but higher one, for I owe it to myself to *sit*, if I cannot *stand*, tall. The scene became to me impersonal—as if I were assisting at a beautiful pageant. The solemn invocation, gentle music and soul-stirring poems, verses, and sonnet from Mrs. Whitney, Mr. Henry A. Clapp, and Rev. Messrs. Mott and Spaulding so cheered me that I arose in good spirits for my “Rainbow” tribute to Mrs. Whitney and my heartfelt thanks to our Alliance Branch for my Life Membership certificate to the National Alliance, and for the love and sympathy that have made my years of service, as its president, easy and pleasant. 25. Brooke Herford says the passage in *Kindling Thoughts* which gave him that inspiration was at the foot of page third and top four lines of page fourth, “the starting to live without constant getting ready.”

May 1. A postscript to my Red-Letter Day in going to the last meeting for the season of the Branch of the Meeting-House-Hill Alliance. 4. My friend, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, is ready witted, for when I said on my birthday that I was glad I should not be alive twenty years hence, for I was sure all would fly in mid-air then; she replied, “You’ll have your own wings then.” She is conservative: evidently would prefer that women should try to rectify *evils*, rather than fight for *rights*. She would like a kind of uniform in dress—adapted to differing ages. 5. The

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prayer was that our Father would accept, take and keep us. The text was "Thy God Reigneth." The glorious Colonel was eulogized who lived for others, and who wrote in his diary, "I am happy, for I have tried to do God's will." 12. A soul-stirring sermon, from the text, "Open, Thou, mine eyes." I felt rebuked when, on my suggesting to our minister that he could take this sermon and the one the week before in an exchange, he replied, "I could not preach to-day's to any but my own people, for I preached it as much to myself as to them." 14. Read *Justina*, a pleasing, wholesome story. 15. A dear friend, very feeble, says,

"God nothing does, or  
Suffers to be done,  
But we ourselves would do,  
If we could see,  
The end of all events,  
As well as He."

What a fund of satisfaction the pious heart lays up for his death-bed who learns hymns and psalms in the days of health. Infinitely affecting some one thought, who listened to an aged servant of God singing one of these only a few days before he fell asleep. 18. I must try to find a little book the *Cheerful Letter* mentions thus, "Elizabeth Glover, in *Family Manners*, says, 'Remember, there's not a human soul looking at us out of asking eyes but is saying, "*Me* ye have not always." The folks we live with *now*, how can we be too good to them?'" 29. Mrs. Catlin was delightfully brief at the Alliance Meeting. I spoke of

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the power of personality, of the necessity of religion to preserve us from despair, of the duty and power of self-consecration. 30. Rev. Mr. Crothers was the flower of the Unitarian Festival. With a poet's heart he touched with beauty the most familiar topics, and was greeted with frequent laughter and applause.

June 1. Dr. Fiske gave his favorite lecture at Miss Russell's house, which was rebuilt on the site of Governor Hutchinson's dwelling. This lecture, which was on the Boston Tea Party, was clear, discriminating, and just. Truth is his single, simple aim. 4. A friend writes, "I always know that when you speak it will be of the spiritual side of the grand faith in which our dearest and best have lived and in the peace of which they went to sleep here to awake to right there." 8. I need to lay to heart the following words of J. A. Symonds (for from youth up I have overestimated literary ability), "How trivial any literary successes and achievements are in comparison with the solid good things of a comely and contented existence! How little talent, or even genius, weighs in the scale against character, strength of will, goodness, and tranquillity of mind!" 9. "Without religion you cannot make the will equal to its tasks."—Mrs. H. Ward. 12. C. seems to say to me, "Take heart from these roses which I planted; how rich and abundant after the wintry cold. Shall not the spirit of man, too, bloom in the heavenly garden?" Lord Halifax says, "True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes." 20. An old-time friend, with whom I went to school as a child,

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had the audacity to say he believed I would go to a conference the day before my death. I used to go to many. The one at Canton to-day was delightful, but for the heat of the church and occasional too noisy speaking. It would be well to take pattern from Dr. Furness, who does not raise his voice, but speaks slowly and distinctly. To be sure, his voice is one in a thousand. The essay on *Our Opportunities*, by Rev. Roderick Stebbins, was excellent, made pertinent by personal illustrations. Why are we so chary of personalities? When free from guile they appeal to the heart and cling to the memory, while didactic declamation worries the ear and finds no lodgment in the impatient listener's mind. I think some one said, "We agree to what we hear; go home and forget it." Depressing to him who vainly imagines he speaks to good purpose. I have heard that an extemporaneous speaker knows not what he says nor how he says it. I felt it half a compliment that I was asked to fill the two minutes before the intermission. I doubt if one of my brethren could have done it. Mr. Stebbins had suggested the wise revival of family prayers, in, perhaps, a new form. I said, "And, also, much that is neglected in family *manners*, as well as family prayers," calling attention to Elizabeth Glover's good little book — with that title. A revival of reverence from the young to the old, of a husband to his wife, who should no longer see a good joke in calling his wife "the old woman." I astonished myself, as well as the audience, by saying, "I want a *New Man*;" meaning not a new in the pulpit, but in the pew, not

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content with showing his loyalty to Unitarianism by attending Unitarian *clubs*, but by going to a Unitarian church. I forgot "Good Manners" by whispering when another was speaking. 23. A delightful letter from Dr. Martineau. After my death I hope it will see the light in print in full. Here is a passage: ". . . Your interesting and thoughtful book (*Kindling Thoughts*) has supplied me with my first reading" (at his summer home). "With the tone and tendency of its papers, its views of life, its moral and spiritual counsels, I find myself prevalingly in hearty sympathy; and I especially delight in your tender regard for all the 'commoners' and 'little ones' of human life, whose simple faithfulness so often fails to meet with due appreciation. . . . The personal sketches scattered through the volume are to me of much interest; especially, of course, the two papers on Dr. Channing, which have added some charming touches to the image of his personality which was previously in my mind. . . ." 27. I fear I am not original, for *Emily Dickinson's Letters* seem to me fantastic, the little I have read of them. I prefer a limpid, pellucid style, that he who runs may read, that lasts, heals and strengthens. *Miss Edgeworth's Letters* are clear and vivacious. They do not express the serious reflection so good a woman must have had. But writing home to an invalid sister and elderly aunts, doubtless her aim was to chronicle chiefly her bright experiences. Mr. Edgeworth's "prodigious" progeny, twenty-one children by his four wives, of whom we are coolly told that his

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fourth, not Maria's mother, was his best, seemed wonderfully happy together. Miss Edgeworth's estimate of my none-such Jane Austen was to me meager.

July 1. A friend writes, "Your letter has come to me in a season of depression and discouragement, when the apparent uselessness of daily effort and self-denial weighs heavily and with paralyzing effect." I tried to comfort her in my reply, and copied for her Phillips Brooks' noble trumpet call to "Courage." "To live on even when life seems all a failure and the comfort of life is gone, to count patient living the real thing with or without comfort, as God may please—that is to be truly brave." One has misgivings at times. To-day I was doubting about the value of my manuscripts, fearing that the friends who urged their collection overestimated my power of making my quiet experience interesting. Opening the manuscripts at haphazard—I was heartened by what I found on a page or two of early 1891. I wonder if I have quoted Cervantes' estimate of sleep: "Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thought, . . . the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, the simple with the wise." 7. I like most of all in the devotional service at our church the repetition of the Lord's Prayer by our pastor and people. To me it grows in grace with every repetition. To-day Rev. Mrs. Bagley repeated it slowly, solemnly, distinctly. Why do any of our ministers follow the poor example set by the Episcopal clergy of *gabbling* it? 8. Ten years ago this coming fall we built the house we

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occupy in a comparatively quiet, rural spot. Now it is beset with noises. What a noisy world it is! Delightful wind on our piazza, impaired by cow lowing, hens cackling, a boy's chirruping to a mowing-machine horse, horn-blowing, laden carts grinding by (none of them ours). We are still, if naught else, we do not disturb our neighbors. Drive over Brush Hill very pleasant, sun clouded in, no dust. We moralized as we passed a house that has lost its excellent tenant, the place that knew her shall know her no more forever. 9. The bells of Westminster Abbey chime hourly a sweet, simple melody. Every one does not know the words allied to the tune. They are:—

“All through this hour  
Lord, be my guide;  
And through thy power  
No foot shall slide.”

I could not say “good morning” to myself to-day for, over night, I was cross and impolite. Oh, selfishness, selfishness, the besetting sin. Take heed, or my foot will slide. 15. To me a *nine-pin* day. It seemed to me on the sidewalk that the slightest impediment might knock me over. Maria Edgeworth wrote Captain Basil Hall, “Children’s questions are often simply *sublime*: the question your three-year-old asked was of these “who sanded the seashore?” This child probably had watched with curiosity the old-fashioned sanding of kitchen floors. Bonaparte said to Talma, after seeing him act Nero, “You gesticulate too much; you speak with too much vehemence.”



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Oh, for a Bonaparte to set some of our public speakers to rights. 16. Sir Walter Scott admired Miss Edgeworth's stories (paid her the compliment of saying that they prompted his), which he spoke of "as a sort of *essence* of common sense." That is what one would like to be called. 17. Dr. Martineau on his ninetieth birthday says, "In the retrospect of ninety years there is a pathetic mixture of gratitude for ample opportunities and humiliation for insignificant performances." 22. In writing to an old friend to-day I asked her if she ever met any of our schoolmates, and called to her remembrance a few of those left, mentioning the checkered lot of some of them, for she moved away, whilst I stayed on, and wound up with "Soon the 'school' will be called home." 31. "There is only one way of bearing a remediless trouble, to ignore it and to go straight on," so says Mrs. Needell in her last novel, *The Vengeance of James Vansittart*, which has the impetus, the moral rush of Phillips Brooks's preaching, and is a worthy successor of *Stephen Ellicott's Daughter*, which he, and, I believe, Gladstone and Archdeacon Farrar so highly commended. She has been equal to four fine novels.

August 4. Had the coveted treat of hearing Professor Churchill preach. This is the fourth year I have hoped he would fill the pulpit of the Andover Chapel. I listened after some misgivings that the memory of his inimitable comic readings might impair his treatment of sacred themes; but not so. Would we had his "*Double*" in all our colleges to

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teach and exemplify elocution. His manner is earnest, strong, self-sustained, his voice full, clear, sonorous, his thought simple, reverent, direct, his theme the Master's emphasis on the inward motive of the Widow's gift of two mites—its grandeur in being her *all*. 5. How Dickens would have revelled in a sign I spied in Lawrence, "Dismal Failure Lunch Room." I presume it meant, we sell little or nothing here, help us by getting a cheap lunch. When one asked me at the table how it happened such an arch heretic as I was welcomed in Andover, I ought to have quoted Coleridge's words, "Man may perchance determine what is heresy, but God alone knows who is a heretic." But a friendly voice cheered me by saying such a heretic is always welcome. Here are two thoughts I like, "Blindness to the supreme fact of personality," and "Remembering that to have really lived will mean some day far more than our books have taught." 19. "Each of us stands alone as far as our inward life goes. How surprised we should be to hear ourselves described by those who love us best, and to whom we are the nearest! The silent drama played by all of us is never so much as guessed by those whose daily life we share. Living needs infinite patience."—Christine Rochefort. 23. Having read the *Life* of Maria Edgeworth published in 1883, and her *Life and Letters* by Augustus Hare, I have learned something of her outward and inward life. Few, I think, have relished this world with such unalloyed pleasure, for she was physically and morally healthy. A cherished inmate of home, wel-

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come in society, honored in many lands, her steady aim in life was to instruct young and old, high and low. But, while Miss Edgeworth was as genial an optimist as Emerson, she was not like him, seer and prophet. Perhaps, like Margaret Fuller, her conversational outshone her literary powers. It would seem so as we read that Miss Edgeworth held an audience, several feet deep, full of delight with her rich and racy talk. Her stories, with all their merits, will never be classics like Jane Austen's. Her devotion to the happiness of her beautiful young sisters, her freedom from envy and self-consciousness of her own plainness, the grace with which she selected the second place as partner with her father in their literary enterprises were most attractive; though we cannot but wonder that she lost her shrewd discrimination in judging of the mental power of this idol of her affection, and was blind to his lack of good taste. One is surprised that she bore the early death of so many dear brothers and sisters with so little apparent reference to the consolations of religion. One might almost think she said to herself whatever is is best; and so it is; yet the human heart falters under trial. But we must be slow to judge; and she, undoubtedly, had, like all of us, her sanctuary of silence. Of both happy father and daughter it is said they rested in a calm faith "in the goodness of their Creator." 24. Received Phillips Brooks's prized couplet. Here it is,

"Courage, thou driveller, come out of that;  
Be a man, do your work, and take your hat."

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"quoted by him on the 'Pavonia' September, 1892:" At first it did not please my woman's fancy; *driveller* repelled me, and "take your hat" seemed puerile, and to make out the rhyme. But what Bishop Brooks, and his friend, Rev. Dr. Gordón, liked, must have merit: and the couplet grows on me with its rough and ready advice to do one's duty.

September 9. Read a fine notice of Dr. J. F. Moors as chaplain during our late war. Sound in judgment, firm in religious faith, kindly towards others' belief, plain in rebuke, sympathetic to the suffering. How well I recall his saying that our Woman's Alliance was the right arm of his missionary work in New England. 10. A friend writes that she, also, had heard Professor Churchill preach. She says, "I remarked that I had often heard his reading. He looked earnestly at me and said, 'I trust there was nothing in the services to-day to remind you of the reading.'" 13. To-day's Alliance Board meeting was entertaining, instructive, inspiring. After the report of the last meeting and other business we discussed in a free, full, kindly way many questions of interest. Here these are at haphazard: Why do not Unitarian *men*, even young men who are waking to the value of religion, go to church? One reason, because *our ministers* have laid no stress on public worship, another reason that worship has gone out of fashion, charity or ethics taking its place. Why have so few of our ministers responded to the request for photographs to the Unitarian Exhibit at Atlanta? Lack of vanity? or not reading the *Christian Register*? It

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was thought a small Alliance pamphlet would be useful there. Would it cost too much? would it be read? Reports of the A. U. A. are left in pews—to kindle furnace fires. Perhaps a large taking title would attract attention, *attention* that should be a main lesson in school. When a minister is asked to exchange, he is sometimes requested to bring a written or printed prayer. Why is this? because ministers do not believe in prayer? One said how interested she was in the King's Chapel Wednesday meetings, but always regretted when the prayer, service, and hymn gave way to *talk*. To abate talk you must abate vanity. Ministers must efface themselves. Unitarians in giving up forms of prayer find it difficult to maintain prayer. How regain, how preserve the spirit of worship? One suggested that Unitarians in repeating the Lord's Prayer unwisely followed the example of Episcopalians (who have so much ground to get over) in *gabbling* it. To her mind it grew more sacred with every repetition and should be given slowly, distinctly, reverently. This is a bald account of a meeting full of courage and cheer—for it suggested that we were awake to our faults, and might do something to rectify them. My report would be more lively if it were set off by the earnest looks, the ready smiles, the animated tones. 14. As I shall not go to the National Conference at Washington I lose the pleasure of attending and addressing, with others, the New York League on my return, which I have long wished to do. But, with loss of youth and strength, one must learn to give up distant places and

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exhilarating scenes. A delightful surprise — *The Song of Suffering*, I sent so long ago, is in the *Christian Register*. 15. Twenty-five years ago to-day our mother died. The church services finely accorded. The singing was delightfully subdued. The prayer was strong and feeling — an appeal of weakness for Divine help, Keble's hymn "Abide with me" well read. The sermon, on David — just to his goodness, rightly plain about his sin. 26. I do not often talk to strangers, but my mind being full of the "servant girl" question from what a friend had just told me of his domestic trials, I said a few words on the all embracing topic to a lady who kindly made way for me in an electric car (a courtesy rarely shown even to elderly people). She agreed with me, or, rather, I with her, that the clew out of the labyrinth was a return to a more simple mode of living, which would make us more independent of outside help. 27. There is a fine notice in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, by Colonel T. W. Higginson, of his mother, under the title, *The Woman who Most Influenced me*. Here are the thoughts that impressed me — "I have traced to my mother's direct influence three leading motives of her youngest son's life — the love of personal liberty, of religious freedom and of the equality of the sexes." I take exception to only one point, it is this: Mr. Higginson says "She was, I think, the very last person who read volumes of sermons for pleasure." My sisters and I continue to read them with pleasure into old age: and, catholic in our taste, enjoy Robertson's and Phillips Brooks's as well as Dr. Dewey's,

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Dr. George Putnam's, Dr. A. P. Peabody's, Rev. Frederick Frothingham's, Dr. Brooke Herford's, and others. 29. A strong sermon on Solomon's choice. He asked for wisdom and understanding. The closing application and appeal fine, on *our* making a wise choice—free from selfish reference. *Hiram Golf's Religion*, like *Fishin' Jimmy* and *Aunt Lief*, will do good out of all proportion with its size.

October 6. The sermon on Job, strong and original, arrested and held the attention of a larger audience than usual. 8. Mrs. Forshee of Naples, Illinois, the "shut-in" whose birthday last December was kept by her *Cheerful Letter* friends, who sent her little tokens of remembrance and good-will, has died. "It is pleasant now to think that the last birthday in a life of ninety years, many of them years of suffering, was a happy one," so says the editor. 9. Salvation: What it is and is not, quoted in *The Unitarian*, and written by the late Dr. Crosskey of England, is grandly significant and Truth seems speaking for herself through him. Dr. Crosskey quotes these lines:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter."

He says, "To this great world the life of Jesus Christ is the very utterance of the melody which all saintly souls have heard in their sweetest dreams. Jesus Christ walks on earth the actual image of the glory secretly worshiped for ages, but undescribed and unseen." 10. I have three or four shabby little story-books saved from the ravages of time. Why do not

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mothers preserve a few such to bring back to their children's minds the days, free from grief and pain, if not always as happy as they should be? I have *The Robins*, a book that for its kindness and justice is after the "Dumb Animals' Friends" own heart. In its marbled covers, quaint wood cuts, and stilted style, it enlisted my interest, and is a sight to behold, shabby and ink-stained. It was written by Mrs. Trimmer, and printed by C. S. Francis, in 1827. Will children's stories of 1895 appear as antiquated as *The Robins*, in 1963? Are children's stories ever classics? 13. A heavy storm. No going to church. I read aloud two sermons by Brooke Herford. The first on *The Perseverance of Sinners*, the second on *The Strength of Character the Strength of its Weakest Part*, both transparently clear. 20. Mr. Mott's second sermon on Job powerful; and with a lesson to trust providence, and wait for the explanation of pain, bodily and mental. What Jehovah said to Job, "Stand up and be a man," reminds of Bishop Brooks' couplet. I wonder who wrote that couplet? 21. Dr. Benjamin Cushing's benevolent acts were many and hidden. One of his fine traits seems to have been that he thought others suffered more than he did. That is not a common trait. 25. The great use of a story is its power of winning one's thought from worry or pain, and, therefore, like innocent games, to be cherished, especially by invalids. *Meadow Grass*, *Stories of New England Life*, is true and sprightly. *Heartease* is quite charming—telling of old Lady Lamsen's innocent spree.



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27. Mr. Bagley gave us a powerful sermon, urging us not to be content with wishing "Thy Kingdom Come," but working to bring it in. 28. *Joint Tenants in Spain*, is, perhaps, the most perfect of the *Meadow Grass* stories. However dull, one could scarcely help laughing over it. "Baldin apples as good as bread," reminds me of Robert Colyer's remark to Mrs. Rexford at Weirs, when he met her on the stairs after church, "Lassie, the Dominie's sermon was as good as brown bread." And as much could have been said of his own sermon in the afternoon. But in these days sermons hold their own far better than bread, now the old-fashioned yeast is given up. I should like to taste again the delicious bread of my grandmother's day; it was better than any cake.

November 3. The sermon on "Isaiah's redeeming his people from captivity by words of glorious prophecy." I liked the thought, redeemed from "the shadow of self," so as to regain trust in an overruling providence. In the evening read aloud one of Brooke Herford's sermons, *Paul's Experience of Prayer*, one of his very best. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" not removed, but his heart strengthened. As it dawned on David, Job, and Isaiah that what had seemed so hard in the providence was in the end right, and best for them, so may it dawn on us, and, that strength made perfect even with its weakness still hindering it, is a nobler grace of God than any mere taking of the weakness away. 6. Busy in many ways. One was in writing a sketch of my uncle's life and

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character, and quoting from the two uplifting letters he wrote to us from Lenox, the last summer of his life, in 1842. The president of the Women's National Alliance, Mrs. Dix, is to read this November 11th, before the Unity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., "Study Class." 7. Mrs. M. B. Davis, corresponding secretary of the National Alliance, gave an able address before our branch, shewing a thorough mastery of the subject, The opportunity of Unitarian women to bring many of the unchurched, especially in the vast West, into a reasonable and sustaining faith. 10. Sermon from the Prophet Micah. Able and Inspiring. Text, "What does the Lord require of thee?" A spontaneous sermon, as if the preacher was musing while the fire burned. All along we had been asking for spiritual grace for *ourselves*. Even a spiritual estate may be purchased at the cost of selfishness. We must no longer be content with receiving, but ever ask, "How can I serve?" 13. Pleasant to go once more to the grand historic First Church, Eliot Square, Roxbury. I went to it at the age of seventeen. Many years after I spoke there for the first time in public, in behalf of Sunday-school work. The last time I was there was when Dr. George Putnam gave an address on Lincoln; and when the little man quelled a panic by, in his thrilling voice, crying, "Silence, respect the Lord's house." The panic was caused by the falling of a cricket, and the supposed cracking, I believe, of the gallery, enhanced by some soldiers jumping from a window. The women and chil-

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dren set an example of courage. It was the soldiers who ran away. The annual meeting of the New England Associate Alliance was lighted up by Rev. Mr. De Normandie's graceful address of welcome, by Mr. George W. Stone's stirring talk on *Woman's work in Denominational Affairs*, and by Miss Sarah L. Arnold's address on *Moral Training*. One rarely hears so pleasing, so wise, so inspiring a treatment of such an important subject. Happy for the children, fortunate for Boston, to have so able a Supervisor of Public Schools. There was much else said to good purpose. 17. "A time like this is not a time when the churches should turn from their ideal interests of worship." 19. A friend writes, "I think as Theodore Parker expressed it, 'We are like fish in a vase with a little freedom in our limitations.'" 23. I have a photograph of "The Hours," painted in London in 1801, by Malbone, given by the artist to his sister, Mrs. Harriet Whitehoone, of Newport, and bought from her heirs for \$1,200. On the back is the inscription, "Eunomia, Dice and Irene, The Past, The Present, and The Coming Hour." "The Hours" is in the Athaneum, Providence, R. I. Malbone's miniatures are exquisitely soft and delicate, but "The Hours" is enhanced by the grouping. We see only the profile of Eunomia, the past hour, as, with drooping head, she hastens from us; the coming hour, Irene, leans with smiling face on Dice's shoulder; Dice, the present hour, is the central and most beautiful of the group. 27. I like this thought of G. Stanley Hall, "Doubt the things below you, but never doubt the

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things above you." Also, that new expressions or violent images always proceed either from improper affectation of ignorance of our genuine riches. Renan says, "As I read the gospel of Galilee, the personality of that great Founder had vividly appeared to me."

**December 1.** I like much these words of Dr. William James, "Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and our belief will help create the fact." **6.** "One must be a Christian, not in order to recognize what is heavenly or what is earthly, but because every one must die." I wrote in my first Extract Book, September 19, 1871, the following as a suitable rule in criticizing a book: "There is the book; all that is to be considered is the soundness of its stuff, the fineness of its threads, the clearness and beauty of its coloring, the grace of the flowers woven into its surface. **7.** Goethe says, "The history of man is his character." **19.** I have read with interest F. F. Montrésor's powerful novel called, I think, *Highways and Hedges*. A brief and telling preface is a delightful portal to a book. I read the preface to this one two or three times. **25.** I lost an opportunity to-day. When many had been kind and thoughtful to me, I had not "presence of heart" to shew an interest in a neighbor, who would have valued it. She called to inquire if we knew of the whereabouts of two girls, whom she, being of the Salvation Army, wished to find. Having expressed my regret for my ignorance, she said, "I wish you a Happy Christmas." And when I thanked her for the kind wish she replied, "And Christ with

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you every day." It made me feel that in our repugnance to cant we were too reticent as to our religious convictions. But, at the time, I regretted most that I had not asked her into our pleasant parlor, shewn her our beautiful view of the blue hills and church spires, and given her some of the carnations which adorned our table. I know it would have pleased her. My notes thanking for gifts could have waited. We have much to learn of the rightful observance of Christmas. We give too much to the rich. It is well to remember the children; but still more urgently teach them to give to the aged and the poor. 29. I felt dull at the Communion Service. Perhaps it is unavoidable as one grows older not to look forward anxiously to what another year may bring forth. Even if one is willing to die and hopes for reunion with the beloved, there is an indefinable reluctance to leave the familiar scenes. 31. The last is the most solemn day of the year, for we fail every year in being as kind, as unselfish, as trustful, as every January 1st we resolve to be.

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January 4. There is a delightfully exhilarating ring to Rev. C. G. Ames's *New Year Greeting to the Churches*, in *The Unitarian*. Would not Wesley have written such an one if he had seen light ahead for his cherished faith? 5. My dear brother's birthday. The sermon was a spirited, still better, a spiritual appeal for consecration to love, following our Master's

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example, a dedication of ourselves to that service for man, for which Christ gave his life—a consecration which has been shown by all his faithful followers. “It would be dark, indeed, if the torches of those eager runners were to go out.” Rev. M. J. Savage resigns his prosperous pastorate in Boston. The right way to view this loss is to reflect that he is more needed in New York. Our present course of sermons on “The Greatest Chapters of the Greatest Book” are full of interest and illumination. 8. Mrs. Wm. P. Tilden’s Paper on Puritan customs, on Puritan ministers, on the bare walls, cold pews, long prayers and longer sermons; the badgering of boys at the *noonings*, obliged to listen to notes of the sermon, or worse, give notes, was listened to with appreciation by our Alliance Branch. Ministers were described in those days as *painful*—meaning I believe pains-taking, pains-bearing. Now I am afraid they sometimes think their congregations painful. Cotton Mather put over his study door, “Be Short,” and then taught his flock patience by his lengthy discourse in the pulpit. Dr. Grindall Renolds’ *Papers* prove that his intellectual integrity rivalled his moral. One bright word suggests his personality—*rectitude*. How much too late the Unitarian Festival recognized his ability as a public speaker. Prepared for earnestness and clearness of thought we were surprised and electrified by his ready wit. He was my *granite* friend. Rarely have I been more amazed than when glancing at my bonnet he exclaimed. “These are the most beautiful flowers I ever saw!” Of course, I was

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delighted, for the bonnet makes or mars the woman, and the flowers were to my eye simply perfect in shape, and in shade, from the most delicate lilac to the richest purple all with the sheen of satin : but I said, " You are the last one I should have imagined would notice them ; " he replied, " All my life I have had to strive not to think too much of such things." 21. I am reading over my diary as prepared for publication. Beginning with 1871, I have reached 1881. I try to judge of it as an outsider. I think if it were handed to me as written by some one else my verdict would be it seems true, earnest, and occasionally bright. I am most struck with my tribute to Frederick Douglass and my father's radiant faith in his old age. 31. What a delightful life Dr. Furness's, useful and honored. I heard him preach in 1889, went to his house, he gave me his autograph. At a parishioner's house I saw a photograph of his lovely, holy looking wife. Her face was full of peace, as if she might have been of Quaker descent. How many Unitarian ministers were born in April. Dr. Furness would have been nine-four April 20th.

**February 3.** Made a mistake as I talked, which annoyed me as much as it amused others. Must think before I speak. Meeting-House-Hill church burned down. A thought from an old-fashioned book is, " Take life as you find it and do the best you can with it." 5. Much sympathy is felt for the burning of Dorchester Meeting-House, the old landmark by sea and land, an object-lesson of our plain, sturdy devoted New England ancestry. One

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of the parishioners felt as she saw the steeple fall in as if she were losing a friend. 15. Church entertainments seem unavoidable to a poor society, but should be conducted with care. Ours are honorable. The "Mother Goose Market" on the 14th, was ingeniously devised and well carried out. The melodies supplied the mottos for the tables. The frieze of geese was appropriate and artistic. 16. Snow-storm. No church for us. Read aloud from that powerful book, *A Singular Life*. 17. There is a wise and useful old proverb, supposed to be Persian, "Of the unspoken word you are master. The spoken word is a master of you." "There's nothing like a joke of rubbing the dust off the butterfly's wing of religion." 18. *A Singular Life* teaches a subtle lesson on the obligation of temperance. 19. Miss Muloch says, "I misdoubt many will say I am writing about small, rediculously small things. Yet is not the whole of life made up of infinitesimally small things?" 20. Amiel says, "The great defect of liberal Christianity is that its conception of holiness is a frivolous one, or, what comes to the same thing, its conception of sin is a superficial one." *This is not true of all liberals*. 25. I agree with Colonel Higginson: "It seems half a century too late to assume that the moral virtues or humanitarian enthusiasms of a family are to be tested by its religious observances, its prayers, its hymns, the frequency of its illusions to the Deity." Yet I am confident that "The moral virtues and humanitarian enthusiasms" have no firm foundation



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without fervent personal prayer and public religious worship. I admire Emerson's terse, comprehensive grace "We acknowledge the Giver." The unutterable selfishness of the human heart is only rooted out by the "conscious recognition of God" by ourselves. Traditional piety is a reed on which to lean. 27. Memorial windows are appropriate and beautiful. But I agree with Mr. Chadwick "There is no finer illustration of the great scientific doctrine of the conversion of the energy of a tender grief and an abiding sorrow into the energy of a beneficent activity," "no surer recognition of the inequality of life than by doing something to educate the ignorant or help the poor." How good, too, Mr. Chadwick's favorite symbol "that story of the follower of Mohammed who came to the prophet and told him his mother was dead, and asked him what monument he should raise to her memory, and the prophet answered him, "'Dig her a well in the desert.'"

March 2. Fine what Andrews Norton said, "In listening to Mr. Buckminster one felt as if he were walking in the triumphal procession of truth." 5. Good Governor Greenhalge is dead. People say now that if he had recovered they would not have worked him so hard socially, nor otherwise. Will they remember this in the future? Are we not too hard on ourselves? 10. Fine day for the Dedham Alliance anniversary. But not for me. This is my season of relinquishment. 16. Mrs. Barr's novel, *Bernicia*, grows upon me. At first it seemed too epigrammatic, brilliant, witty. But further on I see how just it is

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in local color. Talk, dress, minutest customs, even to the narrow hair trunk, in keeping with the period, that of George the Second. The women brilliant enough to remind of some of Shakspeare's heroines, the men individual and strong. Whitefield, and his surpassing influence over rich and poor ably drawn. 18. Decline an invitation to hear Mr. E. L. Pierce on the attractive topic of "The fallacy of applying memory to history;" for *we* are too busy conjugating the fallacy of applying memory to sickness. Our present, second attack of Grip is a light shadow compared with that of 1892, but it is heavy enough to tax patience. 23. Howell's *The Day of their Wedding* is a delicate bit of Shaker Pleasantry, a finely spun cobweb of Shaker love-making, with an odd and provoking end, but natural as the result of conscientious and ascetic scruples. 28. How to maintain dignity, and yet be considerate, is the problem to solve with that airy combination of difficulties—many nurses.

April 7. I have been reading since April came in, with much interest, *The Life of William and Lucy Smith*, which teaches a beautiful lesson of true marriage, full of faithfulness and courtesy to the end. I should prefer the book, without the quotations from his writings, for a *Life* should be a personality, revealed by a diary, an autobiography, or letters, rather than thought—however, pure and profound. But, in criticising, I would not lose the inspiring lesson of so saintly a soul as William Smith, nor the charm of the exquisitely-human nature of his wife, full of

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quips and quirks of wholesome gaiety. Rarely do we meet with such humility as his, and such joy in thought — pure and simple — so free from self-reference. 10. Lucy Smith felt acutely the barbarism that recklessly destroys nature's wayside decoration. I felt a similar indignation to-day as my eye tried to scale the sky-scraping structure erected on the site of the old Tremont House. There is danger to life and limb in these lofty buildings, but to put one in a narrow street is unendurable. But what good is there in protesting? Boston, dear old Boston, how art thou desecrated! Our national lack of reverence is pitiable and pitiless. The tearing down of the Hancock House, dismal as was its loss, is a straw of discomfort compared with one of these fearful structures in so hideous a position. The English respect and carefully protect landmarks. Soon *we* shall have none to respect. Our ancient Common, dear from its very name as belonging to all, is constantly threatened. We barely saved the Old South. How long shall we hold Faneuil Hall and the *Old* Statehouse? 22. The best recipe for dullness is activity — if possible kindly work for another. Moods cannot be controlled, but time can be employed. For holy duty's sake, for one another's sake, we must live bravely to-day, to-morrow, and then to-morrow, till days cease. Rev. C. E. St. John says, "the real greatness of the human soul is aroused by nothing save difficulty." 24. A friend called, who said the 21st was her 72d birthday, and that she was being let down hill very gently. What a beautiful record is hers — a long life of gentleness, patience, and thorough

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goodness, and, now, tranquil recognition of the approaching sunset.

**May 3.** An excellent sermon from the text "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" Following Christ, we should take this for our life's motto; remembering that nothing in our daily life is too small, too common, to become grand done in our Father's sight, as his work. Rev. C. G. Ames said of Dr. Furness, "I have heard him say that a small congregation never depressed him. If what he had to say was of no consequence, the fewer hearers, the better; but, if vital truth could once be spoken so as to reach a few it would sound on in the world forever." Mr. Ames says we might describe Dr. Furness in the phrases used by Dr. Bartol of Starr King: 'That healthy man,—nothing the matter with him.' All his higher and more serious qualities gained a part of their richness and charm from his inexhaustible fund of humor and good cheer. Among his books, Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith were his boon companions. I should think Philadelphia would be full of his bright sayings. Sportive and jocund, with never a drop of acid or a touch of coarseness, he was a charming companion and raconteur, and would meet you on his own threshold, not with any commonplace about the weather, but with some bit of pleasantry, some mention of the last bright book, or some noble anecdote. As Mr. De Normandie has said, "the years mellowed and enriched every part of a nature from the beginning singularly beautiful." 10. Samuel Longfellow said of Theodore Parker that he lacked

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reverence for other men's reverence. Do not many of us err in this respect? 11. Our Gravenstein apple tree is a glory of bloom, a white splendor of blossoms, remarkably large, and so closely clustered that its leaves are hidden. 16. Rev. Mr. Bagley's lecture must have been very interesting. He proved Shakspeare to have been a student of the Bible from his allusions to Genesis, Matthew, Acts and other books. 17. Rev. Mr. Mott read a fine extract (I must ask from where) closing with the words "widening the skirts of light." This sermon was from the text furnished by J. R. Lowell, and inscribed on the dome of the Congressional Library, now building. "As one lamp lights another, nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness." When we fail ourselves we must seek light from some nobler one, who will not lose by imparting it to us. A grand allusion to Governor Armstrong's reply when Hampton's success was doubted, "I will give it my life." 23. A room in pimlico order. What does *pimlico* mean? Pondered on the strange slackening of intimacies as time goes on, the cooling of friendships. Some neglects are specially mean. One is the neglect of paying one's pew rent promptly. 25. Struck with the length of the First Church, feared we should not be heard by the listening Alliance; many seem deaf. Wished I had been promoted to the pulpit, for the sounding-board helped later speakers. A young woman told me she was interested in my first suggestion that we should lay the emphasis on *spiritual* culture. She felt, as I did, that in obituaries chief stress was laid on mental achievement. Instanced two obitu-

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aries of a dear friend, one brimming over with secular traits, the other dealing with the fine, enduring ones. She spoke with personal gratitude of what Miss Lilian Clarke (a woman of culture, too), had been to her and other young girls in their religious nurture. I do not know how it is with others, but I have learned more in the course of my long life from the humble, unconsciously good, than from the wise and prudent. I enjoyed the only anniversary meeting I was able to attend. There were excellent practical suggestions, such as the by-laws, "Interest primarily in religious development," use the material you have, do not seek outside speakers or writers, be individual, encourage the social element. A merited, and glowing tribute to Rev. Helen Putnam for her heroic ministry at the West, from Mrs. Dix. 27. Our Norway Maple is finer than ever. Its first appearance the most beautiful, the abundant leaves a glowing brown, topped by reddish blossoms. Too quickly its leaves turn a dark green, then yellow. 31. Rain keeping me from church, I wrote to my missionary friend in Japan. I sent her *A Memory of Mrs. Abraham Firth*. The latter was a noble woman, a genuine missionary to the *heathen at home*. She reminded me of Mary L. Ware, being a delightful stepmother. I do not know how it is with others, but in reading I am often attracted by salient passages.

June 8. Miss Adelia Gates talks to our Alliance Branch. She seemed so glad that she had not written a book, or got into the newspapers, that I hesitate to speak of her wonderful travelling powers. Yet the

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way she has gone about the world, in health and enjoyment, with little money, and free from much impedimenta, merits emulation. She is a genuine child of nature. Her talk more amusing than a lecture by affording opportunity for asking questions, suggesting difficulties, and combating propositions, California, Ireland, Greece, Algiers, Central Africa, etc., illustrated by their flora, exquisitely painted by her busy hands, bearing testimony to her diligence, and delightful proof of her health and happiness. I exclaimed "You are the most wonderful woman I have met (I forgot for the moment Ramabai), and the happiest." She did not deny the "happiest," nor that she had been free from anxiety, which I told her accounted for it. I concluded in my own mind that not to be anxious is better than to travel even to old age. 15. So much interested in Rev. Mr. Cuckson's "strong and definite" speech anniversary week, that I must quote a sentence with which I wholly agree (for every one does not read the *Christian Register* as faithfully as I do). "Education in the shape of schools and colleges has its legitimate claims upon public benevolence; philanthropy in all its forms may justly plead for help. But, in my humble judgment, The Christian Church and its agencies overtop them all in importance and durable good. Touch the religious life of men for its strength and betterment, and you touch all the secret springs of character and mould the entire life of a community, a State, a nation, but allow that to languish, and no success in any direction will atone for failure there." 17. Ores-

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tes A. Brownson said "Democracy is the supremacy of man over his accidents." I am inclined to think *humor* is the supremacy of man over his accidents. 18. I was charmed at an ideal out-of-door wedding breakfast. The cheerful hospitality of the hosts merits a glowing tribute. Beauty, gaiety, and wealth are not often so signally eclipsed by universal good will. 26. Charles Dudley Warner "sees that what is wanted in this country at this time is not writers, but discriminating readers. 'It behooves us to beat our pens into paper-cutters, and go to work studying the good literature of the world.' It is a strange misconception of the truth to imagine that to be a mediocre producer of commonplace 'literature' so called, is more to be desired than an appreciation of what is genuine and fine." 27. I have copied 250 pages of my Diary for publication. It may seem presumptuous to hope, but I do hope that some of it is in the "light, delicate style" so much admired of S. W. Holmes and his biographer. 30. Finished *The Governor's Garden*, ingenious and creditable.

July 2. President Eliot using English for the first time in giving a degree, said "Minot Judson Savage, *Truth seeker*, proving all things, holding fast to the good. *Orator*, persuasive, vehement, eloquent." Mr. George W. Stone's comment was "In these well-chosen words, we may find the real character of the man summed up." 5. The sermon and Communion Service consoling. The description of Christ's birth and childhood picturesquely beautiful. Wisdom in a nut-shell are these words of Kate Gannett Wells



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"Never too poor, too ugly, too sick, too friendless, to be useful to some one." 11. Attended the funeral of one whom I am proud to call my friend. To whom was that prince of courtesy, that Christian gentleman, George W. Wales, not a friend? 12. Rev. Herbert Mott preached. He has a pleasant, even voice, ease of manner, mastery of his subject—Salvation by *character*. Walter Scott's words on his death-bed to his son-in-law, "Be a good man, dear," made me think of the friend who merited the blessed title, just passed on. 14. We have lately received a file of letters written by our father to his brother William, from 1807 to 1842. It is touching to see how carefully our uncle preserved the crude letters of the youth with the thoughtful and grateful ones of the mature man. Jan. 22, 1831, my father wrote, "Pray for me. I delight in prayer, it is a refuge, a rock that sustains my very soul. You see that I unbosom myself to you, for I know that I shall have your sympathy and prayers." 16. It is well that the *many women* in our churches have the "Alliance" to rouse them to religious and denominational duty. Some one has truly said, "How easy it is to do kindly things, if one only wants to!" 20. The poetry read at Mr. Wales's funeral was written by Eliza Scudder (whose hymns in our Unitarian Hymn Books are both tender and full of cheer). It seemed to me that the most beautiful selection I had heard at a funeral, and unusually appropriate to Mr. Wales's character. It would not have been appropriate to one whose life had been set in the minor key. Most certainly whatever else

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we forget, we never forget when we were shabby, mean, or inconsiderate. 22. A friend writes, "What a world of sorrow (and joy also). How do we have courage to live any way?" 23. To the funeral of another dear friend. What a contrast her secluded, shadowed life in the dear old homestead and that of her father, brother, husband, and noble young son, who lost their lives in the service of their country. But life was a battle-field to her as well as to her beloved, and she, also, fought the good fight. Many seem going home. 27. A friend kindly wished me wafted to Ohio. I reply "I am no 'Will of the Wisp'" (as she has been); "when I was born in Boston in 1818, and when removed to Milton in 1847, the dictum was "There shalt thou be!" And, though I see the truth of what I read lately. "Ah! you don't know how important the smallest things appear if one lives in a little corner of the world where nothing happens," and though I am aware of the wholesome friction change of scene and society impart, yet ever clear to me is the fact that wisdom and deep experience result not from travelling about, but from spiritual nurture and growth." Some one says in a well-written novel, "I can forgive them (the clergy) their assumption of superiority, their inability to meet honest scepticism with anything like fairness, their continual bickering among themselves; but I cannot forgive them the harm they are doing to religion, the discredit they are bringing upon it by their bigoted views and obsolete ideas."

August 3. My father wrote to his brother William,  
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July 25, 1842, " . . . I have felt at times (during his daughter Mary's illness) that my strength would fail me when most needed, but blessed be God, my prayers for aid have been answered and I stand ready by the grace of God to do and suffer whatever his holy hand shall lay upon me, and to derive all possible instruction from the dealings of His hand. God is infinitely good. This thought is enough to reconcile me to every chastisement." Aug. 4, 1842, he writes, "The dark cloud is dispersed. The life of my child is precious to me. Her death when it comes, if sanctified by religion as I have witnessed for many times lately will be much more precious. Mary was deeply interested in every word of your letter. Desired me to give her best love and thank you for so kindly remembering her." 13. We have been overwhelmed with the past heat. It has been more persistent than that of 1869, and 1870. In 1870 we had west wind to blessedly cool the nights. *East* wind to-day; often anathematized, but surely a welcome visitor after such protracted heat. My dear grandmother wished she had "carriage friends." We have one who kindly sends her Victoria to "stay-at-homes." How grateful the moderated breeze, and how I wished I knew more about trees and wild flowers. I have no woodland lore; but I noted the wild grape-vine festooning and sometimes cloaking a lofty tree, a special pretty spray of golden-rod, and heaps of yellow tansy. 15. A charming drive through the Blue Hill reservation. What has become of the wild roses that used to blush by the Milton roadsides?

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Their absence was partly supplied by an abundance of what looked like a small *yellow* wild rose. But a friend assures me that it was probably the evening primrose. 16. I am reading aloud O. W. Holmes's *Life and Letters*. It is very suggestive. To an outsider there does not seem anything unique in the circumstances attending his birth, but true of him, as of all of us, are these fine words of his "the infancy of every human being born under favorable conditions is full of inspiration, which acts in the consciousness long before it has found words to express its exalted and excited emotions." His letters to his cherished schoolmate, Phineas Barnes, are excellent for a youth, and the more remarkable that he did not take to letter-writing with gusto at any period of his life. His able biographer says, "In his own family the Doctor was not considered an adept in letter-writing. His wife used to say, in her lively way: 'Oh, Wendell can't write a letter; he seldom knows what to tell, and never knows how to say it.'" This is a delightfully familiar touch; and more would have been welcome. Dr. Holmes "himself admitted that the task was not agreeable, or stimulating. He wrote 'It always comes a little hard for me to put my thoughts on paper for a friend. It is so much slower than talking! *That* I am more at home in; and there is always so much more in the response of bright mobile features than in the blank stare of a sheet of white paper.' He was philosophical about the inevitable "*paring*" of home expenses to supply funds for his life in Paris. But he grandly repaid his parents

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by his assiduous attention to the study of his chosen profession. 23. "The greatest thing in life is life,—life in its fulness and totality. It is this that education should set its face toward. Its end should be wholeness, integrity, and nothing less than this." Sainte Beuve once wrote, "The greatest poet is not he who has done the best; it is he who suggests the most; he, not all of whose meaning is at first obvious, and who leaves you much to desire, to explain, to study; much to complete in your turn." 27. Continue to read Holmes' *Life and Letters*. To me a book is good if I want to quote from it. *This* is so suggestive that I scarcely know how to stop quoting. I enjoyed the only mistake I observed of the bright Doctor's, for it is one I have made all my life, "*Two* first lines" instead of *First two* lines. There can be but one first.

**September 8.** A glorious sunset, wonderfully gorgeous. It somehow reminded me of the shading of a rainbow, a rainbow glorified. It was as if a window were opened to us and we beheld Heavenly glory. Most of us are singularly obtuse to the "pageant of life." 9. Yesterday's sunset was followed to-day by torrents of rain and violent wind. My father was reverent. It pained him to hear us complain of the weather. To him sunshine and shade were equally providential. 10. What Octavius Brooks Frothingham said of my cousin William Henry Channing was as true as it was fine, "Death had no bitterness. It was rather an exhalation than a dissolution." 20. A bracing sermon, with the inspiring title, "Life's Bugle

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Call" and for text, Paul's "Press On," "Press On." I am confident that an appealing rather than a reasoning sermon takes hold of the average mind. The drift of the sermon was — lose no time in attempting to unravel life's mystery, do the next hour's work, it will be all right at night. In the stirring battle of life some familiar phrase, some verse, some word repeated half mechanically will often do us more good than all the explanations and reasonings of philosophy. "Through the intricacies of human struggle run the currents of God's will." "Life gains wonderfully in attractiveness as soon as we cease to plan for the universe." 30. Last Sunday Eliza Scudder was buried in Weston from Rev. Mr. Russell's church, together with her sister, Mrs. Andrews. Miss Scudder's hymns are among our best, full of solemn cheer.

October 1. A delightful drive. Two trees outside the Milton Cemetery were arrayed in autumnal glory. 9. The largest meeting I recall of directors and other officers of the National Alliance at the Board meeting. I perhaps unwisely crossed the Common to reach Arlington St., considering my late lameness. It was amusing that I, Boston born, should be obliged to inquire twice which path to take. I shrink from the streets. The noise and confusion of the sub-way and the tangling of the electric cars is simply fearful. 10. Mrs. Laura Richards' *Marie* is an airy, picturesque little story. My favorite amongst hers. 11. One of the most perfect church services I ever attended. The singing harmonious, the prayer comforting and uplifting, the text — "The angel of His pres-

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ence saved us"—the sermon, the voice, the delivery unexceptionable, crowned by The Lord's Prayer—slowly and reverently given. Sometimes I fancy I could give the ministers a useful hint; one would be trust to your middle voice, don't speak so low (in order to be solemn) as not to be heard, above all do not speak so loud (in order to be heard by the deaf) as to cause pain to all your hearers; the deaf cannot be made to hear, and you must not preach in vain. 13. I have several letters to answer. My correspondents remind me of the "Robins" in Mrs. Trimmer's story, with their mouths open, eager for the worms the faithful parent birds are seeking. Perhaps my friends are not so eager for an answer as I imagine, perhaps they, too, like to feel out of debt. Type-writing is useful, but I rejoice that the *individual pen* will last through my day, when so much dear to me is becoming obsolete. I am old-fashioned, and I am not ashamed of so being, I love the old times and their *canny* ways. 19. The Quincy Branch Alliance received my discursive talk with indulgence. I had a grand subject—"The study of the Bible, the way in which it should be pursued, and the advantage to be gained from it." I emphasized the duty of studying it with a reverent but fearless heart. I congratulated the Branch on the admirable President, who sees so clearly and aims so steadily at the purpose Miss May maintained from the first should be the purpose of the National Alliance, not intellectual culture, but spiritual growth. 26. In driving through the rear of Massachusetts avenue we saw sorry poverty, miserable tenements, their

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flat roofs being patched for the wintry blasts, a wretched cow deserting the stunted grass to scramble amidst the debris bordering it. Would there be need of so many hospitals as we passed if the poor had more decent houses to live in? Well, the poor have lost a friend in Colonel Peabody, whose grand and solemn funeral occurred to-day. Would that more of the rich felt as he did, that it is better to give in life, as well as leave money to be dispensed by others. 31. Flag-day in Boston. Not since the Civil War has there been so widespread patriotic enthusiasm, so clear an estimate of what is at stake in the election of the next President of this great nation.

**November 2.** To the confused and crowded city. A lovely young girl took my hand and led me from the electric car to the sidewalk. When she is as old may as kind a hand lead her, and as sweet a smile encourage. 4. First meeting for the season of our Alliance Branch was earnest and satisfactory. We hope for a vigorous year. That was a fine word of Mr. Archibald Howe at Greenfield. He said he believed "the revival of liberal Christianity brought about by the National Woman's Alliance, had probably been the saving of our denomination." Yesterday, voting day, Nature herself seemed breathless, as if she knew what trembled in the balance. 15. *Dejected* seems to me one of the saddest of words, as if one, for the moment, had lost resolution and pluck to strive for light and strength. 19. Would that at home, in school, in society, we could teach our children to speak low and move gently. The world is so noisy now-a-



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days, and I fancy ours is the banner-nation for making a noise. 22. A grand sermon on "The Puritan." It awakened us to what we owe to our ancestors. I took Mrs. Greene's place in teaching the Bible Class. I said that it did not trouble me that the Gospel narratives varied. I should be suspicious if they were precisely alike. The youngest scholar remarked a lawyer was doubtful when testimony absolutely agreed. Another scholar asked what I thought of the miracle of the multitude fed on a little bread and fish. I answered, "it, perhaps, might be reconciled in this way, that, led by high discourse, the soul was so fed there was no hunger of the body to be appeased." Certainly the miracles of *healing* are the most easily understood. 24. Our Alliance had a delightful "morning with Oliver Wendell Holmes." After my paper on his *Life and Letters*, the members of the class came bravely to the support of my opinion that the book was unusually suggestive. Mr. Mott, while admiring Dr. Holmes, thought he might have developed into a greater poet had he taken a loftier stand (I suppose on the Slavery question), certainly in a more pronounced adherence to Unitarianism. Said he agreed with me exactly when I answered his question as to Holmes's evolving into a greater poet, by saying "Perhaps we cannot do more than follow the bent nature seems to have chosen for us." Several of the Alliance members were evidently smitten with the sonorous swing of *The Chambered Nautilus* (Dr. Holmes's favorite), while I closed with the opinion that *The Last Leaf* is akin by its simplicity to

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the parables of the New Testament, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Lord's Prayer. I did not know before to-day that *The Last Leaf* was written in Dr. Holmes's youth. Of the fine quotations read or repeated, the one that pleased me most was *The Voiceless Singer*, for how all my life I have longed to be able to sing in church, and how difficult it is to keep clear from self-reference.

December 5. "Amiel wrote once 'Is everything I have produced taken together anything better than withered leaves?'" Reading such words as these, and remembering the increasing power of that same *Journal* to help and sustain others, one realizes again how little one can estimate the real worth of what one does and says. 6. A noble sermon on the Fatherhood of God. There came over me an unusual and irresistible persuasion of how little time is left me to do my Father's will, and how if I could keep that steadily before me, trust would conquer fear and anxiety. I thought, too, that the tenderness of human affection was the most convincing proof of Our Father's love, for whence comes it but from that love? 9. Mrs. Lesley's paper on *Opportunity* was fine, and called out much suggestive talk. If we go on as we have begun we shall have a profitable, as well as pleasant Alliance in 1897. 11. Meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Alliance. I congratulated the Board on the advent of a delightfully new director. Many of us are earnest and faithful, but very few lively. I must not forget a beautiful quotation of Mrs. Lesley's, to the effect that there

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were not many geniuses in the world, and we did not need many (sometimes, I think, we have too many, get tired of them, perhaps they shine most in their books), while we can never have too many *friendly* people. 13. A second searching sermon in behalf of a revival of religion, on the "Brotherhood of man." "Oh, that we might everyone be a revelation of the love of God." 15. I have written a second New Year's Greeting for the *Unitarian*. Mr. Mott says the personal word is valued. How mine would glow and inspire if my pen were true to my wish. For a few days we have been busy, not happily, conjugating the differing and increasing stages of colds and coughs. Health is lovable. 20. A most beautiful day. And we not able to go to our Christmas celebration. But the people and the minister fortunately know that we do not stay from church from inclination. My thoughts naturally recur to that saddest winter of our lives, 1891, when the Grippe kept us home for months. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney writes, Dec. 4, "How hard a part of growing old it is, that one *cannot* keep up the dear old neighborly intimacies! And yet the heart feels all the nearer, and the looking back is intimacy and strengthened regard." 21. Henry L. Pierce's love for his mother was a most beautiful trait, and sheds sunshine on his more rugged qualities. After her death her rocking-chair and book were kept sacredly by the window where she used and left them. How considerate his leaving the same sum, \$3,000, to all the churches in Milton village. How admirably free he was from vanity. Giving to well-established charities,

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schools, colleges, with no self-reference or desire to perpetuate his own name. 23. A friend, with her gift, sent me her best wishes and blessing, signing herself "your distant, and unmet, but loving friend." I have three others, one my missionary friend in Japan. 27. Our minister's prayer was full of the wonders and the blessings of the past year. We could awake to these even this closing week. The text was "Watch, watch, I say unto you watch." 28. A funny letter was a cordial to our tired frames and perturbed spirits. 29. Our English cousin called. While talking he said he had been admiring our fruit dishes. We had thought them beautiful, as well as old, and shall be greatly pleased if he finds out from the numbers that they are, also, valuable. He said he had lately taken tea with the Duke of Westminster out of similar china teacups. He told us, to our surprise, that he warmed his house by open fires. A friend in the evening, who was not long since in one of the best London hotels, said there was no elevator and no furnace. She thought England decidedly without comforts; but noticed with pleasure how much more correctly servants and others spoke than people of the same position in America. As Rome has an elevator, perhaps London will follow suit. Surely Rome needs a furnace by all accounts. 30. We read with delight of the poor mill children's apple scramble in Goffstown, N. H. If one only embraced every opportunity to comfort and cheer, not deterred because one can do but little to relieve the world's woe, and waited patiently for the riddle of his mysterious existence to

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be cleared up, how much he could add to the sum of human happiness and help to lessen his own heartache. 31. The most solemn day in the whole year. The school is dismissed, the last lesson learned and said, and the last prayer uttered or unuttered of the many that perhaps have kept us a little milder, a little straighter, a little more forgiving. An appalling account in a newspaper of the summing up of some of the most prosperous mortals as to whether life is worth living. Our business is to ask ourselves if we have done the best we could with *our* lives. And most particularly of the year 1896. Our family record has been overfull of sickness. But we have had many helps by the way. Our nation has redeemed itself again gloriously. And in our home life we have been succored by thoughtful sympathy and kindness. Have I failed to keep my motto for this year, "To be more unselfish, more patient, more trustful?"

### Diary of 1897

**January 1.** The second New Year's dinner with dear neighbors was very pleasant. One of the four guests hoped we might meet another year. It seemed to me an almost presumptuous hope. I did not forget the "forlorn" ones as I sat at the cheerful feast, the very poor and the very sick. **3.** The prayer appealed to me. How little Christian we are. Fit neither for earth nor heaven if we cannot forgive the most refractory of our fellow-creatures. **4.** Reading aloud from *The Pointed Firs*. **6.** Mr. Cuckson

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gave us an able and vigorous lecture on Carlyle. I told him how I enjoyed his calm yet earnest manner. I don't like to be obliged to accept another's views at the point of a bayonet. 8. Sometimes it seems as if our friends' peculiarities, *queeralities*, annoyed us more than their faults. This, of course, is reciprocal. For instance, a drawl, egotism—in all its hydra-headed forms, how impatient we get with them and they with us. But the time comes when we forget what annoyed, and remember the graces and virtues that make imperfect men and women after all lovable. 10. Guard against asking Did you not think that fine? of a sermon, or a lecture, of a picture, or a book, for the reply may come discourteous or false. 15. I have been reading with delight Ian Maclaren's *A Doctor of the Old School*. The orthodox accuse liberals of lack of faith and reverence, but occasionally use a freedom in discussing sacred themes from which a liberal shrinks. 17. I greatly liked what the minister said, on the spur of the moment, "Home the resting-place of the soul." Young people would not hastily marry if their eyes were open to this truth. 19. Here follows a sentiment I must quote. "I suppose that every human creature be he ever so paltry, has his hour of effulgence, an hour when the mortal veil grows thin and the divine image stands revealed, endowing him, for a brief space at least, with a kind of awful beauty and majesty."—What a pity that women in their desire to appreciate a sermon or a lecture use an inappropriate or excessive epithet in praise. 21. Some one says, "I like a comfortable middling view of things."

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So do I; we need "the light touch" to balance the prevailing seriousness of life. 22. Introduced to Miss Beatrice Herford. How much I have wished to hear her. Some one said that her gift of mimicry was so great that her own father did not know her, as, disguised as a poor child, she stood on the doorstep, and tried to persuade him to buy her wares. She was so persistent that he threatened to call an officer, when she exclaimed, "you are too much of a gentleman to do that." I asked her why she did not personate Miss Austin's immortal Mr. Collins (forgetting Dr. Herford's profession), his daughter replied that she did not personate men. Well, if I could not see her, it pleased me when a friend, who did, said he thought of me and how I would have enjoyed it. 24. Elizabeth Stuart-Phelps says, "Next to Holiness, nothing is so enviable as health. I am not ashamed to say it—I would rather be well than be Shakspeare." "The restlessness of our times in which all men are driven by 'the whip of the sky,' and leisure is a lost art." "Life is to us what we are," how true. 26. I am reading a sheaf of five stories by Graham Travers called *Fellow Travellers*. It seems to me very discriminating, very fine. 27. Mr. Crothers, in our fourth lecture was delightful on the *Enjoyment of Poetry*. His "light touch," his ready wit, was honored throughout. I told him he had turned me into a poet; I should have said, taught me how to read it. When I was young I tried my hand at a bit of blank verse (blank enough). I think I found it in fragments after many days in my father's pocket-book or

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waistcoat pocket. My father loved his daughter, though he could not admire her attempt at poetry, of which he was a good judge. Mr. Crothers unwittingly instructed by charming. After the lecture Rev. Mr. Stebbins delighted me by saying, *Truth* must be our aim—even *disagreeable* truth. May I have a hospitable mind, trusting the intuitions of my own soul, while reverently respecting the authority of the dwellers on the heights.

February 2. A pleasant call from the Brothers Mott. Rev. Herbert is interesting, though more reserved than our minister. We talked of Alliance work, Miss Herford's talent, Uncle William's Stuart portrait, Mr. Calthrop's avalanche of talk, etc., etc.—3. Startled and grieved to hear of the sudden death of a dear neighbor and friend. Not that sudden death for the individual is to be deplored, it is a welcome reprieve from possible dulling of the brain, or protracted suffering of the body. It is a monition to survivors to be ready. 7. Five years to-day since our minister preached to us his first sermon. To-day he appealed to us to go forward, not to stand waiting for more truth, but to live up to what we had attained. 10. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvey* is odd. Is it half truth and half fiction? If true, she must have been an anxious inmate of the quaint home, in spite of her loving ways. 11. At our Alliance I introduced the meeting by reading R. L. Stevenson's very beautiful and tender prayer written for his family in distant Samoa, the night before he died. Lately I have read an account of how pained he had been by severe criticism,



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and how he had "written in one of the last letters to which he set his trembling pen, 'I am an idler and cumberer of the ground. It may be excused to me, perhaps, by twenty years of industry and ill health which have taken the cream off the milk. . . . I am almost ready to call the world an error. Because? Because I have not drugged myself with successful work, and there are all kinds of unfriendly trifles buzzing in my ear.' Like Keats and Amiel he never knew how the world loved him. 14. A very earnest sermon from the text "The life is more than meat." A plea to the heart of man and woman against injustice to the brother man, against the intense and growing love of money and of what money can buy. A plea to put our Christianity into our practical daily life. This is the one way to save our republic. How can one poor woman do it?—by paying her debts promptly, by quiet dress, and by increasing the wages of those she employs where she knows it is deserved, though not demanded. 16. A friend writes, "When this world is *so* beautiful does it not seem strange that human lives should be so tempest-tossed?" Somehow we must get rid of despondent thoughts, for, as Addison says "There is no real life but cheerful life." Is *Alice in Wonderland* as comical as on the first reading? Or is the fault in myself? 25. If all had been well at home I might have been at Hyde Park. I would like to have heard Rev. S. J. Barrows on the Mythology of the New Testament, a topic he is so well fitted to treat. I see him seldom, but I never forget his kind encouragement to print *Kindling*

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*Thoughts.* Then I used to fancy myself a rather important element in the Norfolk Conference. It is not pleasant, but it is wholesome, to learn that our little world gets on very well without us. 28. The earnest discourse urging us to do all we can at our small sacrifice to spreading the consoling, uplifting, and, as we confidently believe the *true* views held by Unitarian Christians.

March 1. Another sudden death of a near, and dear old friend, the Lady Bountiful of our acquaintance, always doing for others — without self-reference. 7. Chilly. No church for us to-day. "Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time." 8. Rev. Robert Colyer Douthit called. I told him how years ago I was impressed by his father's eloquence at one of the Saratoga Conferences, how he took us all by storm. He said that his father still held an audience spell-bound when speaking on the overmastering topic of abstinence. He said if people knew their family history they would understand his father's position. He did not seem as hopeful as I have been in the improved social aspects of the question. 10. Damp, but reached our Alliance Meeting. Miss Tolman of the Church of the Disciples affected me as a sister of Dickens's Brothers Cheeryble. Her Paper on *Is it right for rich women to work for money?* was able, comprehensive, suggestive. 12. Differing views at the Board meeting in regard to the character of the Papers to be offered (especially) to remote

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branches in the fall. One thought that they should be entirely of a specific religious character, another, that at first, and mainly, of this order, others taking into account the differing aptitude, the fact of the existence of Bible classes and religious-study classes, the limits should not be confined. 14. A fine sermon on "The Divine Face," which we can discern in all aspects of nature and of life if ours is the right point of view. 17. A full and cordial meeting of Norfolk Alliance branches. I hope our new birth will last longer than our first, which seemed to die a natural death. Miss Kimball thinks it was caused by my illness in 1892. 20. It is right and wise to make preparation for death. The Hicksite Quakers, perhaps all Quakers, have the yearly custom of saying in meeting, "you will not die a day sooner for making a will, and it is your duty to do it to save trouble for those who come after you." I should like to add, "give all you can while you are alive." 21. The subject of Mr. Secrist's sermon was the reasonableness of sympathy, and how as disciples of Christ we are bound to shew it. The sermon impelled me to cross the aisle and shake hands with two young strangers. It is better to be a "How d'ye do" church, as James Freeman Clarke's was called, than a keep-to-yourself church. 26. We have to bear with all sorts of people, and they with us, but among the hardest to tolerate are the intolerant. I rejoice that I belong to a denomination that does not feel contaminated by worshipping with fellow-Christians of differing creeds. 27. A capital piece in *The Transcript* on *The Value of Mental*

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*Training*, by W. G. Jordan. A view I have vaguely held, that individual observation and individual thinking should train the mind. Mr. Jordan believes the senses should be exercised constantly and progressively, (1) in taking clear, distinct images; (2) in vivid reproductions; (3) in increasing the grasp of each sense; and (4) in widening its range. Such a method is calculated to make a man's mental capital instantly available. It teaches him to have all his powers in mental cash, not in checks, notes or other prospective form. This training no "education" gives. 28. An able sermon on the life, character, faith, writings of Professor Henry Drummond; of how he saw everywhere "the Divine Face," and how the world welcomed his brief but living work on *The Greatest Thing in the World*. 31. Meeting of our Alliance Branch. A stirring paper from Mrs. Fifield (it ought to be given everywhere) on our Unitarian Faith and what our women are doing to advance it.

April 2. We send nearly fifty volumes to Greenville, South Carolina, to the plucky women who are ready to depend on their own exertions to build up a church, but are glad of books for their "Viola Neb-litt" Library. 4. Excellent sermon on the Soul's haunting cry for God. A cry stifled by this life's engrossing cares, and a singular blindness to the possible near summons to the other. When I think of the faithful Unitarians whose works do praise them, I am perplexed by the empty pews seen now-a-days. I wonder if we shall continue to have an equal number of God-fearing, man-loving members of our denomina-

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tion with this neglect of church privileges. I sincerely believe ours to be the most consistent and happiest Christian faith; how can I wake my fellow Christians to the duty and joy of public worship? How fill them with the reverence that inspired my uncle's preaching, with the faith and love that "radiated" from Phillips Brooks? 7. I like a passage from Holmes's *Over the Teacups*. It reminded me of the lovely vision of wind-blown leaves circling the tree top which took to my father's fading eyesight the form of children dancing, and which he called us to witness from his chamber window. If one cannot see very clearly in old age, how blessed to see nothing painful or perplexing. 11. I am glad not to have outlived hand-writing. Type-writing saves time; but letters will be shorn of much charm when we lose characteristic hand-writing — occasionally, also, graceful and distinct. I may be mistaken, but I think type-writing would fetter thought, that it could not flow and inspire as when the pen dances or rushes along. Some hand-writing I have seen affects me like a smile or a tender, sympathetic tone. I have just written a benediction in a friend's autograph book. She has capital and characteristic sentiments from many famous. I envy her Emerson's autograph and others. 12. Boston, the city of my early love, is growing hideous to me. An eleven- or thirteen-story store dwarfing our historic State House, and barbaric stone structures on the *subway mall*, suggest that the love of pelf is destroying not only sentiment, but justice. 13. Read to my sisters our minister's Palm Sunday ser-

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mon, entitled *Crowned*. One of them paid it the high compliment of asking "is that all?" 14. Our last Alliance meeting was a success, so many joined in it, reading fine extracts from Holmes, Whittier, Eugene Field. A friend's singing of *Calvary* was glad, and of Field's *Little Boy Blue* most melodious. I wish it had occurred to me to make it an Easter occasion, as some one said would have been appropriate. 15. It is finely said of Johanna Ambrosius, the Peasant poet of Germany, "Among the many who are in bondage she appears to have attained freedom. Such a voice and such a life teach again the old, old lesson that neither time nor place nor outward circumstance make the essential worth of the human soul, that neither plenty nor comfort nor health nor happiness make life, that it is possible to possess all things — nature, self, and God — while having nothing." 21. Important suggestions at our second meeting of Norfolk Branches. Faulty *Church* manners condemned. Whether it would not be wise for the minister of every Unitarian church to state our belief as accepted unanimously by the National Unitarian Conference, every blessed Sunday of our lives. 23. My birthday was made happy by love-letters, books, flowers, useful gifts, and thoughtful kindness. 25. A strikingly fine sermon on "The tempestuous wind — the Eurochydou." For my part I think it assails women oftener than men, in the ever-recurring imbroglio of domestic life.

May 22. The three weeks just passed have been full of unusual anxiety and care. Discipline is

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good for us, but we do not love it. Great sorrow has come to a dear friend in the sudden summons of her only son from the earth he was well-fitted to bless to the heaven for which he was ripe. 24. Managed to reach our Alliance Meeting (my one meeting for Anniversary week) ; I went to many in "Auld Lang Syne." Mrs. Ames welcomed us most gracefully, referring to Abby May, and to James Freeman Clarke, emphasizing his chivalry and justice to women, eager that they should have a chance to work for the world in every way for which they were fitted. Mrs. Davis was overflowing with the large opportunity she had embraced at the West. I was glad to give a *Kindling Thought* by reminding that more than work was personal spirituality, and that our effort for the coming year, and for all time, must be to "radiate faith and love," as was beautifully said by Phillips Brooks. I was glad to give this word, for my time and strength are lessening. 26. Glad to give my *Morning with Oliver Wendell Holmes* to the Milton Guild. It does one good to dwell on his cheerful, happy, contented life. Every little while a newspaper scrap gives a helpful hint. One lately, where he ascribes his easy-going spirit to his nurse, who never let him brood over a childish accident, "stubbing" his toes for instance. "Philosophy rarely attained in middle life, never in old age." 27. I have been to several funerals, but that of our dear friend, Mrs. Mumford, to-day, from our church, was the most touching, tender, and simple of all. The flowers arranged by loving hands, the white roses on the Com-

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munion table beneath the portrait of her husband, the harmonious duets of the young girls in our choir, the hymn she selected to be sung to the tune of Bemerton by her friends and Sunday scholars, and the heartfelt allusions by Dr. Rush Shippen to the well-beloved minister, and to the wife who bravely took up her life at his death, were all that could be desired. 28. Glorious meeting (as I knew it would be ) at the Festival, over Governor Wolcott, Mrs. Howe, and Rev. Mr. Leavett. Well, dear father gave up meetings patiently, so must I. 30. Memorial day for our soldiers. Mr. Spaulding made it a memorial day for our departed friends. His comforting sermon proved his strong faith in recognition of friends in heaven. In the afternoon a friend, who is always doing kind deeds, brought an exquisite bunch of the Star of Bethlehem from her young son, who had noticed the frequent flowers in my sister's window, and another of Lilies of the Valley in recognition of those C. gave her (a stranger) many years ago. How he loved, and how the earth shines, with these little, unobserved acts of kindness. 31. Welcomed our sisters back. May it be to a loving, faithful, patient summer. I was fretted by the unwonted bustle. So much for good resolutions.

June 1. Glorious manifestations of the Nation's gratitude to Robert Gould Shaw, who, in his early bloom, gaiety of heart, and consecration to his country, seems like a rose buried on the battle-field to bloom forever. It was fitting that Booker Washington took part in the celebration. I hope St. Gaudens will be



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chosen to make the Boston statue to my uncle. 2. A peerless day. Good sense, kind feeling, true patriotism in the speeches of Memorial Day. Booker Washington and Professor William James vie in excellence. 6. Our minister is specially happy in appropriate illustrations. His theme was our power to wrest victory from sharpest trials. 8. I have felt a repugnance to Ethical Culture — as not doing justice to what *Religion* should be to us. But I hear glad testimony to the excellence of W. L. Sheldon's Ethical creed. I copied three pages of suggestions I particularly liked. 10. A friend sends me an old book, entitled *Patrius*, a collection of curious Facts and Fancies, written by Louise Imogen Guiney, "to which is added an Inquirendo into the Wit and other Good Parts of His late Majesty King Charles the Second." He certainly had redeeming traits, endeared himself to his people. He was that delightful kind of wit who did not want to do all the talking. Relished others' sallies even if pointed against himself, if these were pungent. Told only one long story, which he altered and added to, to his own delight and that of his hearers. I think myself ingenious in saving the choicest bits from friends' letters by copying them into my diary, as it is unwise to accumulate correspondence. A friend has devised a graceful way of noting down in a book dear to her, passages suggested by its thoughts from some other favorite authors. She says prettily, "I love a book as a friend and I go to it with my thoughts, offer it little parts of my day's gathering from other hearts and heads, in fact make it my confidant." She did

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this in regard to *Kindling Thoughts*. 13. Never thought so well of Victoria. The poor of her realm seemed obliged to make so many bridal gifts to her numerous children and grandchildren; but I am told that probably only a penny was given by any one poor person. Our minister, an Englishman by birth, bore graceful testimony to the benefit that has come to the poor, neglected, and suffering in her unprecedented reign of sixty years. A University for women is to be one of the notable features of the Jubilee. All along the children of her Kingdom have been helped by a careful oversight in education, in restriction as to undue labor, and in free and varied amusement. 15. Two friends said, of all *our* possessions, next to Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Uncle Wm. Channing, they should covet our clock, The Little Dutchman. It has not been wound since C.'s death. There hangs the label in his handsome writing, to be "wound Sunday and Wednesday." How our possessions outlive us. It is a problem what becomes of what we have carefully gathered or had kindly given us. I have written a Postscript to my paper on *Oliver Wendell Holmes*. Pleased to find he spells *Shakspeare* my way. I am delighted frequently by some suggestive thought of his. 23. Thought I might be to-day at the Norfolk Conference after an absence of three years. But Medfield would have been too far for me, if I had not been engaged to read my *Holmes* paper for the benefit of "The Home for Incurables" which is said to be in great need of help. It was a perfect day and a most cheerful occasion. After the paper

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we were privileged to go over the quaint house, called "The Old House on Marsh Street," Dorchester. I wanted more than one pair of eyes to miss nothing. All was so in keeping; the addition so subtly made that only being told convinced us that every part was not built two hundred years ago. I must go again to see the smaller items. I did notice the large silver tureen that held the lemonade, and the big glass hat filled with fragrant magnolia. And, then, the friends, who have not the wild scenery of Wales to admire, as did the Ladies of Langollen, but who cannot fail to find peace and delight in the beautiful New England meadows spread before them; long may they live to enjoy this happy home, and the friendship which is the dearest gift of life. 27. The lines of poetry, the periods of prose, and even the texts of Scripture most frequently recollected and quoted are those which are felt to be pre-eminently musical. I am inclined to think this suggestion of Shenstone's correct.

July 4. I thoroughly agree with our minister that the one chance of safety for our nation is covenanting with heaven to lead a religious life. At a rule, the men of the present day have no religious purpose, and, as a rule, the children of the present day have no religious training in the *home*, the first, last, and best place for it. I tremble for my country. 9. Sometimes starting for the city has seemed to me like a boat on pleasure bent, with pennons flying and morning strength, only to return weary, disappointed, dissatisfied. To-day merited being marked with a white stone. I was charmed with a young girl's expressed

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purpose to continue a strong Unitarian. When we older ones are gone, she, and those like her, will uphold our Alliance standard. I caught my chance to view St. Gauden's splendid bronze memorial to the first negro regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, and its heroic leader, Colonel Shaw; and wound up my call on the city by successful shopping, and a pleasant word with a stranger in an electric car, who seemed to think just as I did, about Fourth of July noise, not going to church, and how we have wandered from our fathers' ways. But it was amusing that after my serious and interesting remarks, he wound up with formula that he first used, "It is a very warm day." Ah, innocent weather, that fills up gaps in conversation to the many, who are not of the mind of a sensible woman who said she never talked when she had nothing to say. Which is so much more agreeable than an incessant talker, or, still worse, an incessant laugher. 22. Sometimes *Kindling Thoughts* has grieved at being under a bushel, but never again when it reflects that Mr. George H. Ellis (who has been such a disinterested friend to the (*Christian Register*) has put *Kindling Thoughts* in the advertising column of the *Register*, amongst "Books to Buy," with such a galaxy of writers as Savage — champion of the truth, Crothers — interpreter of the ideal in the actual, Gannett — seer of the spiritual, Chadwick — fearless critic, caustic wit. 26 Rarely if ever, is a book free from blemishes. *Sweet-heart Travelers* has a few to mar its charm. One is the concealment of the risks run on the tricycle, a

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second the unnatural pleasure the child derives, and the philosophy the parents maintain, when the beautiful face is covered with freckles (as undesirable to my mind as excessive wrinkles for the aged); a third, and worst of all, the joking the little child about her too many sweethearts, to which she replies, "I don't care!" It is said that one should correct a child's appropriating even her mother's thimble; that neglect of emphasizing in childhood "mine and thine" may issue in maturity into kleptomania; but more to be deplored is brushing the dew from a child's consciousness by precocious allusions to marriage and sweethearts.

**August 6.** A friend writes, "Amiel says, page 180, 'Duty is an incessant pursuit of an unattainable goal, a noble madness but not reason: it is *homesickness* for the *impossible*, pathetic and pitiful, still not wisdom'—do you agree with him?" I answer "*not* an unattainable goal to some whom I have loved—still living, or passed on, and most surely to be striven for by all." **8.** Flowers, berries and wintergreen arrived last night from friends on Mt. Pisgah, Penn. It is an Eden-like day with us; what must it be with them on those heights removed from the roughness and disquiet of the plains? And their thought of us will add zest to nature's beauty. **12.** I believe I have made a charming new friend to-day. She is a staunch Unitarian, always a bond of union with me. I gave full swing to my views in regard to preaching. She seemed to enjoy my free talk of how I would like to batter away at the *intellectual* rut into which some

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ministers fell. How indeed do the poor harassed hearts of hearers long for the preaching which will help them to be strong and hopeful. 17. Occasionally we read what strikes at once as true and beautiful. We read it again and it grows in truth and beauty. 27. A friend has sent most thoughtfully to the sister who cannot see the Augustus St. Gaudens' monument to Robert Gould Shaw, an excellent photograph of it, which might well be in every home and school-house in the land, to teach the lesson of what one noble soul, with his equally noble comrades, did to save a race and a nation; and I should like inscribed below the fifth verse of the eight written by R. W. Gilder in its praise:

"What doth he behold  
Making the boy so bold?"  
Speak with whispering breath!  
O Fate, O Fame, O radiant soul in love with  
glorious Death!"

30. I quote in my Diary of August 28, 1891, these words. "Oh, why are we not more careful, more loving, more considerate, living as we do always in the shadow of death—not knowing from day to day what may happen?" My comment was, It is with an aching void in the heart that we recall sins of omission to our beloved, lack of thought, of patience, of appreciation. We are slow to see that all we can do in reparation is to be to those who are left what we might have been to those who forgave and passed on. How strange, as Sydney Smith said, that "we are willing to use means for everything but religion. *That* we seem to think comes of itself."

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**September 6.** How unwise, how unjust, the growing distaste to ministers fifty years of age. Is experience of no value? Is consecration of no avail? **7.** Those who do not read the *Christian Register* and the *Unitarian* as faithfully as do I, lose a great deal. What an excellent sermon in the *Register* of September 2, by Rev. James De Normandie, on *The Remedy for Social Ills*, and what a spirited address by Dr. Brooke Herford on *Communion*, which is too often administered and received in a half-hearted way by ministers and communicants. I wish that, at least, a part of this inspiring address could be read at the next communion service of our churches.— These two able and revered ministers, in active service in our denomination, must be nearer *sixty* than *fifty*. **11.** This individual does not go to Niagara, or sail the waters blue, but she did go to a quaint house in Milton on this day. It bears the just and pleasing name of "Sunlight Crest." It made me think of Stonehenge. Its foundation, wall, and chimney are of stone; plucked from that very ground and cunningly set. One attracted my eye taking the shape of a bird alighting to watch over the parapet. Another visitor had discerned Matterhorn. The chimneypiece was an appropriate horseshoe. A stone shelf held the beginning of a library — volumes of Gibbon, Ruskin, etc. Branches of trees were the balusters. A tree centralized the round table, which is a main feature of the chief room, and hospitably accommodates twenty guests. Judicious openings give delightful views. I am not as agile as of old, but I plucked up courage to ascend [210]

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the second staircase, which leads to the roof; and imagined how glorious a clear sunset must be from that "Crest." As I muse on all my friends enjoy in this quaint lodge, designed by their son, an able architect, I can but admire their enthusiasm as they note every scrap of moss on the beloved stones, dearer to them than the stones of Venice (which, also, they love well), I see how the quiet rests and the glow of their great wood fire cheers, and I trust that they may long live to enjoy all that they so intelligently appreciate. 19. Subject of the sermon, "You are the Child of God." The world trembles as it were with the coming consciousness of this inspiring truth, to which it is awakening.

October 11. I think Miss Wilkens' *Jerome Edwards* the most interesting and strongest of her long stories. Her hero is rare, but not impossible. She succeeds, where many women fail, in drawing individual *men*. Our country *girls* are not so frequently sharp-elbowed and thin-locked: their hard-worked mothers are. Her forte is New England home-spun narrative. She is the mistress of inconsequent talk. In that respect reminds me of my beloved Jane Austen. 17. Fifteen years ago a fire on Blue Hill in Milton destroyed many trees. An oak sapling was burned three quarters around. But the sap left flowed into the sound quarter. When the tree was lately cut down the burnt rim was surrounded by sound wood. Verily, a tree can preach more effectively with its brief and pointed lesson than many an elaborated sermon from the mind of man. This is not to say that



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the sermon I heard to-day, aptly illustrated by the faithful sapling, was not brief and to the point, teaching the lesson that, though scorched by the experience of life, if we have faith as a grain of mustard seed, we may build around the burn a sound and growing life.

24. Excellent sermon on those being Christ's brethren who do the Father's will. Heartened by being introduced to a newcomer to our church, who said he should be in his pew every Sunday. 28. Embraced the opportunity of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society meeting in Boston to attend the annual services. Rev. Mr. Staples expressed the sentiments I have long held of the misfortune of Sunday-school children not attending church, of the loss, not often made up, of not forming the habit of church-going and of public worship.

**November 4.** After my long absence from the Norfolk Conference it was delightful to have so fine a day to go to Meeting-House Hill. I was charmed with the re-built church. It seemed the old church (which was so dear to all of us) glorified. All was in perfect taste. I should prefer the pulpit a little lower. I like the minister nearer the people. But, I suppose, its height is in keeping with the church. Our pews are more comfortable, the one respect in which our church is the better of the two. I liked the term "divine discontent," till I was told that no discontent could be divine, and we must be contented with everything. That seems to me impossible. Ought we to be *contented* with ourselves? though I have heard that we could not live without self-com-

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placency. At all events, I aired my views as to our ministers, bless them, being too intellectual, and lacking in zeal; on the Sunday-school emptying the pews of the children; and of whole Sunday services passing without an allusion to the divine personality of Christ, our master, elder brother, leader, and pilot. 9. I am busy abridging Mrs. Lesley's *Recollections of My Mother* — Anne Jean Lyman. The telling incidents of practical goodness in that life gather as thickly as autumn leaves. I hope to introduce to Alliance Branches this noble New England woman. But it is no easy task to do justice to even the salient points of her character and experience, and to the most vivid traits of her originality, frankness, large heartedness and sterling common sense in a paper of suitable length. 10. I had an amusing ride reaching Exeter street. But after badgering the honest-looking conductor not to forget my destination, and having his coat-tail pulled for me, being helped by a strange lady at my side, and by a gentleman opposite, who, though he did not look up from his paper, took compassion on my anxiety, I reached the door of the car, was safely deposited down the high step, and tucked under the arm of one who said she knew me. I was struck by the poor effect of the gallery (over the *low* pulpit this time) which seemed to beetle on the speaker's head, in Dr. Hale's church. Dr. Hale's paper was excellent, on the *Preference of Character to Erudition*. My theme was Alliance Work. I tried to impress the point that we must recognize proportion and perspective. That a woman's first work, first duty

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is at home. Her second — religious work, religious duty. No amusement, no occupation, no society claim, no club should come between. I spoke from my heart. I must have reached some other hearts for I had a most gratifying vote of thanks from the members of the South Congregational Alliance. Are we alive to the virtue of approval? 29. At our door a vendor of artificial flowers said, "If you can't buy — please return my note with a *kind* word." He, and the wife of a sick brother, make these for support. The carnations were beautiful; and we gladly bought them, hoping the maker's wish for a "kind" word was not disappointed as he went on.

December 3. Mrs. Lesley's *Recollections of My Mother* is specially rich in racy anecdotes. My uncle, Dr. Channing, once said, "One anecdote of a man is worth a volume of biography." If this be the criterion, how valuable is this book of *Recollections*. And how fully and delightfully the anecdotes are preserved in the admirable index prepared by Professor J. P. Lesley. 5. How hard it is to be tolerant with the intolerant. 7. I could make nothing of the two lines of Browning Tennyson wished he himself had written. I read these in vain — there was "The little more" the "little less," but I could not make out what they were meant to prove. Just as I went to a metaphysical lecture, and left with no thought, and but two or three words. Yet I am equal to understanding and appreciating "The harvest of a quiet eye," and "All the charms of all the muses flowering in a lonely word." 31. My diary presents a blank

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page on this most solemn day of the year, merged as it was in necessary bustle and work and preparation for the morrow. One would always like to say something to the purpose on marked days. And, so strange is the human heart, I suppose one would not be indifferent to this even on his dying day.

### Diary of 1898

January 10. I rejoice that R. L. Stevenson's prayer the night before his death is in my new book of prayer. It is one of the most beautiful that I have read. 12. "Selections" from Mrs. Lesley's *Recollections of My Mother* read very smoothly, and the presence of the author was highly appreciated. 20. \$43,300 have been paid to the men and women in Henry L. Pierce's employ at the time of his death, in \$100 cheques. It is an admirable fact that in his whole great will not one disposition was made to enhance his own reputation. 26. The air very chilly. How could Nansen or any one else go to the North Pole? Been reading a freezing review of one of our Saratoga Conferences from the *National Baptist*, quoted in a blanket *Christian Register*. I think it was in the editor, Mr. Mumford's time. If so, his sense of humor must have tempered his chagrin. I think I must have been there, as Judge Hoar presided, and no doubt I thought the conference a success. Now my eyes are open; but though I rejoice that Unitarianism is growing in grace and strength, I see we need more and more zeal in our upward way. 28. A witty and capable article in

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this week's *Register*, entitled *The Utility of Scapegoats*. How Mr. Mumford would have enjoyed it. I wish I had written it. It shows fine, but not unkind satire.

**February 1.** Still snows. Stillness reigns. Our house rocked so severely once last night — that it made me think of the card houses we built as children and listened breathlessly for fear a jar might upset them. A buggy was entrapped on Milton Hill last night. Cars do not run and there is no mail. To-night an important Parish meeting. Meantime the snow-bound must enjoy the exquisite snow landscape, having been charmed with the frost pictures on the window-panes infinitely varied and beautiful of Sunday last. **2.** The amount of snow that imprisons us at present brings to mind *Garry Owen* when the snow was as high as the chamber windows. Young adventurous persons can risk dangers that are not for us. Meanwhile our fruit trees are dazzling in their wintry garniture, and the tidings of the damage caused by falling electric wires is appalling. We rejoice that ours hold safe. **4.** Milder, and, now, come leaks and shoveling of roofs. **7.** Copied *Order or Dustbins?* published in the *Christian Register*, for the Cohasset Alliance Branch. I like to help the Branches that have to "Hold the Fort" alone. I have lent my "Selections" from Mrs. Lesley's *Recollections of My Mother* to Castine. I wish all our Branches, especially the distant ones, could be instructed and inspired by the valuable and attractive life of Mrs. Anne Jean Lyman, who to use her own

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phrase, never *abdicated* life, but glorified opportunity. 15. We went to the funeral services of a good man, who has produced a deep and enviable impression on his church friends and the community by his simple, straight-forward character and his open-hearted sympathy for the poor of his own and other denominations. The night was diversified by one flash of lightning, a hurried battalion of wind, and a brief, heavy shower. 17. Exquisite frost-work ferns on my window. 22. A dullish birthday for the father of his country. The morning paper portrays him holding up his hands in holy horror as "he takes a peep at modern civilization."

March 2. Jubilate! the sun shone and our long delayed Alliance Branch meeting was enlivened by the appearance of Mrs. Atherton of Roxbury, who gave us her paper on *The Evil of the Hurry Mania*. It was complete, compact, a needed and wholesome satire on the present rush from club to club. Mr. Mott said that the hopeful sign for the future was the proof from this paper that the frequenters of clubs were awaking to the danger of going to extremes. If I had the health, or the leisure, I should hope to be saved from pursuing a club life to the neglect of a domestic, a charitable, and a religious consecration of what powers I have to bless and illumine existence. The paper elicited much wise and helpful counsel from the listeners. On the wisdom of doing what one could best do, the importance of visiting the schools one's children attend, encouraging Sunday-school teachers by friendly sympathy, on the charm of a retired life,

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free from egotism, of one of a restful nature, happy to listen, with a halo of calm about her, and of the importance of a careful attention to the books our children read, that these should be strong, instructive, and, above all, inspiring. I must not forget an irresistible anecdote of a child who said, "I was present when I was born, and *Grandmamma*, but *Mamma* had gone to the club." 4. I like the idea in a brief article in the *Christian Register* of February 24, entitled *A Humble and Contrite Heart*, that more acceptable to heaven than great love or a pure heart, is the desire to repair a wrong, to show repentance, and seek to do reparation if possible (even) in heaven. 5. On a second reading of *Alice in Wonderland* I was not so much pleased as on the first. Yet I was delighted when *The Nation*, hard to please, said my *Aunt Zelpeth's Baby* was the best child's story since *Alice in Wonderland*. A tolerant and valuable lesson to learn is that we do not relish the same books. Now I, benighted mortal to some, do not fancy nonsense verses and dislike allegories. Jane Austen is my queen of humor, calm, nimble and completè. I can imagine no one better. 7. A powerful sermon from an exchanging minister. But it was bold advice to tell us to be original, and *out* with it. Does originality spring from cultivation? Is it not rather a heaven-born gift? 9. There seemed witchcraft in the air to-day when my postal vanished, and was not found till nightfall, though patiently and carefully sought. At least look to see who has been so kind as to write to you. 16. Miss Emma Hicks' paper, read to-day at

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our Alliance Branch, was very interesting. It was on Samuel Longfellow, and enriched by two of his hymns. I wish it had occurred to me to read two of her own good poems. Why do acts of appreciation so often elude our vigilance? We have been invited to so many neighboring alliances this spring that I tremble for fear the *social* mania is getting too strong a hold of us; and yet these gatherings are most pleasant and useful. Alliance Branches, let your moderation be known unto all women. 21. I wrote to Messrs. Hoare, Fleet street, London, "I rejoice that I have lived to contribute my mite (\$5) to the Jane Austen Memorial, for she is my favorite author, and has enriched my life from youth to age." 24. A delightful social luncheon at Meeting-House Hill. All so joyful and prosperous. Their Branch Alliance numbers one hundred and fifty. Everything is so beautiful and complete in church and vestry. I love my own minister, my own church, and my own people, but I wish we had more money to help the National Alliance, the Unitarian Association and the various charities. Still I have worked and am glad to work for our smaller enterprises, and it keeps one humble. 27. A forcible sermon on building an inner temple worthy of the soul, building it with intention, steady purpose, and trust, a vestibule sacred to religion. There was a beautiful illustration of how the soul sometimes lights up the beatified face shining through the almost transparent body. Mr. Mott had a delightful afternoon in the Emerson homestead last Sunday talking with Miss Emerson. She has not so good a memory



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as I, for she said she did not know me. Interested in an excellent piece by Kate Lawrence in the *Register* of the 24th asking the question *Should Deaf People go to Church?* The writer proves triumphantly the right of one deaf person to go to church, by her admirable appreciation of what a beloved Episcopalian minister recently said, "We do not go to church to see the flowers, to hear the music, or to hear the sermon: we should go to worship, and for that alone." Pray tell me, why cannot I do all this as well as anyone else? Is God deaf, that he cannot hear the whispers of my heart, or so far off that my spirit cannot reach unto his?" How rare it would be for those who hear, to give so good an account of what they seek in church-going and what they gain by it. Easter. I felt serious enough as I sat alone in the pew and reflected that this might be my last Easter at church.

**April 23.** My birthday was brightened by love-letters, beautiful flowers and other kind gifts. How good one ought to be to be worthy of so much affection. **26.** How happy is one of my friends with her new minister, how she rejoices in his sermons with their "rare spiritual quality and directness of application." She writes, "When the Ramabai Association was formed ten years ago, you said at a meeting 'that the members might pay one dollar annually or ten dollars at once, and as you had the ten dollars now, you should pay it down.' As I was in the same condition, I followed your example, we certainly made a good investment. You must have regretted, as I did, that *The Unitarian* was given up, it was so valu-

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able, and we have so few publications." 28. Unbalanced enthusiasm in some places in regard to the war. 29. Mr. Batchelor's editorials in the *Register* as regards the war are discriminating and forcible.

May 6. Father's birthday. Mr. Ames's sermon on the war is just, reasonable, kindly, Christian. 14. Interested in the account of Mr. Tomlin's musical enthusiasm. He believes in the overwhelmingly inspiring effect of music on the spiritual life of the race, especially of the young. Ah, if we only had equal enthusiasm over *religion*, how we could lift the world on the strong wings of faith to heavenly harmonies and the music of the spheres. 15. Again has come the cordial invitation to the Festival Platform. How good somebody is to invite me for so many years. But the Alliance Meeting must be my only one. It is not that I have grown lukewarm, but that I have grown old. 19. The air was delightful, my friend's vehicle the easiest I ever entered. I think a young woman said she was glad to *see* me at the Milton Parish Parlor, and would be glad to *hear* me, did she mean at the Annual Alliance meeting next Monday? How one longs to piece out disjointed sentences. Mr. Tiffany's lecture in the Milton course, was witty and discriminating. I thanked him for every bright sally, for every cheerful word, so needful in these shadowed days—indeed, always. He did write *Scape Goats* in the *Register*. 21. My visit at the house where we lived nearly forty years ought to have been full of associations, though there was little left but the doors, windows, and mantelpieces to remind of the old days.

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23. No one need fear that women will be too ready to speak in public. They may chatter like magpies in the social circle, but they have a wise reticence when called to the platform. Yet I think a woman can speak well if she once rid herself of self-consciousness, if she simply addresses a number as she would a single friend, and above all if she have consecration and devotion. We have one Alliance speaker, our dear Mrs. Catlin, who always speaks briefly, and invariably to the point. 26. Bostonians are wisely trying to preserve our Common from vandalism.

June 2. Rev. S. M. Crothers' paper on the English clergy as portrayed in literature was full of interest. I only regretted that Jane Austen's preposterous Mr. Collins was not more conspicuous. The menial position of the clergy in the old English novels, not being admitted to the squire's table, but put as a matter of course in the kitchen, seems to us specially incredible. 5. After Mr. Crothers' lecture on the parsons I was entertained in reading of the *Parson Bird*. 6. I want to be more patient, not so easily perturbed. 7. Thanks from Hackensack for its delightful afternoon with Mrs. Lesley's *Recollections of My Mother*. I was wofully tired to-day and not a little cross. 24. Our minister read for our invalid's pleasure what I call his Alabaster-box sermon. Its picturesque atmosphere, its tender tone, its simple moral, especially adapt it for women-hearers; and why should they not have occasionally a sermon of great interest to them, inasmuch as they are usually the majority of the congregation? 25. Even a slight indisposition

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is a monition to put in order one's plans and possessions.

July 4. Last night's thunder was wonderfully weird in its long continued reverberation. 10. Sunday. A noble tribute to Gladstone. 13. I am confirmed in my opinion that Oliver Wendell Holmes did the best he could for himself by following his bent, rather than devoting himself exclusively to literature, which course would not have made him more of a poet. 15. *Santiago* surrenders. Our navy has done wonders. But what care, what diplomacy awaits us in the future. Dr. J. G. Vose's *Children's Days* is delightfully simple and direct. I wish I had had such a book when I was Sunday-school superintendent. It would have helped me, it is so suggestive, never didactic, always interesting. 20. One knows what *tenter-hooks* means, but whence derived? 21. Pleasant visit from a friend who said she had always meant to call if ever in my neighborhood. I told her that it seemed to me well to do what one felt impelled to do as right and fitting. 24. A. sat on the piazza twice to-day. What a privilege it is to have such fine air and so pleasant an outlook. How many suffering invalids have no resource like ours.

August 15. Rev. Wm. R. Alger says, "You must learn to be more tolerant and forbearing with yourself. You need to be as patient, soft, considerate, forgiving, magnanimous, and loving with yourself as you would desire to be with another. You are your own divinely given friend, a companion forever inseparable." This seems to me fine and original, and

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leading to better results than a pessimistic view of one's self. 16. I wish I could talk to, even pray with the very sick. But I cannot control my voice. Perhaps family love is a sacrament to comfort them along. 22. A friend writes of the *Shepherd Psalm*, by F. B. Myer, "as a most beautiful exposition of the twenty-third Psalm." 25. "It is a much needed work to educate people into the desire for simplicity." But, just now, the need of religious zeal seems to me the most pressing need of the world. I think, too, if we talked more to one another of heaven, it would be easier to leave the familiar and enter on the unknown. 29. There is a growing discontent on the part of some suburbans that *Golf* is not allowed on Sundays. Six days of the week given to business and amusement, can we not spare the *seventh* to needed rest, church-going, and salutary communion with one's self and with heaven? For one, I am glad that I shall not see much of the next century if it is to make Sunday more secular than now.

**September 2.** My sympathy aroused by the sorrow of the old people who live near "Upham's Corner," in Dorchester, at the destruction of a cluster of noble elms and oaks to widen the extension of Columbus avenue. We seem to have no respect for landmarks. For one I cannot understand the delight in *distances*.

Avenues and boulevards I abhor;  
Nooks, crannies, corners I adore.

11. Dr. Stanley Hall says, "Mind in the future is going to be something totally different from mind in

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the present." It makes me aghast to read the prophecies of what the future is to be. 12. Told of a unique Sunday-school experience, and of the delightful success of a teacher who brought his large and ignorant class to high thought and holy affection by first proving his interest in their earthly well-being. 13. Ward Beecher said, "Four eyes were needed to enjoy anything." 15. Apropos to my view that even preaching is of the best when it *interests* and *inspires* rather than directly teaches, are these words of another, "We believe that art, with its implicit teaching, acts more effectively upon conduct, in the long run, than do any of the devices of formal didacticism." 28. The need of every day is the strength, the comfort, and the wisdom that come from believing in, trusting in, and applying every day, truths about the justice and mercy of God.

**October 2.** Mr. Batchelor gave us a forcible, satisfactory sermon on the simplicities of Christ. What he taught of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the divinity of the soul. Merely asking each day what is my duty? is enough for the ordering of life. 11. Dr. Hale thinks perhaps one hundred Americans subscribed to the Jane Austen Memorial. As our late war broke out about the same time we were notified of this Memorial, I did not know but that I was almost alone in my recognition of what America owes to this most charming writer. I whipped my Alliance loan paper, entitled *Be Yourself*, into brighter shape by some interpolations. I wonder ministers do not have more of them when they see how

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much keener is the attention of their hearers when they hazard one. 27. At last I attended again the Norfolk Conference. Dr. Kneeland was enthusiastic and convincing on the good work of the New England League for the observance of the Sabbath. I tremble for my country, for my race, as I reflect on the prevailing insensibility to the importance and the joy of public worship. 30. Mr. Herbert Mott's sermon from the text "The Master has come and calleth for thee," was full of interest. A young girl said she understood it throughout better than any sermon she had heard. He was pleased, and had reason to be. Dr. Hale would have liked it, too, for he maintains that preaching fails because it does not speak the people's language.

November 3. Went to a dress lunch, pleasing not only in hospitality, but in garniture, dainty dishes and violets at every plate. And such plates! so beautiful and varied. And so many knives and forks that one feared to use the wrong one as the dishes rotated. What would our grandmothers say to the fine show? Yet the simple hospitable feasts of the olden time were well appreciated in their time and season, and people saw their friends oftener, and with less fatigue to body and mind. 6. How many days pass in the course of a week without one being *rasped* by some infelicity of manner or voice, some lack of propriety in one's companions, or more deeply perturbed by some failure in these respects on one's own part? 17. Our minister kindly read to my sister his last Sunday's sermon, from the text "She touched the hem of his

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garment." After pictorially presenting the scene of the Bible narrative he closely applied the parable of life to our own experience. It proved, as I knew it would, full of comfort and strengthening. And we shall none of us forget it. How many of us are persuaded that "Sunday is the savings bank of humanity"? 25. Arranged a seventh paper to be typewritten for Alliance Exchange. I think as interest in my uncle, Dr. Channing, seems as lively as ever, and as I present my uncle in a different way from the usual one, that my *Channing as a Boy* (written in 1881), and my *Channing as a Man* (written about 1890), united with a postscript of incidents not hitherto set down, may be useful. 27. The world is a white wonder. How fine is Emerson's line, "The frolic architecture of the snow." No church bell, no golf, no bicycle-meet breaks the sacred calm. The draping snow covers all out-of-door deformities. Nature's hand mantles the world with unconscious grace. It is odd that when we carelessly throw down a shawl it falls into pretty lines, but if we try to drape gracefully awkwardness is the result. 28. A fearful storm, and sad news of the loss of many lives by the wreck of a steamer.

**December 2.** I wish people wrote legibly, and with ink black enough to be easily read; though I have heard black ink maligned as ungenteel. 15. Besides the attractive illustrations in our Sunday-school paper, its editor, Rev. Mr. Horton, enriches it by apt quotations, which catch the eye of the older readers. As I recall the *Dayspring*, which I edited for a year,



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the little sum of money at my disposal, to pay contributors and for the ordinary cuts, in 1876, and admire the wonderful improvement in twenty-three years, I ponder what will be in twenty-three years more. I tried to do my best, and met with some approval. What a pity that when people feel approval, they do not express it; approval mellows the world. 17. Margaret Deland's *Old Chester Tales* is perhaps the best collection of stories I have read, and I have read a great many. They are shrewd, pathetic, witty, sound. All are good, some pungent, notably *The Unexpectedness of Mr. Horace Shields*. I should have been proud to be the author. And, then, what a world of good these stories, so true to life, do to the sick, harassed, and despondent, taking them out of their shadowed world. I want just such another volume to read aloud. 25. A most satisfactory Christmas sermon. In the Sunday-school service I told the children a little about my uncle, Dr. Channing's boyhood. Urged them to go to church. Urged the teachers and the elder scholars to join the church. Prayed that our Heavenly Father would help us all to be Christ's true disciples and His loving and faithful children. This closes my record of 1898. Shall I live to see the end of another year? That is not of so much consequence as that I make every day, every hour that remains, vocal with love, shining with cheer.

### Diary of 1899

January 2. "If there be no generous recognition of a man's work in his lifetime, still it is possible he

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may have had 'great joy in singing,' and there may be precious things discovered late." 5. To our Alliance meeting, Miss Tolman's paper on *The Art of Living* was thoughtful and suggestive, and prompted some spicy and divergent comments. I should say a middle course was the secret to *The Art of Living*, submission to the inevitable, yet a persistent aspiration to the highest Ideal of Spiritual Life. The January 5th number of the *Christian Register* is full of interest, especially Dr. Hale's paper on Dr. Channing. 7. In domestic life trouble arises from small causes; let us quickly say, as we give or take offence, "We must try to bear with one another and forgive one another." 9. Never check a friend in a happy story, because you do not feel in the mood for it; the friend's changed, pained voice cuts deeply. 25. My mother used to say there was no generosity equal to helping another to make a gift.

**February 2.** Mrs. Fifield charmed us at our Branch meeting by her discriminating paper. I was reminded of my uncle, Dr. Walter's criticism on James Freeman Clarke, that he presented his adversary's plea so fairly, that *he* did not know which side to take when Mr. Clarke got through. But Mrs. Fifield came out finely when she closed with her statement of the superiority of the Alliance to women's clubs inasmuch as it lays the emphasis on religious growth and spiritual consecration. I can think of no better cure for a limp and laggard branch than to listen to Mrs. Fifield's paper, already delivered more than twenty times. The paper was set off by a little poem, exquisitely

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sung by one of our number, entitled *Pass It On*. What a calendar the next ten days present: February 3, snow; 5 and 6, snow; 7, steady snow; 8, snow; 9, cold; 10 and 11, very cold; 12, snow storm; 13, a blizzard. Fortunate no limb was broken and no fire occurred on the 13th, for outside aid could scarcely have reached us. And we are slow to realize what cause we have for gratitude in plenty of fuel in the bitter weather. 14. Four or five thousand kept in Boston overnight by the storm. 15. A pleasant picture drawn by my Castine friend of their Sunday fireside talk in the midst of the *New Year* storm. Going over old times — when she and her sister had parents to bless them. And in the present rejoicing that the one so very ill had recovered. Whenever they are separated they will be sustained by their belief in “a happy outcome awaiting us all.” How it cheers to think that the earth is made wholesome by its many unpretending Christian homes. 22. Read Ben Platt Runkle’s noble stanzas .  
*The Law Supreme, a People’s Will*, dedicated to Senator George F. Hoar.

**March 2.** The discussion of the *Domestic Problem* by our Alliance Branch seemed to me pleasant and profitable. One of us thought that Mrs. Hemenway’s generous and wise fund for teaching domestic work to the young, and raising it to high art, will solve the difficult problem. My correspondent in Hamilton, Canada, thinks, perhaps, my *Morning with Oliver Wendell Holmes* is the best of my loan papers. Some Presbyterian friends liked it. She feels as if

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Holmes were her friend. 5. How strange to our short-sighted vision seems the sudden summons "to go up higher" to one so young, so useful, so consecrated as Rev. James Edwin Bagley, while some of us are left with little strength or courage for further service. As a preacher I heard him too seldom; but I shall never forget his paper on *Shakspeare's Use of the Bible*, replete with interest and careful study. We rarely say I should like to hear that right over again. 6. A brilliant paper from Miss Ellen Thompson on the age of Queen Anne, brought to light the origin of some of our sayings of the present day, for instance — weak tea — called "water bewitched." But, as Miss Thompson said, one would naturally be sparing of tea at \$10 a pound. 12. A man has lately willed \$500,000 to Harvard College and \$400,000 to the Technological School. Is this not strong proof that intellectual more than spiritual instruction is in the ascendant? 13. Miss Thompson read with much vigor passages from *Pride and Prejudice*." She mentioned that one young girl's objection to *Pride and Prejudice* was that Mrs. Bennett was such a fool. Yes, indeed, a consummate fool. Miss Thompson thinks few novels live a hundred years. Miss Austen's promise to live on and on. 14. "Love is the greatest thing in the world;" what a pity it is not always written about with delicacy and terseness. 30. At our last Alliance branch meeting for the season Miss Perry gave us a gem of a paper, one of the very best of our many good ones. She referred to Carlyle's "everlasting no" having been the watchword of Uni-

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tarians till our declaration of faith at Saratoga in "Love to God and love to Man" had culminated in our "everlasting yea." Discussion followed. The non-attendance of men at public worship being deplored. Their demand for the discussion of larger topics in the pulpit. As if there were any larger topics than the nurture and the growth of the soul. And how men craved rest on the Sabbath shared with outdoor air and amusement. It seems to me it all comes to this, that men mistake in not seeing that the main object of church-going is *worship*; and, if they were not living almost exclusively for this world, they would not deny the reasonableness of giving half of the first day of the week to their spiritual interests. Our minister cheered us by his hopeful view of what Unitarianism has done in its short life of seventy years, and what it is destined to do.

**April 3.** Miss Thompson's last reading was on Rudyard Kipling. I have admired *Recessional* from the first; but I was not taken captive by the fine selections she gave us, though many were grand and one most melodious. I do not soar in my literary tastes; the simple, the familiar, the humorous, human nature's daily food, in turn appeal to me. The strange does not so easily beguile. I wonder if others feel as I do in opening a book—"This does not appeal to me, it is not my kind, I shall not like it." I may be mistaken, but I think Rudyard Kipling's largest and most appreciative audience will be men—to many of whom his clarion notes will be none too strong. 4. The last was a disappointing week. 23. I was glad

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my birthday was on Sunday. I am not insensible to the flowers, the love-tokens, the love-letters, the kind wishes that made the day beautiful to me. The birthday of a friend has a sacred charm. This being Shakspeare's birthday, our minister improved it by impressing the lesson of his moral and religious influence so often overlooked in his brilliant pageantry of revealing man to man. I am sure women should never forget that Shakspeare's, as well as Walter Scott's, portrayal of *their* characters is considered finer than his study of men. 27. Shopped in town. I cannot get out of my memory the delicate girl who answered she never sat down in the shop. When there was no customer she arranged the flowers in the glass case.

May 11. To some persons trouble comes in battalions. 14. Unitarian *money* is always in good repute: but often generous, liberal, devout Unitarian faith is at a discount. When will men learn that we cannot believe alike any more than we can think alike? When will men see that every denomination merits respect? And how hard it is to tolerate the intolerant. 15. My shopping days are over. I could not have taken many more steps to-day. It is not "sour grapes" that I have little wish to go to the Boston I once loved so well. The uncomfortably large Southern Union station, the increasing noise and bustle of the streets, the worried faces of the buyers, the merciless treatment, in some cases, of keeping the sellers standing so many hours, is all disenchanting. But I am grateful that I had so many active years in the old-time, pleasant, quiet city. 17. *Nineteen*

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*Beautiful Years* is a remarkable transcript of early maturity of thought, judgment, and right feeling. No wonder Mary E. Willard was so fair a blossom nurtured in the home of Frances E. Willard and her blessed parents. 24. Tennyson once asked Mr. Watts (who painted great imaginative pictures) to describe his ideal of what a true painter should be, and he embalmed the substance of Mr. Watts' reply in some of the noblest lines in the Idylls. 29. Anniversary meeting of the Women's Alliance at the Church of the Disciples. A pleasure to look at the lifelike picture of James Freeman Clarke. I never forget his loyalty to women, or his creed "Place aux Dames." Mr. Ames is his worthy successor. He wished to be the kindling wood to light the fire. Women had always prayed, he did not wish them to pray less, though now they did most of the work of the church. I called in question Rudyard Kipling's false assertion that woman had but one end in life—maternity. For though a congenial marriage with children growing up about one is an ideally happy lot, *religion*, binding heaven as well as earth, outshines it. Noteworthy, too, is the fact how many married women are among the best of our Alliance workers. I deplored the infrequent mention of our obligation to Christ in the home. Said there ought to be a new clause in the marriage service reading "I promise to love and honor—if you go with me to church;" for I tremble for my country, as I mark the indifference of man to public worship. It was a noteworthy meeting. A plea for continued faithful work.

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June 19. Conferences and Alliance meetings have invariably interest and use. But neither men nor women speak always to the point under consideration. Personal experience, doubt, and perplexity start up unexpectedly, but are certainly to be preferred to a carping spirit and a lack of appreciation of another's standpoint. And most of all to be avoided is criticising other denominations. Better to criticize our own; though we do well to *approve* ourselves where we can to keep us cheerful. 19. I echo this line, "Life, grant that we may live until we die." 20. Some have clinging memories of their childhood in this life; may not the childhood of existence affect us in a similar way in heaven? Shall we take no interest in what most interested us here? I have been reading aloud *David Harum*. The author died before it appeared in book form, to which he was eagerly looking forward. Would it not please him to know that the fictitious character he made so genuine, appeals to many hearts? 28. A fine concert at the Milton church. Mr. Vigneron affects me like one assailing the heavens for an answer to his appealing song. He was well supported. It was pleasant to see Madame Harvey's cheery face. She said she had been in Paradise listening to the music. What a joy to be able to give so great pleasure to one of the uncomplaining workers of the world. 29. At our Neighborhood Meeting in Milton I promised to be no longer a pessimist about men neglecting church. But how difficult not to be a pessimist about one's country when our national conscience seems paralyzed?



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July 2. Mr. Tiffany gave a feeling and picturesque sermon on the rightful claim to justice of the elder brother of the Prodigal Son; closing with an affecting personal experience. 8. Clay McCaulay's letter to the President on the present national situation is clear, calm, convincing. 11. I have written half a dozen obituaries, and read more. Usually these are too long. 17. Mme. de Staël asks, "Might it not be said that conversation, like society, is good in proportion as each participant suppresses the egotistic self in him for the general profit and enlivenment?" She, like the rest, could preach, but not practice. In Weimar she talked so long and continuously that Goethe, Schiller, and others rejoiced when she left. Yet how much she said was fine; this, for instance, "Wit, which, if genuine, is a joyous sparkle of truth." The chief trouble with Plessing (a Wertherian correspondent of Goethe) was a common one among men, the very prevalent trouble,—egoism. He dwelt in himself with such inward delight that other delights were insipid to him. "No man whose motto is the Dutch proverb, *self is de man*, can be cheerful, whatever flutter of gayety may sometimes enliven his exterior; and the depth of the inward gloom is measured by the enormity of the egotism." 30. A great treat hearing Rev. James De Normandie's vigorous sermon. Wholesale criticism is unjust. Many American women have sharp voices, and pitch them too high, but judging from my individual experience we have, also, many notably low and sweet voices adding to the joy of the world. Professor Bryce says, "No country seems

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to owe more to its women than America does, nor to owe to them so much of what is best in its social institutions and in the beliefs that govern conduct."

**August 4.** Read with profit and pleasure *Land of Contracts*. I think the author, while criticising American faults, as he sees them, is more just to our virtues than any previous writer of whom I have knowledge. 12. An excellent young man, one of four, who came so regularly to church that I called their pew the "blessed pew," died to-day. 19. A glorious sunset. 21. "Religion the essential motive of human progress." 25. Met one of my long-time Post-office Mission correspondents. I asked her if I looked as she expected, of course was chagrined when she said "Older." Asked why she thought so, she replied that my letters from the first were so bright and up to time that she had pictured me as in middle-life. I liked her very much. One of the most level-headed women I have met. She was as much disgusted as I am with Kipling's opinion that woman's only end in life is maternity. 28. I often long to know the author of articles in the *Christian Register*. Lately there was a bright one on *Berrying*. If an article is quaint, as well as imaginative, I think at once of Rev. Mr. Tiffany.

**September 10.** Our minister gave us an earnest sermon. In our wanderings he hoped we had seen a vision and meant to capture it. He was full of plans for faithful church work, especially in the Sunday-school. We are charmed with Alice Brown's *Tiver-*

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*ton Tales. The Mortuary Chest* is inimitable. I should like to read it to a room full of people and hear their hearty laughter. 17. I was introduced to an English woman, who expressed great pleasure in seeing a relative of Dr. Channing. Asked if I knew him. I ought to have told her how he impressed me by his preaching, but I was obliged to hurry home. Indeed, when we are not hurried, how seldom we remember to speak the appropriate word. 19. In *Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women* Elbert Hubbard has a light, gay touch, yet sober when it should be. Of course I flew to read what he said about my favorite Jane Austen. I like the idea "genius is essentially rural—a country product."

October 1. I met Mr. Anagnos at a friend's house. He is intelligent, with eyes that light up in talking. He is full of his charge, the blind, and of the need of money for the Kindergarten. 2. Suddenly and fearfully cold. Our hydrangeas, never so magnificent as this year, never before so large, and of such exquisite white and rose color, have shrivelled, and all the other plants in the course of two minutes. 3. Mizpah, beautiful tune and words, is the favorite hymn at our parlor concerts. 8. I think Dr. George Putnam said he used the same illustrations in forty different sermons. I am sure ministers make a mistake who do not seek telling illustrations. Hearers are fallible; the best of *reasoning* slips through the sieve of memory, but illustrations cling. 10. Exquisite tracery of brilliant autumn leaves on my neighbor's crab-apple tree makes the view from my east window beau-

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tiful to behold. I hear the fruit is not good; but it redeems itself in its leaves. So some of us, human trees, gauche, critical, dry as husks in youth, mellow in age, have softer hearts, and faces once pretty perhaps, now benignant—good. 19. I would gladly walk briskly, as of old, to view the glorious autumn leaves. But my eyes are able to enjoy these from the window. Eyes are a precious possession. 21. One is often *rasped*. To-day we were rasped many ways. It may be good for us, but it is not pleasant. 22. Sunday. A friend told me of her first hearing of “Nearer my God to Thee,” read by my father at a Prayer Meeting at Chandler Robbins’ Church on Bedford street. She remembered just how he looked, and his solemnity she would never forget. Another once said that no one read the Scripture as solemnly as did my father. No wonder my uncle, Dr. Channing, said “My brother George is very spiritual.” 31. Our invalids had an enrapturing evening listening to the music of two voices charmingly according in the “Danube River” and other pieces. Ah, to have a voice to cheer the sick and wretched, to have a voice for divine worship. But one must not forget to be grateful for being able to see, to hear, and to read aloud.

**November 3.** I said a little of what church had been to me at the Norfolk Conference, more than school, perhaps even more than home life it had nurtured my soul. And what a mistake we made in not more frequently alluding to what Christ has done for us, Christ, who as Dr. Furness said, “was the near-

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est relative of the soul under God." Rev. Mr. Crothers' sermon was simply perfect—in reasoning, tone, and manner. It was sufficient recompense for not going to the National Conference at Washington. 7. I was delighted to hear that I was audible at the Conference to hearers at the end of the Milton church. A very deaf man once said that he heard me because I spoke slowly and distinctly. Perhaps I inherit a little of the ease with which my mother's beautiful voice was audible to an aunt esteemed stone deaf by others. 11. Declined a delightful invitation to go to the "College Fair" as one of the Unitarian alumni on the 15th from 3 to 5. I rejoice at the birth of Unitarian enthusiasm on the part of our young people. We cannot have too much of it. We need reverence, too. 27. Miss Thompson's lecture on Oliver Goldsmith was replete with human interest. Outsiders could not help liking him; but he must have been an uncomfortable member of a family. Some one knocked at his door in the early morning. "Beat the door in," was the reply, which being done, Goldsmith was seen emerging from the bed tick, having given his blankets away. 30. It is well that that excellent book, *Recollections of My Mother*, is published, after remaining only printed for more than twenty years. I know of no book so calculated to enforce "Plain Living and High Thinking."

December 12. I think the sunset panorama of the sky was the most wonderful I have beheld, the greatest variety of color and of cloud landscape. Even from the kitchen came the cry, "Do you see the

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sky?" Our house is the more valuable from its widespread view of the setting sun. How father would have loved it. 14. Our Alliance Branch met to-day. Mrs. Beatley of the "Church of the Disciples" read a suggestive paper on *The Joys of Responsibility*. It started talk and awakened some difference of opinion. I was inclined to think that peace rather than joy was the result of accepting responsibility. In thinking it over it seems to me that the joy of childhood and old age is the freedom from responsibility. 20. Last evening I read aloud from *Martha's Lady*, a sweet little story of Miss Jewett's, one of the wholesome stories for the sick and suffering. It was of a piece with the character of the dear friend who called in the morning, whose simple unconscious goodness makes her whole world glad. 21. What weather for the Plymouth celebration in honor of the new Unitarian church. I think I never refused so many delightful occasions as within a short time. The finest Christmas card we received bore these words, "I wish for thee not only a happy life, but a blessed eternity." 31. Urged to make as much of spiritual opportunities and discoveries as we do of the wonderful scientific discoveries of the present day.

### Diary of 1900

January 1. Only an insensible heart can be blind to the shortness of life, to the rapid flight of our years. I enjoyed to-day a neighbor's regal hospitality. How much thoughtful kindness made the occasion beautiful.

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7. Kept unwillingly from church by illness. Read with interest *Why Kipling is Popular*, by George Willis Cooke. I see his genius; but to me it is an unpleasant genius. Not after the pattern of our master, leader, friend. 12. Mrs. Ather-ton's talk on *Town Settlements*, the care of poor children in the city, and kindred topics proved, as I knew it would, instructive and suggestive. I think it is the only Alliance meeting for years that I have lost from illness. I had to take patience for my text. 13. A lively account of my uncle, Professor Edward Channing's mind and manners in the *Herald*; with an outrageous caricature of his fine face.—How frequently one is rasped by bad manners in religious sects. I trust we Unitarians shall always love Christ well enough to show his spirit. 24. Read over some of my sister Mary's notes, how industrious, patient, loving, and full of piety was her short life. 25. How my unassisted reason came to the conclusions of later scientists. How I did not believe in miracles though they were believed by those whom I honored. How unlikely seemed the persuasion that the earth was the centre of the universe, the special care of the Divine Being. 26. Here is a telling extract from one of my old diaries, "We are never tempted to be short-suffering or uncharitable, but we remember how comically gentle he was to everybody weak or ignorant, or lacking; how he was patient with fools." But, perhaps, whoever this admirable man was, he did not go so far as the text of Scripture — Suffer fools *gladly*. That seems almost superhuman. 27. Swift's mother

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"was endowed with what is perhaps the rarest of all the qualities possessed by her sex—the quality of humor." 29. I quoted to a friend, "The only way in this world to get peace is to make it out of pain." She replied, "By making others happy."

**February 1.** A dear friend, one of the few old friends left, died this morning. We were truly grieved by the sudden summons. Yet, surely, a quick translation is desirable for the one who goes; and her nearest friend has the truest consolation in knowing he made her happy, and that she enriched the world to many friends. How beautiful was the relation, so rare now-a-days, between her and her domestics, "who helped to make home a real home to her." 12. A reproof that did not fail. Dr. Levi Wheaton, Robert Wheaton's grandfather, cured himself of our disagreeable national habit of chewing tobacco from Rev. William Ware's allusion to it in his preface to his publication on the capitals of Europe. My father in middle life renounced the same pernicious habit. He did all he could to save others from it. One young man told him he had saved him body and soul. 12. Entire silence is a fearful ordeal to the shy, who feel they must say something even at the risk of betraying secrets. 16. I am so displeased with an extract from *Stalky & Co.*, a late story book written by Rudyard Kipling, that I pity the boys who get hold of it. How could one who wrote the *Recessional* condescend to picture such brutality as *Stalky & Co.'s* as fun? It is far worse than his lack of chivalry to woman, and the bad taste of his *curse* on America (if he meant it in



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earnest), which must have cost him a pang when her genuine and lavish sympathy was expressed for his dangerous illness. It would seem as if his love for his son would lead him to write only books fit to inspire in boys true manhood.

**March 26.** The outlook from our windows is one beautiful blossom over the world with the snow. Suburbans have a few advantages. I may have quoted these words before: but they are worth quoting again, "The power of expressing the best ordered thought in the best ordered language constitutes excellence of style."

**April 12.** We had an unusually pleasant Alliance meeting. Report of last meeting satisfactory; followed by the welcome announcement of thirteen new members. When I am blue thinking that with all my zeal I cannot enlarge our Branch, I shall read over the list. Mrs. Talbot sang "The Lord is my Shepherd"—too beautifully to be applauded. **14.** One of our faithful Sunday-school teachers said how she enjoyed her class: and that I told her she would gain more than she gave. Easter Sunday. We were glad to be at church: never more artistically glorified by lilies and greenery. An able sermon on Immortality, that difficult subject to treat, and so treated as not to harden the doubting in their unhappy unbelief. I told the Sunday-school of the boy who reported that James Freeman Clarke did not tell one story in the sermon, but a great many *supposes*. Then I allowed my imagination and memory to roam after as many *Supposes* as would fill, perhaps, seven minutes. It

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was heart's-ease to feel I held my audience. Mrs. Talbot and sisters cheered my invalid sister between services by the Danube River, Mizpah, Sweet Bye and Bye, Unanswered Prayer and Gloria in Excelsis: and said it was the sweetest office of the day. After the morning service four young men and two young women were welcomed to the fellowship of the church. 25. I enjoyed talking to Rev. Mr. Secrist's Alliance, the ladies were so cordial, intelligent and appreciative. My topic was *Unitarians Need Religious Enthusiasm*. Our lack has deeply impressed me lately. 29. A good sermon on *Hidden Riches*. A fine hymn of Mr. Chadwick's sung to Benevento. I think ministers are too apt to try to match a hymn with a sermon. Better have an inspiring hymn anyway, and a dear old-fashioned tune, say States Street or Federal Street. A minister does not often by his reading of a hymn read more into it than is in it.

May 1. Sangster says, "Nothing hurts that is accepted." 2. I like the following description of my Uncle William's face: "All are familiar with the portraits of the great spiritual preacher. The thin, pale face, illumined from within, as an alabaster vase enclosing a burning taper; the yearning, pathetic, yet celestially visited eyes; the suggestion of a counterfeit presentment of Thomas à Kempis or Saint Bonaventura,—no one that has ever looked on these features but has retained their image indelibly fixed in mind." My brother Charles resembled him more than his son or any of his other nephews. 20. Our grand Gravenstein apple tree has been a canopy of blossoms,

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but its fruit is not enduring. 21. Glad to be able to go to my one meeting in Anniversary week. When it came to my turn, I tried to speak as earnestly as I felt, upon the Unitarian lack of enthusiasm. Emphasized three ways in which we must increase it, if we wish to do our part in the coming jubilee century, turning over the leaf by taking our children with us to church, being loyal to our minister, and rescuing the Sabbath as the brooding time of the soul, its mount of vision. At least I hope I dwelt on this last point. There were hundreds of delegates at our Alliance meeting.

June 4. Proud of our cousin Francis Allston Channing, M. P.'s, stand on the South African question. Liberals who did not agree with him in sentiment, bear testimony "that he had been actuated by feelings of terrible responsibility, and that he had acted with a true and manly courage." Colonel Higginson says, "Surely every American who remembers the great services done to thought and action by successive generations of the name of Channing must take pride in seeing its honors so admirably sustained by its English representative." 12. The Norfolk Conference, which met at Randolph, unusually pleasant. The atmosphere of the Conference seemed to glow with sacred peace and light. But I had to bear my testimony to the mistake which has been made, I think, in so many of our churches of making the Sunday-school the "all in all" for the children, instead of supplementary to the church. Children, as well as grown people, need to be inspired more than to be taught. Public worship is better than even the best teaching.

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**August 7.** "Deep experience" came to us in July. It comes with every fresh departure that makes a void in our hearts and home; and the foundations of faith are shaken anew. Prayer and patient waiting help. So do kind and tender words, as did these words from a long-time friend, "May all that lies before you be most gently ordered for you in its happening, and may the 'goodness and mercy' be with you in the days that are days of *life* and of *love*, even when they seem to be only of pain and parting." I say to myself, "My father's child must not fail of faith." Surely I cannot falter when I recall the assured, abiding, rejoicing faith that in life and in death blessed my father, my uncle, and my cousin William. Such faith is rare. But there is more than we dream of in every heart. 10. It is so depressing to read over old letters that it seems wiser to burn as we receive. Yet I would not have lost the following tribute to my father, written by my uncle, Dr. Walter, to the elder brother of the two, William Ellery Channing at Lenox August 7, 1842. "I think I see in George, a generous, affectionate, truthful nature, which his late experience of life, the discipline of God towards him now for some years, has brought out more fully, and which has given him a peace and a joy which nothing else would have done,—and which nothing can take away. He is, in other words, truly kind, truly self-sacrificing—truly generous,—having so little to give but love, but kindness, and what richer than these? it seems to be his constant pleasure highest to keep these nobles parts of his nature in the fullest activity."—

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How happy for a child to read such words, never expected to be read by her, and feel them to be true. 12. Dr. Stebbins' prayer was full of tender, subtle, delicate sentiment, that one longed to capture for memory's treasure-house. His sermon was strong and original. He is one of the mighty preachers of our day. 14. One of my sisters, blessed with early piety, wrote a morning prayer. She prayed, "Be with us in our varied trials, those hidden griefs known only to ourselves and our God. . . . Thro Christ the faithful Shepherd of our souls." What a blessing my four sisters have been to me. What a tender succoring tie it is. How much one loses who has never had a sister. 26. Again at the Milton church. Mr. William Everett's prayer was very simple, very beautiful. He brought the fatherly relation of the Almighty very near to the heart. I have always felt that he was drawn to it by his great love for his earthly father. He said if he had known the congregation would be chiefly women, he should have brought a sermon with more sentiment in it. As congregations *now* are mainly made up of women, would it not be wise for a minister to take two sermons with him? I wish more sermons were as practical as Brooke Herford's, which we are again reading aloud Sunday evenings, to our delight and satisfaction. If I had been a minister I could not have echoed Dr. Furness's words in my heart, which were to this effect, "If I preach ill I should be glad there were few present, if I preach well I should be glad there were some to profit by it." I wish I could re-

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call exactly what I hear. For years I have been quoting Dr. N. L. Frothingham's pithy sentence as well as I could. Now I have it—"He would not have the reverent truth beat out into a shallow path for the infant's foot. He himself believed it was no harm to any one to feel that he is looking up to something he could not understand."

**September 14.** Gave my mite to help on Rev. Mr. Douthit's mission. I think the needed \$5,000 will be raised, and the apostle of temperance, who has disarmed sectarian prejudice, will at last be comforted with the thought that he is understood. **19.** One woman said to another, who was past seventy, "You are living on *borrowed* time." To me, past eighty, she would say, "You are living on *stolen* time." I hope to be willing to bide God's good pleasure; but I should be glad not to lose my mind and not to be a burden.

### THE SUDDEN DEATH.

"O happy, blessed way,  
To reach the eternal day  
Before dark age's night  
Had touched you with its blight,  
While still at work,  
With unabated power  
To go from life to light  
In one short hour."

**October 6.** As the dampness keeps us from church, I cannot do better than copy the following prayer, the best for me I ever read. And for which I bless the author, my unknown friend.

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### PRAYER.

"Dear heavenly Father. I am not strong; and the burdens of my life weigh heavily. I am tired, and sometimes it seems easier to die than to live. Therefore, I turn to thee with my shamed confession of weakness, asking thy forgiveness for my cowardice. I seek from thee strength to bear the results of my own folly and blundering,—that I may go on more bravely to the duties that await me. Thou alone art my refuge. Comfort and sustain me. Let me learn something of the loving patience, made perfect in Thy saints and heroes; and may I, even if it must be through suffering, enter into the fellowship of true undaunted souls."

12. The Alliance struck a high note to-day at its board meeting, when it protested against members joining with the view that it was only one of the many social clubs of the day. I liked, too, the short prayer introduced. We are about a great work in trying to spread our simple, beautiful faith in this broad, tempted land, and we need to be reminded of our weakness, and to seek help from the Holy One, who has called us "daughters." 14. Sunday. I read aloud this evening Brooke Herford's fine sermon on *I Have Overcome*, and R. L. Stevenson's wonderful prayer, which "is so precious and comes so near the heart." The most beautiful prayer I have read. But not so appropriate for me as the one I quoted in this diary October 6th. 28. I find myself in accord with President Eliot's earnest plea at the Ministers'

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Institute for more systematic inculcation of strictly Unitarian religious principles to the education of the young. . . . From earliest childhood there was no period at which sound religious principles could not be taught. It is a fine thought of Rev. Mr. Cuckson, "Man is, and cannot help being, the pilgrim of the invisible." What but religious faith can sustain the pilgrim's foot? A dear friend who has just passed through great anxiety writes me, "I thought how true it was what you wrote, 'At every fresh death our foundations of faith are shaken anew,' and it comforted me that *you* should even feel so, for I had vainly thought I possessed faith and hope enough to take me through most anything that might come to me in this life. But, alas, at the thought of losing my sister, and being left alone in my home, seemed to me more than I could endure."—The great affliction has passed for the time; and I can but rejoice that *my* faltering in some way comforted my friend.

**November 21.** I agreed with Mr. Frank Smith of Dedham in what he said at the Norfolk Conference at West Roxbury, October 30th. He places the fault of the non-attendance of men on the church upon the men themselves, and not on ministers or the church. He believes the church is, first of all, for worship. The need is development of the spiritual side of the nature. If I had been there I should like to have quoted what the old deacon said at Brunswick in the prayer meeting, "We need to be emptied of self."

**December 2.** Glad to reach church. An inspir-



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ing sermon. 11. The talk in the newspapers over the decline of men's interest in church-going is depressing, but not so much so as their non-attendance. 13. Rev. C. F. Dole gave our Alliance Branch his paper on *Noble Womanhood*, wise and inspiring, and given with simplicity and ease. I wish it might be broadcast over the land and spread the sound doctrine of "Plain Living and High Thinking." Silchel's modern Madonna in *Every Other Sunday*, has an exquisitely brooding expression as if looking into heaven. Not many women have such heaven-seeking eyes, but to all women is possible the heaven-seeking soul. 16. Sermon on the *Highest Power on Earth*. Gerald Lambert, boy soprano, sang delightfully "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" — enunciating the words with enviable distinctness. 17. Do you recall the anecdote of the man who could not tell his host over night what were the three hardest words to utter, nor in the morning — till his host said, "*I was wrong*" ? I found it was not pleasant to say these words to-day, when a missing book confronted me, that I had persisted was not in my territory, and the temporary disappearance of which had caused me much labor and my sister still more. 19. I luxuriate in this mild weather. I had a friend who never found the Summer too warm for her. I often find the winter painfully cold; and rather envy great-grandfather Ellery's snug winter quarters by the fireside, where he enjoyed his learned books. Our minister's sermon lately on *All Things are Yours* was good as was Dr. Herford's on the same theme,

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which I read aloud in the evening. How well, though how differently, two minds treat the same subject. 21. A touching note from my Cheerful Letter correspondent. What a lesson of faith and patience she has taught me all these long years! Perhaps our most convincing lessons come from the very poor and the terribly suffering. 23. A fitting tribute to the pure character and life of Roger Wolcott: followed by a fine sermon on Christ the light of the world.—I think the church equally with my home brought me up. My definition of the church in the *Register* was “the blessed, holy home of the soul, where one learns to love God, to love Christ, to love man.” I think I could improve it to-day—“where one learns to worship God, to follow Christ, to befriend mankind.” 25. We have much to learn of the right keeping of Christmas. I do not think children now-a-days find the pleasure we found when we were young in preparing our simple little gifts and hiding these from one another. Now there is a surfeit of gifts, and a most unwise choice, and the children are not trained into the joy of giving. The hurry and bustle obscure the sacredness of the season. 26. A delightful visit from a friend: as Robert Colyer once said to a minister’s wife in my hearing, “The dominie gave us a good sermon this morning. It was as good as brown bread;” so I would say of our heart to heart talk, “It was as good as brown bread,” which I like as well as Mr. Colyer, when it is good. 30. We managed to reach church a fifth successive Sunday. I tried to make good resolutions for the little time that

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may be mine. 31. Now we are at the close of the year, so full of the grief of separation from the dear sister, who suffered so much the last fifteen years. Let us learn to trust in her present and eternal peace. And do what we can to make up to one another the void in our hearts and home.

### Diary of 1901

We were grateful to be awake at 12, though grieved at our inability to join in the solemn and happy occasion of the union of all the village churches in ours. It seemed to me the most solemn watch-hour of life, excepting that when we are summoned to leave it. May the religious world become in this new century more tolerant, more loving, more consecrated, must be our heart's desire and earnest prayer.

**January 1.** Interesting account of the exercises on and near the State house during the watch hour and following it. Dr. Hale's magnificent voice was heard, it is said, rolling down the Common. "Exactly one minute before 12 the buglers, who had given the tattoo and retreat, sounded taps — the final tribute to the dying century. The effect was indescribable. Twenty thousand persons stood on Beacon Hill as motionless and silent as the stones in the old graveyard just beyond. When the clock of King's Chapel began to strike the hour, the reveille of the trumpeters awoke the hundred years to come. The exercises were unexceptionable — simple, dignified, and im-

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pressively touching." 11. I was gratified that in the *Christian Register* list of the men and women living in the nineteenth century who have done the most for the welfare of the world, my uncle, Dr. Channing, was mentioned nine times. I was surprised that the Battle of Waterloo was mentioned eleven times as one of the most important events in the nineteenth century for its influence upon the welfare of the world: Dr. Hale being the only one who adds "with a good deal of doubt." 12. One is reminded of President Eliot's fine remark, "Prayer is the highest effort of human intelligence," when one reads of the effect produced by Phillips Brooks' prayer at the Commemoration of the Soldiers, July 21st, 1865. It was indeed an inspiration. I remember the noble form, a king amongst men, with eyes upraised, which seems to me the natural attitude in addressing heaven. I remember my cousin, Wm. H. Channing, whom I met on the College Grounds, when the services were over, exclaiming, "Oh, cousin, that prayer!" Some one has said, "The highest reach of human eloquence is only attainable in prayer." What touched Phillips Brooks most was Senator Sumner's thanking him with tears in his eyes. That prayer and the effect of it were enough for one lifetime. Not thus was the success of his first sermon. We are told that it was on *The Simplicity that is in Christ*. No wonder he preached it but that once after his friend's comment, "There was no simplicity in it and no Christ." This could be said of many sermons; and yet it is wonderful how many good ones there are.

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**February 20.** I have always thought the world of our National Woman's Alliance of Unitarian and other liberal Christian women. Of course I was gratified by what Dr. Boros of Hungary said in his report concerning our anniversaries in Boston last May, that to him the most surprising thing he saw here was the Women's Alliance and the work it has done in America. Phillips Brooks says, "There is a talent needed in a good letter, as in any other good thing, but it is never of the highest, and often of the lowest." This is too sweeping a verdict. So far as my experience goes, even simple, every-day letter writing has its mission for good. It should always be easy and natural, and never with a formal effort at instruction. Inspiration is ever the best instruction. Heart to heart sympathy in the simplest letter is often a divining rod to awaken the purest emotions of the soul. 3. My sister came across a tribute to our uncle, William Sigourney, as one of the greatest wits of his time, "Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith united; a notable mimic." 25. To-day came the reverse side. One of our church, in the full vigor of life two weeks ago, called to leave his young wife and child and beautiful home to go "up higher," while some of us are left, feeble and stricken, to ponder the mystery of existence.

**March 3.** Interested in much that Prof. Drown of the Cambridge Theological School has lately said in regard to Unitarianism. His temper of mind commends itself at once. While firm to his own convictions, he shows none of "the holier than thou" atti-

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tude so opposed to the spirit of Christ. As an Alliance worker I look forward with hope to the encouraging prospect opening at the West and South of those who welcome Unitarianism, as "the New Religion" latent in their hearts without their knowing it. What I trust will be the old-fashioned, conservative Unitarianism. For I heartily agree with Prof. Drown when he says, "A Christianity without Christ is a Christianity without power. . . . He is Christianity itself."—Sunday evening. 10. Read a fine sermon by Rev. J. L. Jones, preached some time ago, on *Life's Shadows*. Under life's shadows, Shelley discovered that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." I, also, read aloud of Miss Towne's heroic life, and of the wondrous smile of the blind, deaf, and dumb girl at the Perkins Institute. 14. Mrs. Buck gave us a varied, well written paper on Eugene Field. He certainly was original. What other man would be found missing from the church his wedding day, teaching gamins how to manage their marbles? His love of children was phenomenal. *The Little Boy Blue* is simply exquisite. 16. The *Register* very lively with Lawyer Pepper's arraignment of Dr. Donald, Mr. St. John's enthusiasm over the inspiring meetings at the West, and English Mrs. Emeline Williams' clever paper. 19. To Mr. Stebbin's Study Class. I agree with him when he said we Unitarians need organization. If I were a minister I should weary of church exclusiveness, and have to constantly remind myself of the spiritual opportunity, and say with Mr. St. John, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

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April 11. My great aunt, Miss Ann Ellery, sister of my grandmother Channing, very deaf, but very shrewd, wrote from Lancaster, August 9, 1824, the following anecdote of her baptism. I copy it just as she wrote it with its comfortable freedom from punctuation. "My mother's brother-in-law Rev. William Hobby of Reading was on a visit to my parents' house soon after I was born, as it was uncertain when a minister would be settled in our parish my parents thought it best to invite him to do this office they knew nothing of the man excepting he was qualified in the opening prayer he had this clause "We offer up this Child to thy sovereign will for everlasting happiness or eternal misery as is most for thy glory" my father was so horror struck he told me he was on the point of seizing his babe and running out of the meeting-house but he commanded himself to have the rite performed — but gave my Reverend uncle a Severe reprimand — when they came home told he never could get over it and never felt cordial to the man afterwards." This anecdote may be one hundred and fifty years old. The most rigid Calvinist of the present day would not be guilty of such a sacrilege. But there is a clause in the Episcopal rite of baptism which cannot be given without mental reservation, and will probably be expunged in the good time coming.

"By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath  
Is freshness, and whose mighty pulse is peace,  
Palter no questions of the horizon dim —  
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest,

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Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,  
A widening heaven, a current without care.  
Eternity! deliverance, promise, course!  
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore."

No wonder T. W. Higginson says, "Who knows but that when all else of American Literature has vanished into forgetfulness some single little masterpiece like this may remain to show the high-water mark not merely of a single poet, but of a nation and a generation." 23. Too stormy for any one to call on my birthday, excepting one friend in the afternoon. But violets, may-flowers, carnations, and other fragrant gifts cheered the day. What would birthdays be worth without these heart benefactions? How full of peace these are to "time-tired souls." 27. The first daily newspaper printed in the English language says *Hudson's History of Journalism* was published by a woman. Elizabeth Mallet began the publication of *The Daily Courant* in London, England, in March, 1702. It was not intended to be a woman's paper, but was issued, as she announced "to spare the public at least half the impertinences which the ordinary papers contain." 29. Thought of what was going on without me at our church reunion. But my own quick fatigue gives me pause. A witty lawyer said, "oh to be a *new* minister all the time."

May 6. "Can we rekindle the higher sense of obligation to the eternal and the eternally best?" 7. It is a beautiful superstition which preserves the belief that an angel passes whenever there is silence. 19. I wish that at our Alliance anniversary to-morrow I



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might inspire our women with the nobility of woman's *religious* mission to the world, so blessed, so superior to social or intellectual triumph. 20. In spite of the weather I reached Dr. Hale's church. Glad I went. A very bright meeting throughout. The magnitude of our Alliance work presses upon us. I prayed that we might hold to Christ, the well-beloved Son, and trust our Father in the dark. Here are some beautiful words found amongst my sister's papers; who wrote them? "Trust God in the dark. This is the highest effort and triumph of faith. Whether it be the darkness engendered by bodily affliction or by inward trouble, physical, intellectual, or spiritual, pray on, trust on, believe on, hope on." 27. Rev. C. E. St. John is enthusiastic over the Unitarian outlook at the West. He takes my stand that a church does more for the saving of the individual and through the individual the nation than a hospital, or a college, or a library, and that these will surely come out of the church in addition. He says "he will build a new Unitarian church for every \$5,000 given him." I wish I were a millionaire to set the example. 29. This week topsy-turvy; whence this expression?

June 6. Interested in Mr. Salter's lecture on the emancipation of woman. I have been prejudiced against ethical culture, felt it did not go far enough unsustained by religious faith. But I can bear glad testimony to this able, interesting, well-balanced lecture. 9. The most charming flower service our Sunday-school has known, in decoration, singing, and wide awake interest. It is a school that any church

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might be proud of. 14. I agree with Rev. Wm. I. Lawrance in the supreme worth of the *church* service for children; that for them as for their elders the devotional element should be emphasized, and that our aim should be to inspire rather than to interest. Yet I do not forget what a mother once said to me when, perhaps, in my single blessedness, I was laying down the law as to how to bring up children, "Every mother must do the best she can with her own children, one cannot set absolute rules." And every superintendent must do the best he can with his Sunday scholars. 16. An excellent extemporaneous sermon from Rev. Mr. Secrist on our need of God. An odd but telling illustration of a bird and a fish. Ministers are too chary of illustrations. Memory holds these, when reasoning slips away. 18. Our lots at Mt. Auburn never looked better. We laid some of C.'s roses and white flowers by the graves of those we love. A thoughtful friend brings us the following inscription on tablet to William Ellery Channing in Hall of Fame:

"I think of God as the Father and inspirer of the soul. Of Christ as its Redeemer and model of Christianity, as given to enlighten, perfect, glorify it."

My uncle seemed to me devoid of vanity. Had he foreseen this tribute how would it have affected him? I think while not insensible to the joy of being honored by his fellow-men, that joy would have been secondary to his happiness in having loved and labored for the truth.

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July 8. It has been said that a person's experience for a day, with his thoughts, feelings and actions, would be more interesting and wonderful than any book ever written. I know that one's thoughts for that length of time are a strange medley of our own reflections, what our companions say and what we gather from the daily paper or *Christian Register*; the last sometimes containing a surprising number of good articles, as did June 13th number. Simplicity is almost a "lost art": but I was astonished at finding it lacking in a cooking-stove. But our "Home Crawford" works well, and I am forgetting my disgust at its excessive ornamentation. Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "We are what our cook makes us." What poor stuff we must be with bread, the staff of life, a "lost art." I hardly dare say this as one breadmaker was affronted with me when I said it in public. But, missing our grandmothers' hop yeast (I believe it was called *emptings*) and condemned to its substitute the un-ideal modern yeast cake, I for one, often go empty. *The Literature of Failure*, quoted in *Register* of June 27th, suggests the question what sort of cook made Montaigne, Heine, Amiel and others. These wrote well, perhaps ate well. Amiel is one of my favorite authors. I like his introspection. He reveals the soul to itself. I was delighted when Dr. Martineau wrote . . . Your *Kindling Thoughts* not infrequently reminded me of Amiel's *Journal Intime*, with the characteristic difference that while his reflections end, as they begin, with *thought*, pure and simple, yours issue in some rule

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of *practice*. His exhibit and keep the spiritual life *in suspense*; *yours* impel it to realized character and action." 14. There is so much good sense as well as lively talk in some of the newspapers that one needs two pair of eyes to take it all in. Mary E. Woolley, President of Holyoke college, says, "It is consoling to some of us to remember Mrs. Poyser's discriminating remark, 'I'm not denyin' that women is foolish; God Almighty made 'em so to match the men.'" Mr. E. Harlow spoke at the American Institute on *Decay of the Art of Reading*. We do indeed need the trained elocutionist in our schools and colleges. How rarely found in the domestic circle, and, more melancholy, in the pulpit, the agreeable reader. How seldom the Bible is read with the solemnity, earnestness, and consecration the hearer craves. How over-emphasized, under-emphasized, even trivial frequently is the reading of heart-stirring hymns. One feels like saying "let your sermon take care of itself; it will be all the better for due attention to the prayer, the Bible and the hymns." 9. John Fiske seems to have been a most sincere seeker after truth. "Life's highest success as God regards it, is not measured by what we do, but by what we bear." "Wit is useful for everything, but sufficient for nothing," says Amiel. Read a little too long in the twilight. Must spare my precious eyes, which have done me such good service. 26. Finished reading Diary (before burning) of 1883. October 10 of that year we had a cheerful Norfolk Conference session in Dedham, 45 from our Third Religious Dorchester Church. I was intro-

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duced as usual as "The Bishop" which I believe I called myself once. I spoke for five minutes. The great assemblage did not daunt, but cheered me. I said the *Sistren* at Weirs did not set a good example to the brethren, speaking too long. Mozoomdar, who followed me, said I had given him good hints, which he hoped to remember, "one being to send his hearers away longing and not loathing." 30. Like the idea that the American is the ideal average man of all nations; that our opportunity is as grand as our heritage. A friend telephones that men are no good in ordering workmen and always pay too much.

August 1. To me a beatific stillness. Others miss the noise. 2. I had a hard job binding carpeting. Good for me: I am too fond of my pen, to the neglect of my needle, which is a good friend to woman-kind. M. W. Goodwin says, "The people who help us most are those who make light of our achievements and have faith in our possibilities." Sunday. 11. My dear little sister Mary wrote in her Journal October 30, 1831, "Went to church, how glad I was to go. Uncle William preached, what a sermon, his text was from the Romans, 1st chapter, 16th verse, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.' I will try to remember what he said, people may say, try to remember, how can you help it, but certainly I never was more attentive in my life. The tears came into my eyes a great many times; he spoke of Christ when he was going to the cross, how he saw two women weeping, he forgot all His own sorrows, and said to them weep not for me; he said that when he was going

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about among the people that where he staid there might have been a barrier between him and the people, but there was not, he ate with them, and slept with them, he said that when we died, and went to heaven, we should see Jesus Christ and meet him face to face, as much as any of our dear friends. I don't see how anybody could help being better after such a sermon." In the afternoon she heard Mr. Gannett; said it was "a good, very good sermon." Said the same another Sunday, but that she "could not remember him as well as uncle William." This dear child was often kept from church by ill health, but she profited by what she heard; and her artless little Journal shows how she loved her friends, and how much she found to do for them, in spite of five domestics, a large retinue for those days when little Mary was twelve years old. 25. On account of the unusual heat we have had few Sunday privileges this vacation. To-day we heard Mr. William Everett. His prayer was simple, but soul-searching, full of the child's attitude towards the Heavenly Parent. His sermon on *The Morning Star of Hope* was practical, glowing, and, what is still better, founded on rock-like Christian conviction, which I, being an old-fashioned Unitarian, echoed, and agreed with almost throughout. He routed the idea that we honor God by deriding our own nature, and that humanity can restore itself.

**September 16.** From September 6th, when our President was shot, to this day the one thought has been of him, of his calmness, instant thought to spare

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his wife, and of the unusual and prevailing sympathy. May that sympathy be an enduring quality. May we individually do what we can to inspire in the hearts of the young reverence, in which we, as a nation, are found lacking. Reverence to the Almighty, to duty, to parents, to teachers, and to our rulers. Let us respect the office, and never allow ourselves or others to speak of our rulers unkindly or unwisely. Our minister yesterday touched us deeply by his allusion to the President's tenderness to the poor, to the child, to his wife. To his Christian character. And intimated the hope that heaven's light might reveal to him the love that his death had awakened. In dying he may have done more for us than he could by living. 18. Finding that the copies of my story books, which I gave to the Milton Public Library thirty years ago, are literally falling to pieces, I send my remaining copies, hoping these may please children the next thirty years.

October 4. Our *church* conference is a most auspicious event, and I think will add greatly to its life and usefulness. 13. What a happy thing it was that President McKinley's last address was such an one as, if he had foreseen the coming event, he might have chosen to deliver as his parting word to the American people, whom he so loved and trusted. 23. Glad enough to at last reach a conference. After a profound address on *Economics* by Rev. Mr. Cummings, listened to with devoted attention, this "worthy" woman (as I was called twice) urged, as she has often done before, the neglected duty on the

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a part of *the men* in going to church, and on the women the duty of taking the *Christian Register* and so helping to make it self-supporting. Then I was guided down a stair-case that the minister said "only an athlete should attempt." 24. Rabbi Charles Fleischer almost persuaded me to be a Jew, his address was so Christian-like. He seemed to think that the *moral* ideal of the Jew has saved him; while the Roman and his law, and the Greek with his art, have disappeared. The whole presentation of his case (I did not stay to the last), was so friendly, so fair, so anxious not to overstate, so beautiful in its description of the true Jewish home thrown back on itself by the ostracism of the Christian world, that he took me captive. 28. How oddly sometimes a word will dominate a note or letter. It fairly pursues us.

November 17. If ministers were less anxious over the sermon, and more absorbed in the devotional exercises, I think public worship would gain in interest and value. Prayer should never be dramatic, but as simple and heartfelt as a child's cry to its father. The reading of the hymns carefully chosen for appealing sentiment and melodious tune, should be read with careful, not overmuch emphasis. In the sermon the minister should bear in mind ever that clear distinct utterance is the first essential in being heard, and that quiet earnestness is more impressive than a raised voice or excited manner. 20. I said this morning "Teach me my duty and strengthen me to do it." 25. *Christian Register* says "There are few men or women who cannot make themselves heard without



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undue strain across a wide space, if only they are thinking of speaking across that space."

**December 5.** Had a prosperous Alliance meeting. I was enthusiastic over Mrs. Alice Reynolds Keyes's paper, treating of *The Higher Demand on the Home*. It was simple, brief, well ordered, delicate, suggestive. I have been interested lately in a tribute to Paul Revere of Morristown, New Jersey. He was a worthy descendant of Paul Revere of Revolutionary fame. Faithful in all the relations of life, a devoted Catholic, an unfailing philanthropist, a politician with a clear, honorable record. Would there were more like him, to confirm our faith in human nature, and our confidence in the safety of our republic. **8.** Our minister showed that rest and quietness were not the highest desire of the religious soul. I recall one of the illustrations (of which I think so much). President Eliot's answer to the father who asked if he thought the influence of Harvard College would be good for his son, "Will the influence of your son be good on the college?" **16.** I do not recall before frost covering the whole of the two windows in my room, nor frost ferns so wondrously beautiful. On one was a mammoth butterfly wing, as it were cut in white coral. **18.** "Shan Van Vocht" means in English "The Poor Little Old Woman," one of the many endearing names given to Ireland in the Gaelic." This tickled my fancy, and I thought how pat for me.—Surely I am a little old woman.—But can I truly say I am poor? I'm comfortably off, my sight and hearing are good, I can read aloud. I can't walk

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as fast as I did, but I'm trying to limber and bring back the *flippant* legs of youth, extolled by the neighbors of the charming old woman, past eighty, who walked, knitting, three miles, and returning three with her basket of groceries. And, then, can I in truth call myself *poor* while I can reason on the higher gifts, faith, trust, and love? Human love has been poured upon me, more than I deserve. The question to be answered is how can I in any way justify it? 26. Rev. J. W. Chadwick's *The Christmas Gift* is rollicking enough to come from a child's heart. He says "There must be no element of bargaining in our Christmas giving." I think we give too much to the rich. Be glad if you remember those whom many are apt to forget. Rev. Julian C. Jaynes says "Christmas is the open doorway into the land of eternal youth. Beyond that portal lie the wondrous enchantments of childhood, its joy and laughter, its beautiful make-believes, its happy surprises, its easy abandonment to the pleasure of the hour, its blessed forgetfulness of yesterday's pain and trouble." 29. Read aloud a dear little book, entitled *Loving Cup of Service*. 31. How varied has been our experience this year in some ways, how steadily shadowed in others. I hope if we live to the end of another, there may be less of regret in failure, a sweeter assurance that we have borne more patiently with the friction of life, a steadier progress to what we approve. A good motto for 1902 would be Jonathan Edward's resolve, "Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life."

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### Diary of 1902

January 12. No church for us. But what a world of beauty. Our fir tree heavy with snowy ostrich plumes. Lost the second sermon with an attractive text. But the feet that walked churchward in youth are *ready* to go churchward in age. 14. Walked with laughing, flippant feet on the piazza. 19. I was drowsy in church. I am drowsy now. Perhaps I was over busy last week. 22. I fell in unconscious vertigo. Bruised my left shoulder severely. That brought me to. Then followed much pain and weakness. Manifold kindness has been lavished upon me in the house and out of it. Carnations, tulips, violets, anemones brightened my room. My lovely nosegay of anemones lasted over a week. But neither flowers nor kindness could relieve the grinding pain of my arm. And it seemed as if only a fever could justify my infantile weakness. Perhaps care and anxiety, and too much reading and writing, helped to bring on the vertigo. I tried to be patient and hopeful. Had some sad misgivings; but on the whole held up my faith and trust. I have learned useful lessons from this unusual illness. For I have had a healthy life. It ought to inspire tender compassion for the *bed-ridden*, for I despise a bed excepting at night. There was dear Miss Nanny in our family; bedridden for twenty-one years, the cheerfulest of the cheerful. Surely we cannot pity too much the bed-ridden, who, also, suffer pain. I should have had my possessions more entirely to rights if I had known I was to be-

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come useless so many weeks; but it was a sweet consolation that my letters on the 16th and 20th of January were to two bed-ridden friends crippled for life.

**February 13.** Worst storm of the season. To-day was the funeral of our friend, James B. Thayer. How well I remember him in our old happy days in Milton. He was one of the best readers in our Shakspeare Club. Rev. E. H. Hall speaks of him "as at home with gayety and good cheer." **18.** I like Dr. Harnack's definition of Christianity, "Eternal life in the midst of time, by the strength and under the eyes of God."

**March 2.** I am disappointed when a minister exchanging with ours, makes no allusion in prayer, sermon, or benediction to our Master, Elder Brother, Leader—Jesus Christ. Why call ourselves Christians if not alive to what we owe to him? By remembering him we do not lose hold of the Father's hand. **4.** What extra suffering the *poor* have enduring sickness. How patiently they make the best of their small appliances for relief, how they help one another, how true it is, as Lincoln said, "Sympathy is the privilege of the poor." **8.** Mr. St. John was described as a "rapid, intense, dramatic speaker. His sermon was filled with beautiful word pictures and strong picturesque similes. It was thoroughly in keeping, too, with the spirit of the occasion, and at no time was the interest of the large congregation allowed to waver for an instant." **18.** Declined the cordial invitation to be present at the celebration of that wonderful Edward Everett Hale's eightieth

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birthday. 19. A bit of our Church Fair adorns my book shelves in the form of a roseate bunch of paper Yeddo Cherry blossoms. 20. Virtue seemed to enter my chamber as I welcomed Rev. Wm. I. Lawrance. His devotional atmosphere lifts one to a higher level. If his improved health lasts he will be equal to much blessed work. It is thought that nothing in Prince Henry's hurried trip could have surpassed in beauty the exquisite snow picture of the Common, March 6th. He was very observing. Saw at once the famous iron cross which adorned a poor woman at the "Somerset," given by his royal father after she nursed the soldiers and lost her husband in the Prussian war. He shook hands with every German veteran at the Public Library. Asked Booker Washington to send him his book and the songs of his people, which he hoped would not die out. I like the Emperor's epithet "The splendour of the American hospitality," and the Prince's bearing—so gracious and so human to all kinds and conditions of men. How brilliant and comprehensive was Secretary Long's speech at the Somerset banquet.

**April 26.** Senorita Huidobro of Chili says "The first thing a foreigner notices in this country is the shocking lack of reverence shown to old people by your youth." It is droll but delightful, that a destitute invalid, whom we have tried to serve, is eligible for the Associated Charities, because her father was a native of Maine, when Maine was a part of Massachusetts.

**May 1.** I had the joy of welcoming our Alliance

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Branch on a social occasion at our home. I would have rejoiced to speak to each one in turn. 2. Can't remember what I did to-day; but I suppose "I pulled myself together." 7. I found in a novel to-day these words, which pleased me: "My life—or rather the preface to my life, as one's earthly existence is no more than that." 15. I was glad to learn that I had been twenty-one years the head of our Branch in Auxiliary and Alliance time; had not failed to be present excepting from stormy weather or some heavy cold. The new staff of officers have appointed me President Emeritus. 24. How strange that I cannot go to my *one* Meeting Anniversary week. Little thought I as I repeated to myself last year, "How glad I am I came in spite of the storm," that it was the last time I should meet our noble Alliance women. How much there will be to enjoy the coming week—the informal meeting of the Vendome, John D. Long, at the Dinner; where for so many years I was cordially welcomed, and the Temperance meeting with its strong speakers. But one can be patient; and ought to be when one has enjoyed so much in the past. 25. A little girl called a parable "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning," a good definition of human life.

June 9. Annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association. Rev. G. W. Horder of London quoted what Matthew Arnold said, "The strongest part of religion to-day is its unconscious poetry." Mr. Horder was *brief*, as well as interesting. When shall we wake up to the virtue of the *time limit*?

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And, then, if speakers could be taught to manage their voices better, to speak slowly and distinctly, and not drop their voices at the close of a sentence, how much easier and pleasanter public listening would be. And how much is to be learned in the art of conversation, often so disjointed; talkers egotistical, listeners with wits wandering.

July 9. I have prized the *Christian Register* for many years. At the last Norfolk Conference I attended I tried to stir the women (the greater part of the audience) to subscribe for it; thinking it a shame so good a paper should not be self-supporting. I forgot a good anecdote which I meant to tell. One of our maids, waiting for me at New South Station was looking so anxiously about, that a stranger said to her, "Whom are you seeking?" "For my lady," she replied, "she is a Unitarian lady." "Then she will be here; a *Unitarian* lady never disappoints." What a tribute! It would have brought down the conference. Might have procured for the *Register* another subscriber. Memory, I owe you a grudge for failing me at that moment. The *Register* of July 3d was exceptionally good. I marked at least nine articles to draw the attention of the two friends who receive our copies. 14. May trust and love be our portion when heart and flesh fail at evening-tide. 20. I was not dull, I had written to a friend who needed cheering; but happening to look out the window I was struck with the preternatural gloom, deeper than I remembered in my previous long life. I did not see the *dark* day in 1700 when the hens went to roost.

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26. I like Rev. Howard N. Brown's conception of religion, "As the voluntary communion between two free personalities, God and the human soul." I dislike descriptions of scenery in books or in letters. If I had visited Europe (which I had no haunting disposition to do), I hope I should have held to my opinion, no description of scenery, buildings, or pictures, but a light tracery of aught I saw odd or funny in my experience. 30. Charming drive around Blue Hill. The east wind softens there.

August 1. I wrote nineteen letters, little and great, in July. My idea of a good letter is to look over your correspondent's epistle, answer his questions, and take a lively interest in his mood when he wrote. Then launch into your state of mind. Tell him modestly and brightly what is affecting you. One is allowed to be somewhat egotistic in a letter. Clip items of sickness. Tell of pleasant books. Quote clever items you preserve for the purpose. If you feel dull do not hesitate to be dull for a moment. Do not hesitate to preach a bit of a sermon. Hearts are open to a sober thought spoken in love more than we are apt to think. Life is difficult to us all at times. A word of trust, patience, and faith comes with healing from a friend. 2. What is to become of women with the rampant dishonesty in the world? Often devoid of natural protectors; ignorant of business, and with few men willing to endorse the honesty of another? Better than to study German, art, or music, to study figures, and take care of your own money if you can. But what a *can* that is. 20. Finished reading aloud a blithe



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little story by Mrs. Laura Richards. *Geoffrey Strong*, well suited to brighten a sick room. I wonder if I spent too much time copying extracts. I gave one or two big books to older friends, and three small ones to young girls. I am looking over now perhaps my last extract book, of 1882, '83, '84. Here is a page of my own words. Ah, what a tender meaning simple words take on when the speaker has become silent. Words that give me rest those I love. If we forget about last week, is it strange we forget so much of our life? Will it all come back when this life is over? The Charm of Silence. As a rule so much is said to little purpose that one almost regrets the gift of speech. If it be true that good thoughts vanish when expressed, is it not best to be silent? In private we do not admire the most talkative. In public few hold attention more than ten minutes. At a Saratoga Conference Mr. Wade's silence (with his grand deeds behind it) seemed so much grander than the eloquence that preceded and followed it. No eloquence equals the silence of the departed whose words echo in memory. Looking over my last little extract book, Feb. 24, 1886, I found one page not filled. How best fill it? With a thought of my own; for the dear friend who has it when I am gone, will care more for my groping musings than for profound reflections from a stranger mind. I wonder what our last word of cheer would be if we knew it was our last word. As no one knows exactly what another suffers it is hard to find the right word. Yet, a single word sometimes holds it all, as Patience, Love, Hope, Faith,

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Trust; and one of these, dear friend, will hold you up when earthly props fail. Thinking over the following fine words, "Speech is but broken light upon the depth of the unspoken," I wonder if in the future state all will be revealed? or will there be the reserved thought of which we are conscious here? and which makes what is suggestive more impressive than what is said. This little book of remembrance is drawing to a close. Our minister said to-day "Christ came to teach us how to *live* not how to die." If we learn this lesson, how small will seem the daily worries that harass us, small even fear of the future. 26. A friend writes "I'm 60 years old to-day. I send you a good wish for each year." "Inaccurate measure of motive." We may be tolerant to actions, yet lack tolerance to motives. We may say I should have looked for more good sense in such a man, more good taste in such a woman, when the action may have been prompted by consideration of another's prejudice, a consideration to one's own heart.

October 7. The metropolitan sewer has dried our costly well. We must take in the town water. This seems hard after hearing the noise all summer. But the change may be the better for us in the end. It will save the muscles of a pumper, which have been fearfully tried. One has a natural dread of leaving familiar scenes; but at times one longs for rest from cares that press heavily on womankind with no man at the helm. Just now public perplexities weigh on the aged and feeble, who have no power to lessen man's injustice to man and the strife between capital

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and labor. What can we do? Trust in an overruling providence; and live patiently and simply in our retired lot. And, as we wonder at man's inhumanity to man, does not quickened conscience advise us of times when we let those whom we employed, labor on at a low rate, because they did not ask for more? Being comparatively poor ourselves did not excuse us. That is past help now. But let us see to it that we pay bills promptly, and are quick to aid so far as we can. Fortunately American humor does not fail. The window of a grocery shop displays a box of coal with the label, "What we burnt last winter," and a box of books with the label, "What we burn *this* winter." Charcoal, like sugar, sells by the pound. Friends looked out a window saying, "There's a tree that can be cut down." But in the night it silently stole away. Houses will be cleaner and clearer for the burning of rubbish. Women will become more economical, eschew bargain shops, wear their old bonnets. Men will invent many devices to fill the place of coal. Increased good will will brighten the land, especially for the less favored of our brethren, who bear their lot so patiently. English papers say President Roosevelt has obtained a personal triumph by persuading the operators to arbitrate. 19. Rev. E. A. Horton spoke ably of the Sunday School and the Church as the chief factors in the spiritual education of the young. He was much liked; glow is contagious. 26. Rev. Mr. Batchelor was truly satisfactory in prayer, in his reading of one of Johnson's beautiful hymns (a part of the service in which many ministers

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fail), and in his straight-forward sermon. 29. A friend writes, "Our country is in a desperate condition and the future looks very dark and hopeless. I don't see what is to become of everybody."

**November 22.** The "coal pinch" gives us the opportunity to warm with the charity of the *hand*. Why do men and boys rejoice in noise, and women long for stillness? Just now I call our house "Buffet and Clap." The town water comes in with a buffet; I am told our kitchen door refuses to close without a slam (but I can do it).

**December 11.** Every "Pleasantry" good in the *Christian Register*. Like Dr. A. P. Peabody, I am apt to read these first. This last month of the year has been noted for much cold weather, for anxiety about the coal market, and for the writing of letters. The year has gone most swiftly; marked by few events to us, but ill health. But we are not insensible to our blessings, our being spared to each other, having many friends, and a comfortable income. We no longer go to the city, and can run no risks in attending church, for our lives are very important to one another. Our Alliance Branch has honored me by taking my name; and I trust will grow in grace and consecration. Every year, at its close, I am impressed with the conviction that it may be my last, would that it could be my best. ✓

### Diary of 1903

**January 12.** I am amazed by the tremendous amount of work done by Dr. S. A. Eliot in the month

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of December, in the way of travelling, preaching, and writing letters on official business and otherwise. It seems almost unsupportable. 13. Hale Calendar says "There are many things which I cannot explain and which I never attempt to explain. My business in life does not seem to be explaining." 14. The same calendar says "In the daily walk, in the common talk, there is room enough to forget oneself and to walk with God." I have written a letter for the first meeting of the Elizabeth P. Channing Alliance Branch. One can always write a letter to cheer, to counsel, when one takes a new start in a good enterprise. And I am thoroughly alive to the sacred mission of letters; they preach to the heart, when more formal sermons fail. And one sometimes receives a letter which makes him ashamed to call his own lot hard. 29. The *Christian Register* well says "Park Street Church suggests the time when it looked down upon the happy homes of men and women who had leisure, culture, comfort and enjoyed life in a city where gardens abounded and the Common opened out into the fens and meadows of the Charles River. . . . Shall it be sold and kept a perpetual memorial of a former age, and a suggestion of the better time coming, when with the effective enterprise of our time will be combined the gentler ways and more gracious culture of an earlier day?" How well I recall that "earlier" day when we lived in an old-fashioned house my father bought on Atkinson (now Congress) street, near the corner of Berry (now Channing) street. Poplar trees in front, and a garden back, full of cher-

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ries and pears that might put to blush the fruit of now-a-days. How well I remember my first journey from that house to Providence; the small buff leather trunk marked E. P. C. by brass nails on the top, the arrival of the grand stage-coach with its four horses and red-faced driver. I do not recall any sorrow in leaving home. All was new and delightful. I had a tower of strength to take care of me, being charge of a Harvard student, who dined with us Sundays, and whose name was Julius Cæsar Tower. So away I went, exhilarated by my swift flight and change of scene, till stopping at Dedham for change of horses. Disturbed only by Julius asking if my bag and shawl were safe; my careful father probably charging him so to do. As if I could lose my mother's beautiful velvet bag ornamented with fretwork gilt balls! Julius kindly brought a tumbler of lemonade with which I regaled myself, after offering it to one or two of the passengers, one of whom was a Quakeress. In the warm afternoon I reached the hospitable door of my uncle, Rev. F. A. Farley. I recall struggling with my first letter home, learning the mystery of i. e. in believe, and e. i. in receive. So much for my first journey. My last in 1891 was a sad contrast; over the wheels of a railroad car, trying by brushing my hair to forget my wakefulness and the miserable plight in which I should arrive at a stranger's house. But I forgot my journey in the open-hearted hospitality of Philadelphia, and in listening to Dr. Furness's penetrating voice, free from effort, at the opening of the Unitarian National Conference. It is odd how much

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easier one remembers manner and voice than thought. I gladly became reconciled on that occasion to the evolution of my beloved "Auxiliary" into the National Alliance. Of all that was said in those busy nights and days I recall only a funny *rabbit* illustration of Mr. Calthrop's, and how he startled me at a twelve o'clock supper by the question, "Miss Channing, what do you think of Jupiter?" I replied, "it is as much as I can do to think of the Earth." But, he persisted, "You *must* think of Jupiter." That was my last earthly journey. The one I must take alone does not seem far off. But it is too tender and solemn for present contemplation. James Freeman Clarke, I think, once said, "We were gently cradled into life; we may be gently cradled out." Also, he said, when he neared the end, "One grows very tired." And, as another dear friend said, "I am tired, I want to go home, I wonder what it will be like." Let us repeat the following bracing verse:

"Be strong!  
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift,  
Shun not the struggle; face it, 'tis God's gift.  
It matters not how deep the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,  
Faint not, fight on, to-morrow comes the song."

**March 1.** "Let us be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as all forces do, and passing from Pain into Smypathy,—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love."—George Eliot. I

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quote often in my letters, and I am delighted to find that what has given me strength seems to help others. 16. I wish all our ministers would follow Mr. Gladden's, Mr. Eugene Shippen's, and Mr. Mott's example, and ask the *men* why they do not go to church? Asked earnestly and wisely I believe it would do much good. To-day came Mr. Chadwick's welcome book. He has light touches of humor that relieve the necessarily prevailing seriousness. The controversial part is so thorough it will be of great value to ministers. Uncle William wonderfully impressed souls. But the more I study his life lessens my conviction of his being an exceptionally happy life. He was too handicapped by ill health. How well I remember my last sight of him, he was lying on his couch in Mt. Vernon street, Mr. Phillips at his side, he asked my sister Mary and me to kiss him. Well, he had a joyful last summer in Berkshire — with its closing eloquence. The fifth of August our Mary died, and the second of October he followed her to the home for which they both seemed so well fitted. 18. Miss Elizabeth E. Wright, Principal of the Voorhees Industrial School, Denmark, South Carolina, thanks me for my last "charming letter and encouraging words which strengthened and helped her." It reminded me of the compliment I received years ago when I put on the little thimbles for the colored children, I think, in Pinckney street, Boston, and one of them said of me to her next neighbor, "*Don't she* look like Aunt Charlotte?" I must have worn a pleasant look to her in spite of my pale face. 24. A great man has vigorously said "Don't talk.



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What you are thunders so loudly above what you say that I cannot hear."

**May 3.** One of my long-time correspondents writes, "Now we are far down the western slope — this interchange of sympathy, and thought, and love, cannot last here much longer, but may we not renew it with far more interest and value from the beginning we have had here in that other home that awaits us over the river of death?" **24.** I have been much alone evenings the ten months past. I have had many a serious thought. As one recalls his life in old age, how strange to think of the time lost and wasted. Once I overheard a young girl say (who had been one of my Sunday scholars), "I never learned anything in Sunday-school!" "What a hearing for me," I replied. "Well, I do remember you said to me, "Every one should have a serious purpose in life." How many form that purpose? How many keep it? At any age the future is all we have. How small the future of *old age*. It is no use to look back. The prayer of old age should be, "Gracious Father, forgive us; help us not to lose another year, another month, week, or day. Make us patient with the little we can do now. Increase our love, strengthen our faith."

**June 1.** A Red Letter Day for me. I had not been able to reach Boston for two years. But to-day I accomplished it with ease. Most of the Channing clan were present. I think all must have been impressed by the deep respect, the sincere veneration of the speakers for Dr. Channing. We should live worthy

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of the heritage of faith with which he endowed us. A sweet little incident adorned the occasion. The great-granddaughter of my uncle brought her oldest child, aged two and a half, from Philadelphia, that the little girl might be able to say in the future that she was present. Her prattle did not seem to disturb the speakers; and as my neighbor said, "A *great, great* granddaughter has rights!" A waving branch of a young tree cut off my view of the statue; but I saw enough to be confident that it, as well as the canopy, was beautiful. I hope to study it at my leisure some future day. 7. A young cousin called. We had an interesting talk about Uncle William, her grandfather. She missed in the commemorative services of June 1st the personal touch. Wondered if some one who talked with him and heard him preach was not alive to tell the story. I told her I was probably the only one alive who could have done it. I was glad to see her intelligent interest in our noble and beloved relative. What is there to prevent my putting in this diary some of the simple facts that linger in memory? Our house on Atkinson (now Congress) Street was near enough to the Federal Street Church for us to hear the psalm singing. Sometimes our uncle dined with us Sundays. We children gladly went with the elders to the afternoon service. Somewhere in this diary is the account of my sister Mary's delight in our uncle's preaching, of how she cried thinking of our Saviour's walking and talking with his disciples and healing the sick, and of how sure she was that it must help people to think about it all, and how easy

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she found it to remember what our uncle said. A friend of one of my aunts told her that she was absorbed watching *my face* as my uncle preached. It proves that his preaching was not only to the wise and prudent but, also, unto babes. He was so eager for the freedom of the individual that he would not have accounted it presumptuous if he had known that later on I differed from him as to biasing a child in his religious belief. He thought a child should be left free to choose his own faith. I was confident that bias was unavoidable; therefore, it was the duty of the parent to incline his child's heart to what seemed true to himself. I rejoice my uncle was spared the pain of seeing many, otherwise worthy persons, indifferent to the joy of attending public worship. On his death-bed he said to his daughter, "Mary, go to church twice a day." I remember a graphic letter from Providence describing his preaching there in, perhaps, 1835. "Your uncle Farley hurried to the bulletin to announce that Dr. Channing would preach for him the next day. And so he did, gloriously, and how it stirred my heart! There was a fine assembly. But it would have been larger if there had been more time to spread the news. Hearers from all the churches. Margaret Fuller was on her high horse. Your uncle preached in his *spencer*." (I suppose for added warmth; it was a favorite garment with Miss Fuller's uncles.) Perhaps it was the last winter of his life I offered to read to him evenings. I was proud to do this; but so anxious to please, that I pitched my voice too high till he told me of it. I stood in great awe,

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also, of Aunt Ruth as she sat silent, wearing her blinder. Talk seemed to me essential for society, and, as she talked so little, if I had had any secrets I should have been apt to betray them. I don't remember the books I read, but I asked what *cacoëthes scribendi* meant. My uncle little knew that I was already its victim; thinking that if I could only write one book, say, like Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, I should be perfectly happy. Mental ability seemed to me the supreme good. The unsound fallacy, as it seems to me now, of those who spend millions on school houses, colleges, and libraries, to the neglect of spiritual culture; the most important for the conduct of life here — and in preparation for the life we hope for. I admired my uncle's solicitude for the seamstress, who, after her day's labor, walked home alone across the Common from Mt. Vernon Street. He meditated and wrote much, when we consider his headaches, nervous prostration, and dyspepsia. His care to preserve the little health left, which he had jeopardized by trying to inure himself to hardship, is not to be smiled at, but respected. His freedom from vanity, proved by his never reading newspaper notices of his success or otherwise, was admirable; also his patience when his wife was dilatory in getting ready for church. He wrote a most kind, earnest, judicious letter to my eldest brother, a Harvard student, when he heard that though he read much and well, he was not a close student. He begged him "to give his strength to study." "Consider and gratefully feel that your Creator has made you capable of this

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noble energy, that he is calling you perpetually to exert and cherish it, and that he has suspended all your happiness on it, and ask his blessing on your labors to increase it." My uncle showed the most tender consideration for the poorer members of his family. He published his works to benefit them. May we bless his memory by trying to emulate his inspiring example. A cousin wrote to me June 2, 1901, "All that you say is so true. Life is indeed an unceasing struggle, and only to be borne if we are sustained by faith. We must never doubt: never give up, but do our duty to the end. I have just been reading a letter of Wm. Ellery Channing to my aunt Barbara, dated Lenox, July 30, 1842, in which he says: 'Whilst I am striving to conform my duty to my highest ideas — am faithful in duty, a higher agency is working perpetually in my heart, doing a greater work which I know only by its results. But *duty* is the especial condition on which this unfolding, quickening is exerted within me.' These are such fine, true words. How many lovely people I have known who did their duty to the end, and died peacefully at last in the arms of God. I have been looking over quite a number of old letters sent me by my brother Eugene. Among others is one by your father. He certainly struggled manfully. I enclose his letter which you must keep as long as you wish." It seemed a chance that I reopened this letter. But what a loss to this diary if I had not re-read it just at this time, June 25, 1903. It is a benediction. A most notable oration at Commencement was that of the colored

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student, Leslie Pinckney Hill, maintaining my doctrine, "It is still through the Church and not through the school that the masses of the people are most effectively reached. Swedenborg affirms that the African has a great genius and faculty of receiving light through the heavens from the Lord, than any of the rest of the Gentiles. And Emerson himself has said:

'He has avenues to God.  
Hid from men of Northern Brain,  
Fear beholding, without cloud,  
What these with slowest steps attain.'

26. It is sad to bid farewell to a place, a house, a friend. In time we say good-bye to what has interested us for years. The time has come to give up my counsellor and confessor for thirty-two years. I am old: probably have few years to live. It is well to rest before passing on. Every one has to live alone so far as his deepest interests are concerned, except as the All-Father supports and saves him. I should rejoice if any efforts I have made for good, if, even my mistakes, help the readers of my *Diary*. I know I have done some good in the world by precept and example. I remember my busy days in the city, when hurrying from home in the country, I sped to three meetings of a Monday, and one or more in the later days of the week. I rejoice that I was always loyal to my ministers; doing all I could to help them as they came and went. I rejoice that I never ran away from my own church but twice; once when the minister said it was my duty to hear James Freeman Clarke's memorial sermon on my uncle, Dr. Walter

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Channing (grand the sermon was), and another time to hear Rev. C. E. St. John. I never lost my good childhood habit of attending church. It is well to have these re-assuring thoughts, for, in other ways, I would change the past. Sometimes I fear I gave too much time to outside good work; that home work was hurried. I was too fond of secular reading. I wish I might arouse those entering on life to its great, but vanishing opportunity. If they live to be old their chief pain will be the remembrance of their own selfishness, their own meanness, their lack of sympathy, their neglect of the kind word and deed; of the neglected prayer, too, that might have helped them to make the most of the time left; for the *present* is all we have. There is one blessed thought,— I dislike no one, I believe no one dislikes me. And our Father has hope of us, when we despair of ourselves. I rejoice at my happy companionship for twenty years in the National Alliance. The wise and witty thoughts of a past queen “You can never be tired of life, you are only tired of yourself,” are not applicable to our happy members, who are too busy trying to bless the world to think of being tired at all. But I hope they will not forget that health, life, home, are sacred trusts, and should come first in every woman’s life. Then, with a clear conscience they can go on their way rejoicing, giving of their wit, wisdom, money, and ready sympathy to those who somehow have lost their way, and are ready to perish, because they have no steady religious faith to sustain them in the varying, but ever recurring worries of life. The Alliance

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has the noblest mission possible to the human heart.

And, now, as I bid farewell to my diary, I must reiterate the hope that I have not overlooked an unworthy or unkind word. My legacy to my diary is a letter from Dr. James Martineau to me on receiving a copy of *Kindling Thoughts*, June 8, 1895.





## APPENDIX.

Letter from James Martineau in appreciation of Miss Channing's book "*Kindling Thoughts*."

June 8, 1895.

DEAR MISS CHANNING,—

I should be a very unworthy recipient of your *Kindling Thoughts*, if I could let them stand on my shelf in cold silence for six weeks after feeling their glow. It is not so. A glance at the table of contents, at a time when I was overwhelmed with correspondence, warned me that unless by a self-denying ordinance I sent it into temporary banishment, I should incur reproach as an insolvent debtor from scores of friends: so I resolutely packed the volume in the book box which was to precede our family removal to these summer quarters in the Highlands, and carry the materials for our occupations there. Four days ago the box was unpacked: and your interesting and thoughtful book has supplied me with my first reading. With the tone and tendencies of its papers, its views of life, its moral and spiritual counsels, I find myself, prevailingly, in hearty sympathy: and I especially delight in your tender regard for all the "commoners" and "little ones" of human life whose simple faithfulness so often fails to meet with due appreciation. If in anything I hesitate to follow your estimate of the average human lot, it is in the measure of suffering which you assign to it. The tendency to pessimism which Carlyle's writings introduced has affected the present age even in its religious modes of thought; and few of us have escaped its influence. I am myself predisposed by temperament to yield to it, and save myself from it only by reflective judgment in confirmation of a brighter religious faith.

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Your *Kindling Thoughts* not infrequently reminded me of Amiel's *Journal Intime*, with the characteristic difference that while his reflections end, as they begin, with thought, pure and simple, yours issue in some rule of practice. His exhibit and keep the spiritual life in suspense; yours impel it to realized character and action.

The personal sketches scattered through the volume are to me of much interest; especially, of course, the two papers on Dr. Channing, which have added some charming touches to the image of his personality which was previously in my mind.

Now I hand over the volume to my daughters, already eager for it from my report as I read on. I searched in vain for Dr. Herford's discovery in it of a solution to the problem of Predestination. He will tell me about it when I reach home.

Believe me, dear Miss Channing,

Yours most sincerely,

(Signed) JAMES MARTINEAU.

### LAST DAYS.

The last week in January, 1906, she began to droop; had slight paralysis of the throat, which caused difficulty in swallowing, and later (in February) affected the left side. From the first she was unable to take much nourishment, and during the last five weeks lived on sips of water and champagne. Throughout her long illness she was uniformly serene and patient; she never uttered a word of complaint, nor omitted to thank for every kind attention. She was very weary and often said, "She was far spent, and longed to go home." Heaven seemed not only a haven of rest, but "home." One day she said, "I must try to bear all, and wait God's time." When some one re-

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ferred to her long life of usefulness she answered, "I wish I could have done more." She often folded her hands across her breast, saying, "I like to do so, it signifies patience and submission." Sometimes when her distress was great, with eyes raised she would pray, "Lord, help me to be patient." At times she would ask her nurse, Miss T., not to leave her; she "wanted to lean on her faithful breast," and hoped that she (Miss T.) would be as much to her sisters, as she had been to *her*.

Her former pastor, Mr. L., called and prayed with her. She said it was a great comfort, and blessed him for it. Miss T. remarked, "Yes, and the words he uttered by your bedside in reference to his acquaintance with you were a beautiful tribute to your long life of usefulness." She replied, "Yes, it was a magnificent eulogy." Two beautiful letters came from Mr. Mott. She said, "Give him my faithful love, my enduring love: my love abides." Once when her mind wandered, she imagined she was at an Alliance meeting, and asked for something to rap with, to call the meeting to order. One night she asked for her sister E., saying, "There are not many more times here to meet, but there will be plenty on the other side." Another day as this sister was sitting by her, some one asked, "Who is holding your hand? She answered, "One who loves me, my beloved, my sister Ellen." And then said to her sister, she blessed her for all she had been to her, and *done* for her, and tried to embrace her. She told Miss T. she thought she should die that night, saying it would be best, lest all should get worn-out taking care of her.

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At times she was almost facetious. When told that a friend had written, that she thought of her every minute, she said, "That's a likely story."

She was overwhelmed with beautiful plants and flowers, and loving notes and messages. We placed some carnations in her hand, and she said "They are a balm to the weary spirit." She asked us to put flowers in the window—"She liked to dress the house."

She entered into rest on the 29th of May, and on the 2nd of June, the last services were conducted by two of her dear pastors, in the presence of a host of sorrowing friends. The wealth of exquisite floral offerings testified to the loving estimation in which she was held.

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### TRIBUTES.

The following, written by Miss Channing's long-time neighbor, and beloved friend, Miss Emma E. Hicks, is reprinted from the *Christian Register*:

The many friends of Miss Elizabeth Channing have tenderest memories to cherish, for her life was a noble and a lovely one,—long, rounded, finished, a life of devotion to high ideals, a life of far-reaching influence. And her death was as serene as her life. During her four months of illness she was uncomplaining and very appreciative of every attention. With hands folded upon her breast, signifying patience and submission, she awaited the coming of the

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divine messenger; and for her the passing from life to death, from death to life, the putting on of immortality, was like a beautiful going home.

Miss Channing was the daughter of a minister, Rev. George G. Channing, and the niece of a minister, the immortal Dr. Channing, and thus by heritage as well as by individual temperament she was always inclined to the pursuance of religious study and of Unitarian thought. The work of her life was in itself almost ministerial, so actively was she associated with church work and church interests, being for many years the superintendent of a Sunday-school and also a Sunday-school teacher; and her many scholars bear testimony to her devotion and hold her in affectionate remembrance. Among her friends she was often fondly called "Saint Elizabeth."

In the Women's Alliance she was a very earnest and sympathetic helper, visiting parishes that needed encouragement and imparting to them the inspiration of her own personality, of her own cheer and high endeavor. The occasions when Miss Channing delivered papers or addresses were always regarded as occasions of much interest, for with her literary culture and her high standards of thoughts and living she possessed also a fine and delightful sense of humor, which gave an added charm to her descriptions and anecdotes. Every Branch Alliance, at all accessible, solicited and can record visits from Miss Channing; and these visits were always stimulating, so bright she was, so genial, and so hopeful. She now will be greatly missed,—the good friend, the gracious gentle-

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woman, the true Christian. She will be greatly missed, but the influence of her strengthening words has been perfected into realities. It has been as a seed that has taken root and has borne fruit, and she herself lived to know it and to feel the gratification that such a consciousness could bring.

From time to time Miss Channing wrote charming essays, which were published in periodicals, and at length, by the request of friends, were collected into a volume bearing the title of *Kindling Thoughts*, — a happy and descriptive title, for the “thoughts” are suggestive and stimulating and truly expressive of the author. This volume is a much valued legacy.

MILTON, MASS.

E. E. H.

*The Inquirer*, a London, Eng., religious newspaper, in its issue of June 16, prints the following tribute to the late Miss Elizabeth Parsons Channing, who died at her home in School street, Milton, May 29. The notice was written by Rev. F. B. Mott, who, as minister of the Third Religious society, was formerly Miss Channing's pastor.

### ELIZABETH PARSONS CHANNING.

For many years, at every important gathering of Unitarians in Boston, U. S. A., visitors and strangers would have pointed out to them a small, quiet figure in black, and beneath the old-fashioned bonnet a wonderful face, so strong in profile, so lit from within by the radiance of mind and soul, that it was little surprise to hear that the small person was Miss Channing. The eldest surviving representative of the fam-

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ily whose name is indelibly associated with the Unitarian faith, Miss Elizabeth Parsons Channing (daughter of Rev. George G. Channing, brother of Dr. William Ellery Channing) exercised a very profound, though a very modest influence throughout the Unitarian body by her admirable speeches, papers, letters, all constantly given for the cause she so dearly loved.

Her death, which took place May 29, is a great loss to the Unitarian work in America, although for some years her strength had been slowly ebbing, so that her public appearances were not so frequent, but her correspondence was wide to the last, and the energy she stirred up in others, the encouragement she scattered far and wide, the sympathy at the telling moment, the high ideal of attainment she constantly set forth, the power of her living influence, all this can never be told. She was one of earth's noblest women. With a deep, powerful nature, keen, original, brilliant intellect, she united a great unselfishness and long-trained control.

A letter from her devoted sister "Ellen" says she died 'serene and uncomplaining' with folded hands, which she said, signified 'submission and patience.' To those who came to know her intimately, the depth of her thinking and its ceaseless expansion was a constant wonder; she exhibited in this respect a striking likeness to her marvelous uncle, of whom Dr. Dewey said, 'Dr. Channing's conversation impressed me even more than any of his writings.'

In her earlier years Miss Channing published



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several stories for children; later she wrote pithy editorials from time to time for the *Christian Register*, but in 1892, urged by friends and strangers alike, she allowed the publication of a volume of brief essays which remains her most notable literary work, entitled *Kindling Thoughts*. This volume has a permanent religious value, and probably will be better known by succeeding generations than our own.

Miss Channing leaves two sisters, both in delicate health, in the beautiful home in Milton, the most picturesque of Boston's suburbs, but what a vacant place her death will make! She bore the sorrows of so many, while always striving towards the light. In one of her last letters to the present writer Miss Channing quoted the following lines, saying she hoped they might be read at her funeral. They reflect her deathless faith:

“I know the night is near at hand,  
The mists lie low on hill and bay;  
The autumn sheaves are dewless dry;  
But I have had — have had — the day!  
Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;  
When at thy call I have the night,  
Brief be the twilight as I pass  
From light to dark — from dark to light.”

The following, from the *Christian Register*, was written by another pastor — Rev. W. J. Lawrance:

“Words that give me *rest*, those I love. Ah! what a meaning simple words take on when the speaker has become silent!” So Miss Channing begins one

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of her thoughtful essays. Now that she has become silent, her words come back to me with new meaning. *Kindling Thoughts* reached me in a far-distant land, there to be read and read again, and passed on to appreciative readers. More personal words are remembered as dropped in conversation through twenty years of sacred friendship. But best of all are her letters, speaking still their stimulating message, and revealing depths of sentiment never trusted to the printed page or even spoken face to face. "A letter is a betrayer of character," she says in *Kindling Thoughts*. "Not lightly should we write, regarding it as the mere amusement of the hour, in which desultory thought may be scribbled off, lightly given, to be lightly received. Rather, clothed in white, let us regard it as the sacred converse of soul with soul, undisturbed by trick of manner or grimace of countenance."

Her character was full, her talents versatile. She could talk as interestingly of trivial things as of those profound,—a gift few talented people have. She read much, browsing in unfrequented pastures, and copied out, often at considerable length, worthy passages. She filled three large blank books with these extracts. The one in my possession is written in her careful hand, every line, nearly every inch of every line, even the fly-pages, wholly filled. Here she is revealed through her admirations, so that these "commonplace books" might be regarded as a not unworthy monument to her memory. Among these passages, thus laboriously copied, is not one trivial

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sentence, nothing chosen for its style, but all is of thought, profound insight, life religiously interpreted. For religion, meaning thereby life spiritually interpreted and seriously undertaken, was the ruling motive in her character. Of ready and pungent wit, having a keen literary perception, she craved most "the dew upon the heart."

She had "a genius for friendship," which to her was "without fear, neither giving nor taking offence, quick in sympathy, above flattery, not chary of praise nor slow in well-meant advice." Great souls, I take it, have few intimates. "I do not wear my heart on my sleeve to every one," I read in a treasured letter. And again, in *Kindling Thoughts*, "The purer we keep the heart, the more we are attached to the friend who shares it." So her dearest were ever those of the home circle. "Home is not a lost art," she was glad to believe. And again, "In memory's gallery of portraits smile in perennial freshness the dear faces that have made home sweet."

If I have any right to speak of her deeper experiences, it is because, as her pastor, I had the sacred privilege of walking with her, step by step, through one of the spiritual crises of her life. For two-and-seventy years she had lived a devoted, Christian life, full of good works and exalted by a fervent piety. Yet in all those years she had never considered herself "worthy" to unite with the church or make any public profession of faith. Under date of April, 1889, she wrote me: "The following has been the prayer of my life: Gracious Father, if thou didst send thy

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Son into the world to save my soul alive, let me not crucify him afresh by my neglect or indifference, but let him be formed within me the hope of glory." For her own comfort, and for the benefit of her example, I suggested that she unite publicly with the church, and at her request set forth, in sermons, in conversation, and by letters, my understanding of what church membership means. That the church is not best conceived as the refuge of the saved, but as the fraternity of the aspiring; that it is God's school, in which we may learn the better way of life; that uniting with the church is rather a confession than a profession,—all this seemed new to her, and gave a higher meaning to that very institution to which she had devoted her already long life.

For a full year she gave the matter the most serious consideration, treating it not simply as an intellectual problem, but as a moral obligation and a spiritual opportunity. She spoke freely of her struggle to a few trusted friends, but, while all sympathized deeply, no word was spoken in urgency, or otherwise than in answer to her inquiries. Could she rise to a higher plane of experience? Was there any inner citadel of self not yet surrendered to the entreating Spirit? Hearing Phillips Brooks, she wrote, "I could have told him one who heard him would gladly answer Christ's pleading eye if she might. I shall try to catch more of his impassioned faith." At last the decision was reached. Under date of March 25, 1890, she writes: "I thank you for your kind letter. You have convinced me. I am ready. It seems as if God,

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who lightened my heart in my youth, giving me faith in himself through an unwitting word of Dr. Walker's, has ordained you to bring me peace after fifty years of waiting. I have *reasoned* long: now let trust lead me to the fold to find the Shepherd. Perhaps I shall see that I have walked with Christ all day. It has always pleased me," she adds, "to think that my parents in their youthful vigor and beauty carried me to the Federal Street Church for my uncle to christen me. No accident, no waywardness, no groping, could deprive me of that. Sometimes I have wished that confirmation bound me there, whether I would or no."

Then came the occasion of her public reception into the church. "There is no need to add to the tender sacredness of the occasion," she wrote in anticipation of the event, "but it will be a pleasant thought to enter the church on the 110th anniversary of my uncle's birth." It was a privileged circle that looked that day upon her face "with the signet of peace." She and a trusted friend and coworker received together the hand of fellowship that was to mean so much to her. We who there communed knew that we were in a divine presence. Through many subsequent years we walked together as friends in the Spirit. Not undervaluing what went before, she dated a new and higher life from that act of consecration.

WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.



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